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THE LIFE OF MOHAMMED.*

THE poverty of our literature in reference to Mohammed and Mohammedanism is so conspicuous and so inconvenient that we may well receive with gratitude Mr. Muir's very able endeavor to relieve it. With freedom from prejudice and independence of judgment, he combines an extensive and intimate knowledge of the most authentic sources of information, and, after several years of labor, has produced these volumes in the hope of contributing to the complete elucidation and final settlement of Mohammed's real character and claims. After a careful examination of

them, and after comparing them with those of sundry of his predecessors and cotemporaries, it appears to us that the author has abundant reason to be gratified with the success he has achieved. Most conscientiously prepared, and based on authorities whom the Moslems themselves appeal to as decisive, his work may be used with equal confidence both by the historian and the controversialist. We heartily commend it to every one who, on so important a subject, desires to have what, on the whole, is probably the best and completest book in any language, and shall avail ourselves of it and of other sources of information, in this paper, to present a few of the leading events of the Prophet's life, with a view to a brief illustration of his character and of the means and meaning of his success.

* *The Life of Mohammed.* With Introductory Chapters on the Original Sources for the Biography of Mohammed, and on the Pre-Islamite History of Arabia. By WILLIAM MUIR, Esq., Bengal Civil Service. Four Volumes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1861.

Born at Mecca in the year 570, Mohammed was, like most Meccan children of good family, nursed by the Bedouins of the neighboring desert. His father had died before he was born, and soon after his return from the desert in his sixth year, his mother succumbed to the grief and care of widowhood, and left her child to the care of his paternal grandfather. Scarcely two years had passed, when Abd al Muttalib, too, died, and the boy became the charge of an uncle, to whom the affectionate old man hopefully committed him. Abu Talib proved eminently worthy of his trust. He watched over his delicate and much-attached nephew with unfailing solicitude, and when he was twelve years of age, gave him a mount on his camel, and joined the caravan to Syria. Their journey extended to Bostra—perhaps further; and though it can not well have been fraught with such appreciable religious and theological results as some of the biographers of the Prophet have supposed, it is only just to believe that it made impressions which had most important effects upon his subsequent life and character, which could never be forgotten, and which developed into consequences which could then be as little foreseen as they can now be retraced.

"He passed," says Mr. Muir, "near to Petra, Jerash, Ammon, and other ruinous sites of former mercantile grandeur; and the sight, no doubt, deeply imprinted upon his reflective mind the instability of earthly greatness. The wild story of the Valley of Hejer, with its lonely deserted habitations hewn out of the rock, and the tale of Divine vengeance against the cities of the plain, over which now rolled the billows of the Dead Sea, would excite apprehension and awe; while their strange and startling details, rendered more tragic by Jewish tradition and local legend, would win and charm the childish heart, ever yearning after the marvelous. On this journey, too, he passed through several Jewish settlements, and came in contact with the national profession of Christianity in Syria. Hitherto he had witnessed only the occasional and isolated exhibition of the faith: now he saw its rites in full and regular performance by a whole community; the national and the social customs founded upon Christianity; the churches with their crosses, images, or pictures, and other symbols of the faith; the ringing of bells; the frequent assemblages for worship. The reports, and possibly an actual glimpse, of the continually recurring ceremonial, effected, we may suppose, a deep impression upon him; and this impression would be rendered all the more

practical and lasting by the sight of whole tribes, Arab like himself, converted to the same faith, and practicing the same observances."—Vol. i. pp. 33, 34.

Making due note of this journey into Syria, we are to think of the young Mohammed, after his return to Mecca, as engaged in not very diligent and not very lucrative commerce, varied at intervals with the supposed effeminate and mean occupation of tending sheep, up to his twenty-fifth year. His character with his fellow-citizens was that of a retiring and reflective young man of few business qualifications, with almost no talent for money-making, but singularly moral, and constant in observing the religious and other duties prescribed by the established Paganism. He was any thing but the profligate scoundrel Dean Prideaux has described, and had even won for himself the by-name, El Amin, or *The Faithful*.

At twenty-five the whole course of his life was changed. A wealthy and virtuous widow, largely engaged in trade, required a steward and superintendent for a caravan she was dispatching to Syria, and the offer of the place being made to Mohammed the Faithful, was gladly accepted. He appears to have managed Khadija's business better than he had usually managed his own, and brought back to her, it is said, an unusually handsome profit. The next thing was that Khadija, though forty years old and very wealthy, wished to marry the poor young man, who had nothing but a comely person and a good character to recommend him. Their union proved a remarkably happy one. Khadija is reported to have availed herself but little of her husband's newly discovered business talents, while Mohammed was well content with the freedom from commonplace anxieties, and the command of ease and leisure, secured through his admirable wife. As the years glided by, they were blessed with a son, who lived but two years, with a daughter, then a second daughter, a third, and a fourth, and last another son. On each of these occasions, there was a sacrifice to the idols of Mecca of one or two kids, according as the child born was girl or boy. How far Mohammed concurred in these acts of piety in his wife we cannot tell. All we know is, that he did not in any way forbid them. Khadija meant well, no doubt, did what was usual, and in his then state of indecision and inquiry,

Mohammed did not feel at liberty to interfere.

We pass thus rapidly over earlier events, because the interest of the Prophet's life does not properly commence till after his fortieth year. His personal appearance at about that age is thus described by Mr. Muir:

"Slightly above the middle size, his figure, though spare, was handsome and commanding, the chest broad and open, the bones and framework large, the joints well knit together. His neck was long and finely molded. The head, unusually large, gave space for a broad and noble brow. The hair, thick, jet-black, and slightly curling, fell down over his ears. The eyebrows were arched and joined; the countenance thin, but ruddy. His large eyes, intensely black and piercing, received additional luster from their long dark eyelashes. The nose was high and slightly aquiline, but fine, and at the end attenuated. The teeth were far apart. A long black bushy beard, reaching to the breast, added manliness and presence. His expression was pensive and contemplative. The face beamed with intelligence, though something of the sensuous also might be there discerned. The skin of his body was clear and soft. The only hair that met the eye was a fine thin line which ran down from the neck towards the navel. His broad back leaned slightly forward as he walked; and his step was hasty, yet sharp and decided, like that of one rapidly descending a declivity."—Vol. ii. pp. 28, 29.

There certainly should be something solid, real, forcible, in a man whose exterior should correspond with this description. And placing beside it our remembrance of the assured habits and religiousness of Mohammed, we are not surprised to find that his perpetual reflectiveness was concerned with religion, and that his persistent and quietly resolute will was to arrive at something more satisfactory than the quasi-theological dogmas upon which the idolatry of the Meccans was built. With that idolatry we are certified that he had long been secretly dissatisfied. He had learnt, while yet a boy, that even of his own countrymen were many in the more northern parts of Arabia who had rejected it. He must since that time have had repeated opportunities of informing himself as to the religion of the Jewish tribes of Arabia; he can not have lived for forty years without frequently hearing of the Jews of Yathrib, the rival of Mecca; and we know that at the fair of Okatz he listened to the preaching of Coss, or Qoss,

a Christian missionary who repeatedly went thither to declare the falseness of Polytheism and the unity of God.

We know too that Mohammed very carefully observed the month of fasting and prayer prescribed by the Meccan religion, and that not satisfied with this, he would often at other times betake himself, with a few days' provisions, to a cave in the neighboring Mount Hira, now called Jebel Nur, and address himself with renewed devotion to the task of finding out a religion in which he could rest. Of his sincerity at this period we confess that we entertain no doubt, and are unable to discover the reasons which justify such doubt where entertained. That his sincerity was absolutely such, or that his ardor of religious inquiry was always pure of self and ambition, we neither say nor are concerned about. No man can escape from himself; and all that is needful to be urged in favor of Mohammed is that self and ambition were in no wise prominent, and, so far as appearances may warrant a conclusion, were unfelt, and perhaps unknown. For the Prophet's thoughts were passionate and profound. Alone, amid the ineffable silence and vast solitudes of Mount Hira and the desert, he watched the darkening sky, unresponsive to his prayers, and the nightly brilliance of the stars which he knew had shone down upon his fathers of forgotten age, and he wondered why they had worshipped Aldebaran, and whether Sirius, or Canopus, or Jupiter could really aid him. He was enraptured at the breaking day as it surged up the crimsoning east with its glory at the flood, and felt that the world must have a Maker, and might one day have a Judge. He was feeling after God, if haply he might find him. Miserable figments and distorted facts of a dead Judaism and of a hopelessly corrupted Christianity, only added to his perplexity. They suggested inquiries it was impossible they should answer, while they added to the reasons for regarding with skepticism the religion of his youth. A man not sadly and resolutely in earnest would have given up this strife. It was itself most assuredly no gladness, but otherwise. For Mohammed was not pursuing truth, but only endeavoring to find out where that pursuit might begin. The pursuing of truth, indeed, may be a life-long pleasure; but how shall a man pursue that of which he has no trace, and toward which he knows no path?

Lessing, quoted by Sir William Hamilton, said: "Did the Almighty, holding in his right hand *Truth*, and in his left hand *Search after Truth*, deign to tender me the one I might prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request, *Search after Truth*." And the fullest justification of such a choice, it is obvious, would be found in that peculiar constitution of man which renders him ever happier in pursuit than in possession. But in Mohammed's case things were wholly different from this; and we need not wonder, therefore, if his inquiries, instead of bringing quiet, brought wretchedness, and if his philosophy, instead of being Divine and sustaining, conducted him to melancholy and despair. So must it be with every man with whom the question is the same as that which was presented to the Prophet; the question, in effect of Theism or of Atheism; of a Polytheism which was certainly false, or of a Skepticism which could not be true. This was the question with which it seems clear the Prophet of Islam was, year after year, doing battle. Things of morality, of abstract right, of duty in daily life, were probably enough revolved; but the great, mastering, and central question was, doubtless, in effect the one we have supposed. Happy he, indeed, who knows the causes of things—*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*—and also happy he, who, feeling his equal ignorance and impotence, can let them alone. Mohammed belonged to neither class, and being driven to despair, contemplated suicide. Sometimes again an erratic and uncertain light would gleam across the chaos of doubt, and in strong but irregular rhapsody the tormented soul cried out:

"By the declining day I swear!
Verily man is in the way of ruin;
Excepting such as possess faith,
And do the things which be right,
And stir up one another to truth and steadfastness."—*Sura*, 103.

At length there dawned on his mind the conviction of a personal Deity, supreme and infinite, neither begotten nor begetting. And then Mohammed rejoiced and said:

"Praise be to God, the Lord of Creation,
The All-merciful, the All-compassionate!
Ruler of the day of reckoning!
Thee we worship, and thee we invoke for help.

Lead us in the straight path;
The path of those to whom thou hast been gracious,
Not of those that are the objects of wrath or that are in error."—*Sura* 1.

Great as was the advance which is here indicated, it did not suffice. New difficulties arose to take the place of the old ones, and having attained the conviction of a Supreme Deity, Mohammed came, as others had come before him, and as yet others are coming constantly, to be utterly perplexed as to the relations sustained or sustainable to such Supreme. Vague traditions of Abrahamic legend had come down to him; and sundry most pitiful and cruel strifes about a greater than Abraham he had not only heard of, but, especially in Syria, had seen the bitter fruits of. It was no wonder if these schisms and logomachies led to any thing but Him about the mystery of whose person and work they were chiefly concerned. Indeed this, we find, is the epoch and phrase in Mohammed's life which, once apprehended, explains, though it does not apologize for, the fundamental distinction of the religion he founded. He could discover no certainty as to the way in which he might best approach God. From the travestied Syrian accounts of the one Mediator between God and man—himself possessing the nature of both—he was unable to eliminate the countless and impious refinements of Arian, and Athanasian, and Nestorian zealots, agreeing in nothing save the fervor with which they out-preached, out-cursed, and spoiled and slew each other. That sort of thing *could* not be true, thought Mohammed. Trinitarian discussion—especially when it made Mary, the mother of Christ, to be the Third Person of the Trinity—perplexed even less than it offended him. All that he felt really clear about was the existence and the government over his creatures of an infinitely wise, and just, and powerful God. Hence the cardinal distinction of the Mohammedan religion—the entire absence of the doctrine of mediation. Islam proper, accordingly, though we may concede it to be in some sort a gospel, inasmuch as it is essentially and intensely anti-idolatrous, is a gospel with almost no good tidings. To the sensual it permits sensualism without calling it sin; to the ignorant and selfish it offers formalism and mechanical rules of piety; to the intellectual an intellectual theism;

to all men a tiresome but not wholly useless ceremonial; and for the rest this :

"When the earth shall tremble with her quaking;

And the earth shall cast forth her burdens ;
And man shall say, 'What aileth her?'

In that day shall she unfold her tidings,
Because the Lord shall have inspired her.

In that day shall mankind advance in ranks,
that they may behold their works ;

And whoever shall have wrought good to the
weight of a grain shall behold it ;

And whoever shall have wrought evil to the
weight of a grain shall behold it."

—Sura 99.

It was at this stage of his inquiries apparently, that Mohammed's real or pretended inspiration was interrupted. For nearly three years Gabriel never came near him, and he was driven anew to misery and despair.

Meanwhile he had become a marked man to his fellow-citizens. Persuaded of his Divine call to such a task, he strove in what way he could to show to all who would listen, but especially to the members of his own family and tribe, the wrong of idolatry and the unity of God. They laughed him to scorn, pointed the finger at him, called after him in the streets as a half-witted fellow, and considered him withal an intolerable bore. Sometimes, indeed, this treatment of contempt and scoffing got the better of him, and the poorer part of a merely human nature showed freely out beneath the professions of heavenly zeal. One day, for example, he called a meeting of the leading citizens of Mecca. They came; but when Abu Lahab, an ill-natured uncle of the Prophet's, found it was merely to hear another harangue on the now familiar topic of the sin of idolatry, he listened till his patience was exhausted, and then announced the extremity of his disgust by briefly and contemptuously damning his nephew. And the much-forbearing Mohammed could forbear no longer. The fierce wrath leaped out of his heart, and though Abu Lahab was the father-in-law of two of his daughters, as well as his own paternal uncle, he both cursed him and placed his curse on record as an inspiration from God.

"Damned be Abu Lahab's hands; and let himself be damned!

His riches shall not profit him, nor that which he hath gained.

He shall be cast into the FIRE of flame,
And his wife also laden with fuel;
About her neck shall be a rope of palm-fiber."—Sura 111.

Others too opposed Mohammed no less scornfully and harshly than did Abu Lahab; and altogether the would-be prophet and reformer had but an evil time of it. The occurrence of the Fatrah, or intermission of revelations, was a serious addition to his troubles. In what way he contrived to pass the three years of its continuance is not recorded. It suffices that at the end of that time the command to preach became imperative and irresistible. Mohammed preached accordingly. His first disciple was his own wife. Soon after followed Abu Bakr, a wealthy and prudent citizen, whose name and character were a tower of strength. Zeid, formerly the Prophet's slave, subsequently his freedman and adopted son, and Ali, his impetuous and warlike nephew, were among his earliest adherents, and too notable not to be specially mentioned. Other converts followed, especially from among the slaves of Mecca; and Islam, notwithstanding discouragements and obstacles, was steadily and slowly becoming a fact. The opposition of the Coreish, which appears to have been slumbering for a while, was suddenly aroused afresh, atung into activity by the growing audacity of the Prophet. Only for his being under the special protection of the faithful Abu Talib, and so under the protection of the whole Hashemite family, he would certainly have fallen a victim to the freedom with which he declared himself the antagonist of idolatry and the Apostle of the Most High.

It was about three years after the open declaration of his apostleship that Mohammed hired a house near the middle of the city, with a view to the more effectual propagation of the new faith. He lost no opportunity of public preaching, and seems to have conjoined with it the habit of private exhortation. He frequented fairs and all places of popular resort, and braved every danger in the performance of what he thought to be duty. The Coreish at once resorted to yet stronger measures. They strove by every means, especially by insinuation and calumny, to disparage the Prophet and to hinder his success. They dealt as harshly as they dared with both himself and his converts, and subjected

their believing slaves to refined and intolerable tortures. It is not to be wondered at if there were a few recantations; but it is the credit of teacher and disciples alike that they were very few indeed as compared with the number of persons persecuted. So effectual, however, were the obstacles now offered to his progress that at the end of six years, counting from the public announcement of his mission, Mohammed had not more than fifty disciples, and was profoundly discouraged at what he felt obliged to regard as failure.

Seeking refuge from the miseries inflicted by the Coreish, a number of the Moslems emigrated to Abyssinia, and, not long afterwards, Mohammed committed the most glaring error of this first part of his public career. He admitted that the idol gods of the Meccan temple might possibly be better than he had said; might, in fact, be legitimately supplicated and honored with a view to obtaining their intercession with God himself, the one God. There was an immediate reaction in his favor. He became in a moment the most popular man in Mecca. His doctrines were forthwith tolerated—as well they might be when robbed of their meaning—and his followers were no longer oppressed as men who would fain turn the city upside down.

How long Mohammed remained guilty of this fault we do not know. What is certain is, that his concession to the prejudices and creed of the Meccans was not a mere lapse of the tongue, nor the utterance of a moment's impulse, but was given openly and remained for some time untracted. Soon, however, the Prophet returned to his right mind, and behaved thereupon in a manner which the upholders of the simple impostor theory would find no less difficult to explain, than would the holders of the true-prophet theory the fall which led to such behavior. He publicly recanted his confession, and so far played into his enemies' hands as to say that the heretical verses of concession had been inspired by the devil. He was perfectly aware that he would be asked how it should be known that his recantation rather was not prompted by the devil; and supposing him liable to inspirations, sometimes heavenly and sometimes satanic, what was the criterion by which they should be severally distinguished? On no impostor theory, we think, can Mohammed's admissions be explained. Supposing him to

have been influenced mainly by ambition, his conduct was positively suicidal. For he belonged not only to the ruling tribe of Mecca, but to the ruling family of that tribe. It was one of his ancestors who founded the city; and as Mecca took precedence of all other cities in Arabia, so did the Hashemites take precedence of all other families in Mecca. He might, accordingly, have aspired to something like chieftainship and practical sovereignty without being charged with any great presumption; and here was personal supremacy all but formally offered to him. In the moment in which he conceded semi-divine honors to Lat and Ozza, he secured to himself the possibility of accomplishing with ease the most ambitious projects of which he can have dreamed. Yet he absolutely turned his back upon such possibility, flouted it, and flung it away. Dr. Sprenger himself, generally hostile to Mohammed, does not scruple to say that:

"By deviating from his conviction only to the extent to which several truly pious Christian missionaries did not scruple to go, he might have extricated himself from all persecutions and difficulties, the end of which he could not then foresee, and he might at once have placed himself at the head of his nation; but he disdained to gain this victory at the sacrifice of his conviction, and declared that the devil had prompted to him the objectionable verses. This is the strongest proof of the sincerity of Mohammed during the beginning of his career."

As the revocation of these concessions was emphasized by a renewed condemnation of the idols and a most solemn denunciation of idolatry, the persecutions were immediately renewed. The Abyssinian exiles, who had returned to their former homes on hearing of the reconciliation with the Coreish, again sought safety in Africa. Others followed them, and the persecutions grew increasingly severe. Deputations from the Coreish waited upon Abu Talib and upon other leaders among the Hashemites, and demanded that his family should give up Mohammed as an enemy to the public peace, to be dealt with as such. Failing in this, they plotted his assassination; and failing in this also, the whole family of the Hashemites was placed under the Ban. The Coreish solemnly bound themselves by a sealed document, which, for greater impressiveness, they hung up in the temple of the city, to consider the Hashemites excommunicate. They swore "that they would

neither marry their women, nor give their own in marriage to them; that they would sell nothing to them, nor buy aught from them; that dealings with them of every kind should cease." Under these circumstances the Hashemites found it prudent to withdraw to a separate and secluded part of the city, called the Sheb quarter, and lying in a defile of the mountains. They appear to have stood by each other in the noblest manner, and to have carried to a pitch that is truly romantic and heroic the obligations involved in their relationship. Their supplies being in course of time almost exhausted, they were reduced to extreme distress. The ban, however, continued to be rigorously enforced, and not a man of them could venture beyond the gate of the quarter, save at the times of pilgrimage. And even when the weary and sorrow-laden months had passed, and the period of pilgrimage came round and made every act of violence a crime and impiety, even then malignant Coreishites would go about disseminating all evil reports against the Hashemites, and would use every endeavor to prevent the merchants, who wisely combined commerce with pilgrimage, from selling any thing to the men whose fidelity and persistence in a seeming duty had brought them to the very verge of starvation. In Mecca, Islamism was effectually arrested, and in the Sheb quarter it scarcely did more than maintain a bare existence. Yet, amid the cries of famished children, the tears of mothers who could give no help, and the desperate misery of men on whom his persistence forced the dire alternative of either ceasing to protect a relative in whose mission but few of them believed, or of watching wives and little ones share starvation with themselves, Mohammed failed not, quailed not, lost neither heart, nor reason, nor kindness, nor hope. It were surely but a sad and pitiful thing to refuse admiration to conduct such as this of the Hashemites, however erroneous we may deem it. At the end of nearly three years, however—and not earlier—came a truce to these hostilities. Without detailing the circumstances which led to it, we may note that some of the Coreish had really relented, others were overcome by the firmness and persistence, apparently for conscience' sake, which had in this stern fashion proved itself. The ban was revoked and the Hashemites returned.

We have space to mention only one other incident in this first part of the Prophet's life, and shall then have reached what we must account as being, in more senses than one, his grand climacteric. Finding that his own perseverance in preaching was so fully matched by the constancy of the Coreish in not believing, Mohammed resolved to address himself to the people of Tayif, a beautiful and fertile district and city at about seventy miles' distance. Accompanied by Zeid, he went thither, explained his mission to the principal men of the city, and inquired whether they would protect him. They declined having any thing to do with him. He addressed himself to the people generally; they regarded him with even more suspicion than their superiors, and, on the tenth day of his visit, their murmurs broke out into open brawl. Mohammed was hooted through the streets, pelted with stones, and hunted by a rabble of blackguards who desisted not till he and Zeid were some three miles beyond the bounds of their city. Bleeding, exhausted, and mortified to the last degree, he took refuge with his companion (more seriously injured than himself) in a way-side orchard, flung himself upon the ground, and passed through one of those agonies to which even the strongest must sometimes give way. When composure returned, he sought refuge as aforesaid in prayer, and his prayer is said to have run thus:

"O Lord! I make my complaint unto thee of the feebleness of my strength and the poverty of my expedients, and of my insignificance before mankind. O thou most merciful! thou art the Lord of the weak, and thou art my Lord. Into whose hands wilt thou abandon me? Into the hands of the strangers that beset me round? or of the enemy to whom thou hast given the mastery over me? If thy wrath be not upon me, I have no concern; but rather thy favor is the more wide unto me. I seek for refuge in the light of thy gracious countenance, by which the darkness is dispersed, and peace ariseth both for this world and the next, that thy wrath light not upon me, nor thine indignation. It is thine to show anger until thou art pleased; and there is not any power or resource but in thee."

As we look at the whole circumstances and result of this attempt, and Mohammed's reported behavior in reference to such a result, we can not refuse concurrence with Mr. Muir, when he says: "There is something lofty and heroic in this journey of

Mohammed to Tâ'yif; a solitary man, despised and rejected by his own people, going boldly forth in the name of God—like Jonah to Nineveh—and summoning an idolatrous city to repentance and the support of his mission. It sheds a strong light upon the intensity of his own belief in the Divine origin of his calling." (Vol. ii. p. 207.)

Some four or six weeks prior to the expedition to Tâ'yif, had died the beloved and truly excellent Khadija, Mohammed's first, best, and, while she lived, his only wife. She left a void in his heart which neither youth, nor beauty, nor variety could fill. Ayesha, the most influential of her successors, had both the former, and something of brilliance in addition; and one day, when years had passed since this irreparable loss, she said to Mohammed, half toying, half seriously: "Now, am I not better than Khadija? She was a widow—old—and had lost her good looks: you love me better than you did her?" "No, by Allah!" was the swift and true-hearted answer. "No, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that."

Soon after her died Mohammed's guardian and uncle, the faithful and great-hearted Abu Talib. Perhaps, as he had never been able to persuade himself of the Divineness of his nephew's mission, we may have the less difficulty in yielding to the demands of his magnanimity and fidelity upon our admiration for those rarest of great men, those in whom the moral virtues preponderate over all else.

It was the tenth year of the Prophet's mission, and the fiftieth of his age, when these calamities overtook him. His grand climacteric was fully reached.

Up to the time of the death of Khadija, the character of Mohammed's mission presents to him who would estimate it correctly—who would truly adjudge its indubitable good and evil, its mingled falsehood and nobleness—the greatest difficulties; difficulties greater, as we fear, than our necessarily rapid sketch and memoranda of it have allowed us to exhibit. For, without in any way omitting from our account the general hue and mist of exaggeration and panegyric with which Mohammedan zeal has covered the whole history of the Prophet, we are obliged to admit that the earlier part of his life was singularly pure; that during

the first ten years of his mission he bore persecution with constancy, and at least *appeared* to be disinterested and sincere. Yet the confessedly sublime lyric of many parts of the Koran which were then produced, was frequently placed side by side with the pruriency of a paradise that would have moved a Sybarite to envy, and with the extravagance of a folly and impiety which it would seem morally impossible for any human being to believe Divine. Mohammed's conduct, too, though frequently heroic and worthy, as we have admitted, was by no means uniform. Suspending our judgment at this point, and noting that one epoch is closed and another commenced, we find the next part of the Prophet's life distinctly and conveniently marked as the commencement of his connection with Medina, at that time called Yathrib.

The last three months had dealt hardly with him. If Khadija's wealth had not been exhausted during the three years' suffering in the Sheb quarter, it must have gone to benefit others after her death; for Mohammed had become poor. We have seen how miserably he has failed hitherto in his career as a reformer and prophet, and how sorrowfully, yet how brilliantly, all other failures have been crowned by the episode at Tâ'yif. Very soon after his return from that city—Khadija not more than ten weeks dead—he was married to a second wife, and betrothed to a third, Ayesha, the daughter of Abu Bakr, at that time not seven years old. In the following month, March, 620 A.D., the clouds in this otherwise dark sky broke somewhat; not wholly indeed, but just enough to show that the sun was not set forever.

It was the time of pilgrimage; and Mohammed is said to have used it to the uttermost, according to his wont, in urging on the crowds of strangers gathered from almost all parts of the peninsula, the inefficiency and superstition of the ceremonies they observed, and the superiority of the revelation he affirmed himself to possess.

"The ceremonies were nearly at an end; Mohammed had followed the votaries of the Kaaba* on their procession to the Hill of Arafat, and now back again to Minâ; whence, after sacrificing their victims, the multitudes would disperse to their homes. Wandering through

* The Meccan temple.

the busy scene that now presented itself in the narrow Valley of Minâ, he was attracted by a little group of six or seven persons, whom he recognized as strangers from Medina. 'Of what tribe are ye?' said he, coming up and kindly accosting them. 'Of the tribe of Khazraj,' they replied. 'Ah! confederates of the Jews?' 'We are.' 'Then, why should we not sit down for a little, and I will speak with you?' The offer was accepted willingly, for the fame of Mohammed had been noised abroad in Medina, and the strangers were curious to see more of the man who had created in Mecca so great an excitement. He then expounded to them his doctrine, asserted the warrant of a Divine mission, set forth the difficulties of his position at home, and inquired whether they would receive and protect him at Medina. The listeners were not slow to embrace the faith of Islam. 'But as for protecting thee,' said they, 'we have hitherto been at variance among ourselves, and have fought great battles, as that of Boath. If thou comest to us thus, we shall be unable to rally around thee. Let us, we pray thee, return unto our people, if haply the Lord will create peace amongst us, and we will come back again unto thee. Let the season of pilgrimage in the following year be the appointed time.'—Vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.

The appointment thus made was duly kept, and the interval would seem to have been to Mohammed a time of suspense if not of inactivity. Mecca was obstinate. It positively despised him, and he knew it. After more than ten years' teaching, after listening to the sublimest of the Suras, and to an eloquence which even his enemies admitted to be not only unsurpassed but unequalled, it persisted in rejecting him, and it entertained for him withal feelings such that, only for its respect for national and tribal usages and laws, it would long since have silenced him in the most effective manner. He appears to have rested accordingly all through this year, quietly waiting for the time of pilgrimage.

At the time and at the place agreed on—in a sheltered and rocky glen near Minâ, namely—the handful of Medina converts, accompanied by some friends, again met the Prophet. In all they were twelve; and after due consultation and converse, they thus gave their faith to Mohammed: "*We will not worship any but the One God; we will not steal, neither will we commit adultery, nor kill our children; we will not slander in any wise; and we will not disobey the Prophet in any thing that is right.*" Mohammed's response was in the words:

"If ye fulfill the pledge, Paradise shall be your reward. He that shall fail in any part thereof, to God belongeth his concern, either to punish or forgive." Thus was given the First Pledge of Acaba, and faithfully was it kept. To the latest and completest of his biographers the spectacle presented by the Prophet at this juncture appears something sublime; and we are not willing to take exception to what he has so heartily conceived and so eloquently presented in reference to it.

"Mohammed, thus holding his people at bay; waiting in the still expectation of victory, to outward appearance defenseless, and with his little band as it were in the lion's mouth; yet trusting in His almighty power whose messenger he believed himself to be, resolute and unmoved; presents a spectacle of sublimity paralleled only in the sacred records, by such scenes as that of the prophet of Israel when he complained to his master: 'I, even I only, am left.' Nay, the spectacle is in one point of view more marvelous; because the prophets of old were upheld by a Divine inspiration, accompanied (as we may conclude) by an unwavering consciousness in its reality, and strengthened by the palpable demonstrations of miraculous power; while with the Arabian Prophet, the memory at least of former doubt, and the confessed inability to work any miracle, must at times have caused a gleam of uncertainty to shoot across the soul. It is this which throws out into if possible still bolder prominence the amazing self-possession and enduring enthusiasm which sustained his course. 'Say unto the unbelievers'—such was the Divine message he professed to receive—'say, *Work ye in your place. Wait ye in expectation. We, too, in expectancy will wait.*'"—Vol. ii. pp. 228, 229.

Meanwhile, Mohammed was again looking forward to the annual pilgrimage. He found that he could, for the then present, work better by his agents than in person; that his strength was in sitting still. He was kept sufficiently informed as to the state of things in Medina, and rejoiced at the steadily brightening prospect. Every thing was carried on with the profoundest secrecy, and with a success and skillfulness which, the nature and machinery of the new propagandism considered, may well fill us with surprise. The twelve men who had met Mohammed at the last pilgrimage were to meet him again, but in company with the converts they had made. The place was the same secluded glen in the Valley of Minâ, and under the well-known high called Acaba. The time was night; for every thing was

to be concealed from the Coreish especially, as well as from all other pilgrims; and the Moslems were to come cautiously, silently, "waking not the sleeper, nor tarrying for the absent."

"One or two hours before midnight, Mohammed repaired to the rendezvous, the first of the party. He was attended only by his uncle Abbas, [who was not a convert, but who had endured the rigor of the ban, and felt some interest in his nephew accordingly.] To secure the greater secrecy, the assembly was, perhaps, kept private even from the Moslems of Mecca.* . . . Mohammed had not long to wait. Soon the Medina converts, singly, and by twos and threes, were descried through the moonlight, moving stealthily along the stony valley and among the barren rocks toward the spot. They amounted to seventy-three men and two women. All the early converts who had before met the Prophet on the two preceding pilgrimages were there. When they were seated, Abbas, in a low voice, broke the silence by a speech something to the following effect:

"Ye company of the Khazraj! This, my kinsman, dwelleth amongst us [the family of Hashim] in honor and safety. His clan will defend him—both those that are converts and those who still adhere to their ancestral faith; but he preferreth to seek protection from *you*. Wherefore, consider well the matter, and count the cost. If ye be resolved and able to defend him, well; but if ye doubt your ability, at once abandon the design."

"Then spoke Abu Bará, an aged chief: 'We have listened to thy words. Our resolution is unshaken. Our lives are at his service. It is now for *him* to speak.'

"Mohammed began, as was his wont, by reciting appropriate passages from the Koran; then he invited all present to the service of God, dwelt upon the claims and blessings of Islam, and concluded by saying that he would be content if the strangers pledged themselves to defend him as they did their own wives and children."—Vol. ii. pp. 284-286.

They gave the undertaking asked for, large as it was; and Mohammed then selected twelve of the chief of them to be sureties for the rest, citing the assumed parallel cases of Moses and of Christ. When the business of the meeting was over, all hastened back to their several encampments, and thus passed the night of the Second Pledge of Acaba.

On the following morning, a vague rumor of this clandestine transaction reached the Coreish; but they were successfully

foiled in an endeavor, promptly made, to ascertain its real character. During that day the vast concourse at Miná broke up. The pilgrimage had been accomplished, and the countless caravans began their dispersing of the thousands whom zeal in the worship of they knew not what, had once again gathered round the Kaaba of Mecca. Then came to the Coreish a repetition of the rumors, accompanied by more definite statements; and they at once dispatched horsemen after the caravan of Medina, to demand some account and justification of proceedings so suspicious. The "Camels of Yathrib," however, were too far on their way homeward to be thus overtaken. The pursuers only succeeded in getting sight of a couple of Moslem stragglers, one of whom escaped, and the other of whom they rudely maltreated, tying his hands behind his back, and dragging him to Mecca by the hair of his head. It was but natural, that thus disappointed and provoked, with just grounds, moreover, for suspecting Mohammed's attempted religious reforms to be not wholly free from political designs, the Coreish should at once assume their old attitude of hostility to his followers. Mohammed was doubtless prepared for this, and had possibly even challenged it. It is not giving him credit for any extraordinary measure of foresight or sagacity, to suppose that he had carefully matured his plans before so far compromising himself with his fellow-citizens as to contract with the men of Medina the engagements which have just been reviewed, and that he was already prepared for the several alternatives which might speedily present themselves. We find, accordingly, that but a few days after the second pledge of Acaba, he gave to his disciples the command, "Depart unto Medina; for the Lord hath given you brethren in that city, and a home in which ye may find refuge." They made their preparations accordingly, chose companions for the journey, and set out in small parties secretly, for fear of the Coreish. In about two months, from one hundred and sixty to two hundred of them had in this way escaped; some on foot, but many of them going two and two upon camels. At length there were left behind, beside a few who were forcibly detained, only Mohammed and his most immediate associates and attendants. The Coreish were paralyzed. Whole quarters of the city they ruled were left tenantless,

* If the Moslems of Mecca knew of the meeting, as the chief of them in all probability did, they at least did not attend it.—*Reviewer's Note.*

the houses closed, and the doors locked. Their whole anger turned on Mohammed. What might they not fear from a man whose personal influence could scarcely be exaggerated, who was so perfect a master of all the arts of eloquence, and secrecy, and management, whose followers had repeatedly given up all rather than forsake him, and whose resolution had passed through ordeals so terrible, and had yet come out triumphant? Self-preservation was their first duty no less than their natural instinct; and they resolved, it is said, that a man from every single family of the entire tribe of the Coreish, including even the Hashemites, should sheathe a dagger in the man, whose blood could not then be charged upon any one family to the exclusion of the rest. Certain it is, that Mohammed's position was most critical, his danger extreme. He had staid with unshaken courage, not to say hardihood, until now; he had seen almost all his followers safely away; and to stay longer might tempt his fate too far, or be useless although it should not. In anticipation of the emergency which had now arrived, Abu Bakr had already purchased two swift and well-trying camels for himself and Mohammed, and kept them in his yard constantly ready and in high condition. Spies and intimates reported the excitement and plots of the Coreish; and at the close of an anxious and dangerous day, the Prophet and his friend escaped through a back-window of Abu Bakr's house, fled unobserved from the south side of the city, and having climbed Mount Thaur, took refuge in a cave at its summit. They were proved by the event to have done wisely in thus resting; for whatever foundation there may or may not be for the reported plot to assassinate, it appears that, at least for some reason, Mohammed was urgently wanted in Mecca that same evening. The supposition of his flight was the first thing that occurred to the disappointed Coreish; and so far were they from being thankful that the troubler of their peace was at length departed, that they sent out scouts and pursuers on every side, and instituted a rigorous search along every road and pathway in which it was supposable Mohammed might be found. Some of these scouts are reported to have explored the mouth of the very cave in whose depths the fugitives lay hid, and to have turned away deceived by appearances into thinking that no hu-

man foot had crossed it. As the morning light shone down into their hold, Abu Bakr whispered, in alarm: "What if one of them were to look beneath him; he might see us under his very feet!" "*Think not thus,*" rejoined the Prophet: "WE ARE TWO, BUT GOD IS IN THE MIDST A THIRD."

On the third night they were supplied with provisions by a Moslem spy; and learning that the ways were somewhat less unsafe, Mohammed mounted Al Caswâ, and, accompanied by Abu Bakr on the second camel, they descended Mount Thaur, found a guide at an appointed place, avoided the usual roads till Mecca had been left far behind, and then fled along the shore of the Red Sea bound northward for Medina. Traveling at speed, they completed the journey in eight days. Four additional days were passed at Coba, one of the suburbs of Medina, while various arrangements were being made, and deputations of citizens and disciples received. On Friday, July 2d, 622 A.D., Mohammed publicly entered the city of his adoption. From that time Yathrib was no more called Yathrib, but Medinat al Nabi, the City of the Prophet. The Hejira had become an accomplished fact, and history received on that day a new era from which to date events.

By the flight to Medina was demonstrated what the conferences at Acaba gave only too good reason to suspect, that Mohammed had resolved upon a new and bolder course of procedure. He had tried persuasion and had conspicuously failed: he would see whether the sword might be more convincing than the tongue.

No sooner had he established himself in Medina, and provided a temple for public worship, and houses adjoining it for the accommodation of his wives, than Mohammed commenced a series of expeditions which proved an admirable training for the greater things that followed. Mercantile caravans were repeatedly waylaid, and were attacked at first with varying success. On one occasion a band of these saintly robbers would have missed great booty and an easy victory if they had not broken the truce observed throughout Arabia during the sacred month, and they broke it accordingly. Scarcely any sacrilege or scandal could have been greater. Even Mohammed was shocked; and when the captain of these over-zealous missionaries returned, he was received with the

rebuke: "I never commanded thee to fight in the sacred month." But he who gave the rebuke seems to have overcome, without very much difficulty, whatever scruples he may have felt about accepting the lion's share of the booty, and all wounds of conscience healed under the inspired application: "They will ask thee concerning the sacred months, whether they may war therein. SAY, Warring therein is grievous; but to obstruct the way of God, and to deny him, and hinder men from the holy temple, and expel his people from thence, is more grievous with God. Tempting (to idolatry) is more grievous than killing." (*Sura ii. 217.*)

The expedition which gave occasion to this extremely opportune and profitable revelation is distinguished also as that in which the first life was taken in the armed propagation of Islam. It is much dwelt upon by the Arabian historians accordingly. "This," says Ibn Hishâm, "was the first booty that the Mussulmans obtained; these the first captives they seized; this the first life they took."

In the following year the minor expeditions were continued, and were followed by the important battle of Badr. It was fought between the Moslems, assisted by the men of Medina, against an army of the Coreishites of Mecca, which had been dispatched in defense of an endangered caravan. The caravan escaped, but the army was defeated, and a remarkable number of Mohammed's principal enemies were found among the slain. Unfortunately for his fame, the Prophet was not content with a decisive victory, nor with the booty obtained on the field of battle. He could not but gratify on this occasion the dearer passions of revenge and hatred. Among the prisoners of war he discovered an old opponent named Nadhr. "Strike off his head!" cried the Prophet, and the faithful Ali struck it off forthwith.

Two days later another prisoner, ordered out for execution, begged for his life, and asked why he should be treated more rigorously than others. "Because of thy enmity to God and to his Prophet," replied Mohammed. "*And my little girl!*" cried Ooba in his anguish, "*who will take care of her?*" "Hell-fire!" exclaimed the conqueror; and in another moment the little girl was fatherless.

The effect of the victory at Badr, followed by such severities as these, was immediate and conspicuous. At Medina the

Prophet's position was greatly strengthened, and he was able immediately to assume a more independent attitude toward the non-Moslem inhabitants of the city and neighborhood. The neighboring tribes were more favorably impressed by the prophetic claims which were accompanied by promises of booty and an invitation to adventure, and which, even at the worst, guaranteed a paradise of the most tempting kind. At Mecca the Coreish were appalled. Every family went mourning. Their gods had forsaken them. They seemed to be at the mercy of a man they both hated and despised; and even the cries of heart-broken mothers and wives were stifled by the swift and incredible lust for revenge. "Weep not for your slain," said the valiant and capable Abu Sofîân. "Bewail not their loss; neither let the bard mourn for them. Show that ye are men and heroes! If ye wail and lament, and mourn over them with elegies, it will ease your wrath and diminish your enmity towards Mohammed and his fellows. Perchance you may yet obtain your revenge. As for me, I will touch no oil, neither approach any woman, until I go forth to war against Mohammed."

Though in the cases of Nadhr and Ooba the Prophet would seem to have behaved with simple vindictiveness, it is possible he may have been in some part actuated by motives of policy. His language admits of only an unfavorable construction. "It is not for a prophet," said he, "to take prisoners until he hath inflicted a grievous wound upon his enemies on the earth. Ye seek after the good things of this life; but God seeketh after the life to come, and God is glorious and wise." Designing to strike terror by means of cruelty, he vindicated his conduct by a pretended Divine revelation. He had not only the pious cunning to attribute his victory, moreover, to Divine assistance, and so to invest his prophetic claims with the weight and majesty of Divine approbation, but he had the boldness to describe the means by which such assistance was afforded. He scrupled not to declare that he saw thousands of angels fighting with his followers against the unequal strength of the Coreish and a legion of their satanic allies, led by Satan in person. More: he affirmed that the devil had played his friends, the Coreish, an extremely shabby trick on this occasion; for that, perceiving he would

have no chance of victory in such a combat, he turned on his heel, made an excuse for himself, and left the field. But however ill Mohammed may have consulted for his fame in dictating Suras so absurd as those which relate to Badr, he turned his victory to great practical advantage. The remaining prisoners were treated with marked kindness and attention. Some of them were converted; some were ransomed on the terms befitting their importance and wealth; and others, unable to find money or valuables, obtained their liberty on condition of teaching to ten boys each the art of writing.

We have dwelt at some length on the battle of Badr and its consequences, because it brings out into undeniable clearness the position Mohammed had assumed. His intentions are not ambiguous any longer. He had entered upon an armed struggle with his native city, and was resolved to abide by its issue. If he failed there, no other success was feasible; but if he conquered at Mecca, the idlest dreams of his ambition might some day be fulfilled. Whatever he may have known or not known of other civilizations and of earlier religions, there is one thing most certain: that of the passions and strength and weakness of human nature—especially of Arabian human nature—he had a profound and consummate knowledge which never failed him, and that, with an audacity and brilliance of success that sometimes looks like inspiration, he was able to turn that knowledge to account. Yet how lamentably is he degenerated from the Prophet whom ten years of persecution could not daunt, and whom the banishment and sufferings of the three years' ban could in no measure change! Sometimes gentle, benevolent, and considerate, he appears one of the greatest and most lovable of men, and the fervor of his disciples' attachment ceases to be a mystery: at other times silent, scheming, and bloody, we wonder that no Arab Decius staked his life upon ridding his country of such a monster and fiend.

For example: at Medina was a Jewess, Asma, disliked by Mohammed because she had composed sundry patriotic couplets setting forth the danger of trusting a man who had behaved as Mohammed had behaved.

"The verses spread from mouth to mouth, (for such was one of the few means possessed

by the Arabs of giving expression to public opinion,) and at last reached the ears of the Mussulmans. They were offended; and Omeir, a blind man of the same tribe, vowed that he would kill the author. It was but a few days after the return of Mohammed from Badr, that this man, in the dead of night, crept into the apartment where, surrounded by her little ones, Asma lay asleep. Feeling stealthily with his hand, he removed her infant from her breast, and plunged his sword with such force into her bosom that it passed through her back. Next morning, being present in the Mosque at prayers, Mohammed, who seems to have been aware of the bloody design,* said to Omeir: 'Hast thou slain the daughter of Marwân?' 'Yes,' he answered; 'but tell me, now, is there any cause of apprehension for what I have done?' 'None whatever,' said Mohammed: 'two goats will not knock their heads together for it.' Then, turning to the people assembled in the mosque, he said: 'If ye desire to see a man that hath assisted the Lord and his Prophet, look ye here!' 'What?' Omar exclaimed, 'the blind Omeir!' 'Nay,' replied the Prophet, 'call him not blind; rather call him *Omeir the Seeing*.'"—Vol. iii. pp. 181, 182.

Not many weeks after this, and at the Prophet's express instigation and command, another composer of stinging verses was murdered as he slept outside his tent. In the following year, and some six months before the battle of Ohod, occurred the assassination of Kâb, Mohammed not only enjoining it, but accompanying the assassins to the outskirts of the town, and bidding them God-speed in their bloody and treacherous task. Next came a general permission for the Moslems to slay any non-Moslem Jew they might chance to meet; and just before this a whole tribe of Jews, to the number of four hundred persons, was expelled from its possessions, escaping from Medina by scarcely the skin of the teeth, and grudging even that. We have no space to follow Mohammed's course in detail, and must allow that, though stained indelibly with crime, he appears to have ruled Medina itself with justice and skill, except in the instances in which he was personally opposed, or in which he found justice demanding an unduly great sacrifice from selfishness.

The fifth year of the Hejira we must notice more in detail. It is difficult to write of it with calmness at even the dis-

* Hishâmi says that Mohammed, being vexed by Asma's verses, said publicly, "Who will rid me of this woman?" which speech overheard by Omeir, led to the assassination.—*Author's note.*

tance of twelve centuries; and to the reader who has not previously given much attention to the history of the Prophet, it may well seem impossible to account for the view we have been willing to take of Mohammed's earlier career, when not unaware of the lamentable declension which ensued. The difficulty, however, is not that Mohammed was guilty of diabolical deeds, but that, though thus guilty, and flagrantly guilty, he was none the less the object of every thing but adoration to the vast majority of his followers. They treasured his lightest word as the utterance of heavenly inspiration, and regarded his most trivial actions with a veneration for which superstition were too good a name. When, thinking of his lust and barbarity, we are almost ready to join with sundry ecclesiastics and call him an "incarnate devil," we have still to remember that *somehow* Mohammed so lived with his followers in poverty and simplicity, sweeping his own apartment, mending his own shoes and clothes, faring on common food, controlling a constantly increasing army, and preaching, praying, sinning, so as to seem to those followers very far higher than the highest saint that ever lived. We must remember that somehow his lawless passions, and the unbounded gratification of them, "excited the envy rather than the scandal, the veneration rather than the envy, of the devout Mussulmans."* There must, therefore, have been much of which we are ignorant, as well as much that we know, to stand as a set-off against the flagitiousness of the year in which he appears to ordinary judgment to descend to the very nadir of human hypocrisy and crime. The first of the transactions which we have thus prefaced was Mohammed's affair with Zeinab, daughter of Jahsh.

"The numerous marriages of Mohammed," says Mr. Muir, "failed to confine his inclinations within the ample circuit of his harem. Rather, its multiplied attractions weakened restraint, and stimulated desire after new and varied charms. On a certain day the Prophet visited, as he often did, the house of Zeid, his freedman and adopted son. Zeid was not at home. His wife Zeinab invited him to enter, and starting up in her loose and scanty dress, made haste to array herself for his reception. But the beauties of her figure through the half-opened door had already been too freely unveiled before the licentious gaze of Mohammed. He was smitten

by the sight. '*Gracious God Almighty!*' he exclaimed; '*Gracious God! how thou turnest the hearts of mankind!*' These rapturous words were repeated, as he turned to depart, in a low voice; but they were uttered distinctly enough to be heard by Zeinab, who perceived the flame she had kindled; and, proud of her conquest, she was nothing loth to tell her husband of it on his return. Zeid went straightway to Mohammed, and declared his readiness to divorce Zeinab for him. This Mohammed declined. 'Keep thy wife to thyself,' he said, 'and fear God.' But Zeid could plainly see that these words proceeded from unwilling lips, and that the Prophet had still a longing eye for Zeinab. Perhaps he did not care to keep her when he found that she desired to leave him, and was ambitious of the new and distinguished alliance. Accordingly he completed the divorce. Mohammed still hesitated. There might be little scandal, according to Arab morals, in seeking the hand of a married woman whose husband had no wish to retain her; but the husband in the present case was Mohammed's adopted son, and even in Arabia such a union was held to be illicit. Still the passion for Zeinab could not be smothered; it continued to burn within the heart of Mohammed, and at last, bursting forth, scattered all other considerations to the winds. Sitting one day with Ayesha, the prophetic ecstasy appeared to come over him. As he recovered he smiled joyfully, and said: 'Who will go and congratulate Zeinab, and say that the Lord hath joined her to me in marriage?' His maid Solma made haste to carry the glad news to Zeinab, who showed her delight by bestowing on the messenger all the jewels she had upon her person. Mohammed delayed not to fulfill the divine behest, and took Zeinab to his bed."—Vol. iii. pp. 228, 229.

The marriage caused great scandal amongst his followers, while to the merely pagan unbelievers it seemed nothing less than incest. A revelation from heaven showed to the former the equal error and folly of the scruples they had indulged, while the latter had learned discretion from the fate of Asma, of Abu Afak, of Káb, and of many more. A little later came another wife to the ever-growing harem of the Prophet; and while still engaged in regulating its government and guarding its occupants from glances less holy than his own, Mohammed received tidings of coming war. The Coreish were joined by an immense force of Bedouins, and laid siege to Medina. The city was placed in extreme jeopardy, and was saved at first by the trench outside it, and ultimately by generalship which was not very unlike jockeyship. Mohammed succeeded in rousing suspicions and mutual distrust in the minds of the allies, and caused them to raise the siege according-

* Gibbon, chap. 61.

ly. But till the siege was actually raised his danger was extreme. There was dissension in his own camp, and no danger so great as that which had been discovered within Medina itself. For a tribe of Jews, the Bani Coreitza, took this opportunity of giving up their allegiance to Mohammed, and promised aid to the Coreish. That they deserved an exemplary chastisement we are obliged to admit; but we may not condemn them utterly, for Mohammed had certainly given them the strongest reasons for fear and distrust. Their conduct was treacherous: had Mohammed's been sincere?

"He had just begun to cleanse himself from the dust of the campaign, when suddenly he pretended that Gabriel had brought him a command to proceed immediately against the Bani Coreitza. 'What!' said the heavenly visitant in the language of reproach, 'hast thou laid aside thine armor, while as yet the angels have not laid theirs aside? Arise, and go forth against the Coreitza. Behold, I go before thee to shake the foundations of their walls.'"

The army was at once assembled, three thousand strong, with thirty-six horse, and marched to the fortress of the Coreitza, two or three miles south-east of the city. Not having expected such a thing, the Coreitza were wholly unprepared, and were speedily reduced to the verge of starvation. At the end of from fourteen to twenty-five days, (it is not clear which,) they capitulated on condition that their fate should be decided by another tribe, their own and Mohammed's allies, the Bani Aws. It happened that while assisting in the defense of Medina, an old chief of this tribe, Sâd ibn Muadz, had been wounded in the shoulder by an arrow; and Mohammed, having acceded to the stipulation of the Coreitza, appointed Sâd ibn Muadz to pronounce their fate. How matters went, and what fate the white-haired old Jew pronounced upon his fellows, are well told by Mr. Muir:

"Sâd still suffered from the severe wound he had received at the trench. From the field of battle he had been carried to a tent pitched by Mohammed in the court-yard of the Mosque, where the wounded men were waited on by Rufeida, an experienced nurse. His wound had begun apparently to heal. But the sense of the injury still rankled in his heart; and Mohammed knew well the bitter hate into which his former friendship had been turned by the treachery of the Coreitza. He was now summoned. His figure was large and corpulent. Having been

mounted with some difficulty on a well-padded ass, he was conducted to the camp. The men of his tribe [his own tribe, note] who thronged about him by the way, continually reminded him of the friendship and services of the Coreitza, and urged him as their own representative to deal gently with the prisoners. He answered not a word till he approached the scene; and then he said: 'Verily, this grace is given to Sâd, that he careth not, in the affairs of God, for any blame the blamers may cast upon him.' As he drew near, Mohammed called aloud to those around him: 'Stand up to meet your master, and assist him to alight.' Then he commanded that Sâd should pronounce his judgment on the Coreitza. 'Proceed with thy judgment,' repeated the Prophet. Sâd turned himself to his people, who were still urging mercy on him, and said: 'Will ye then bind yourselves by the covenant of God, that whatsoever I shall decide ye will accept the same?' There was a general murmur of assent. Then he proceeded: '*This verily is my judgment, that the male captives shall be put to death, that the female captives and the children shall be sold into slavery, and the spoil be divided amongst the army.*' Many a heart quailed besides the hearts of the wretched prisoners, at this savage and bloody decree. But all questionings were forthwith stopped by Mohammed, who adopted the verdict as his own, nay, declared it to be the solemn judgment of the Almighty. Cold and unmoved, he said: '*Truly thou has decided according to the judgment of God pronounced on high from beyond the seven heavens.*'"—Vol. iii. pp. 274-276.

The sentence was forthwith carried into execution, and when about eight hundred victims had saturated the market-place of Medina with their blood, Mohammed turned him from the ghastly sight to a beautiful Jewess, all whose male relatives had but a moment before been butchered in cold blood, and invited her to become again a bride! She refused, and was retained by the Prophet as his concubine and slave.

Thus closed the fifth year of the Hejira. Sick and weary of its bloody horrors and its brutal lust, we are thankful when it ends. We are bound, as we think of it, to remember the simplicity, the ignorance, and the distinguishing characteristics of the Arabs, in order to understand how such things should have been possible; and we are also bound, ere we condemn Mohammed, to remember that human nature is the same in our day as in the days gone by, and that crimes and hypocrisies scarcely less revolting than those which have just moved our indignation, have not been wholly unknown even among

nations which, according to popular opinion, are far more enlightened and far more moral than the Arabians of the time of Mohammed.

It was nearly three years later than this, that Mohammed compassed the one desire of his heart, which would seem to have been dearer to him than all others. He marched with an army of from eight to ten thousand men, and, almost without fighting, made himself master of Mecca. His enemies were at his feet: the hour of his most brilliant and indisputable, though long and patiently expected triumph, was fully come. Scores of times and in scores of places had he fought for it, planned and preached, prayed and lied, and shed blood for it. It was attained at last, and from that time he regarded himself, and was regarded by others, as virtual Sovereign of Arabia. He received numberless deputations from tribes in all parts of the peninsula, tendering allegiance and homage. He organized his government, and though his agents collected an imperial revenue in his name, he never used the funds thus obtained for merely personal aggrandizement, but only for consolidating and extending the power of the nation which had now first found its hands. Indeed, much of praise must be awarded in respect of these things, we believe, to his principal advisers and lieutenants as well as to himself. We are ready to admit, with Dr. Sprenger, though it is slightly anticipating the actual course of events, that they who call these principal friends and advisers, most of whom were among the Prophet's earliest converts, "hot-headed fanatics, must take fanaticism as synonymous with wisdom and perseverance. We find that in all their actions they were guided by the most consummate prudence and by cool reflection, and their objects were in most cases noble, and the means which they employed were rarely objectionable."*

Shortly after the conquest of Mecca the ritual of Moslem worship was completed, and it remains unchanged to this present

day. The same ceremonies are observed now which were observed by Mohammed the year before his death. The pilgrimage he then performed has served ever since as a model to the Moslem world, and may not be knowingly departed from even to the saving of a hair of the shaven head, the changing of the color of the garments worn, or the omission to cast at least so many stones in such a place, and to say so many prayers at certain other places; to drink water, to bathe, to fast, to walk, to run, precisely as tradition affirms to have been done in the first and last great pilgrimage to the reformed Kaaba of Mecca which the founder of Islamism led.

In just ten Arabian years after the date of his arrival in Medina, an outcast from his native city, and seeking home and hospitality among strangers, Mohammed sickened and died. On the last day of his illness a strange invigoration occurred to him; and as it was the hour of public worship, he was assisted to the temple in which he had so often ministered. He spoke to the breathless and devoted crowd with a force and eloquence unusual even for him, discharged a small debt which he had previously forgotten, attended to some important matters of state, and returned to the room of his favorite wife, exhausted by the exertion. He felt himself rapidly sinking, and having called for a pitcher of water, he wetted his face and prayed: "O Lord! I beseech thee assist me in the agonies of death!" Three times he ejaculated with fervor: "Gabriel, come close unto me!" He requested to be left in perfect quiet; prayed in a whisper, "Lord, grant me pardon, and join me to the companionship on high;" then at intervals were heard the feebly articulate whispers: "Eternity in Paradise!" "Pardon!" "Yes; the blessed companionship on high." He stretched himself gently as he paused, his head grew heavier as it rested on Ayesha's breast, and with this last aspiration after the companionship on high the Founder of Islam and of the empire of the Saracens had passed away.

* *Life of Mohammed*, pp. 173, 174.

From the British Quarterly.

BISHOP COLENZO ON THE PENTATEUCH.*

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 329.

WE now come to the Bishop's grand article of impeachment; namely, the number of the Israelites when they went down with Jacob into Egypt, and their alleged numbers when they left it.

The first difficulty here has respect to the number of souls which are said to have migrated with Jacob at that time. Dr. Colenso places the difficulty on this point in front of all the rest, and makes very much of it. We must confess that we are not ourselves greatly affected by it.

Our first observation on this point is, that we think candor should suggest that where a supposed discrepancy is so obvious that the writer himself could not have failed to see it, and to have seen that it could not fail to be seen by others, the presumption is strong that there must have been circumstances, whether known to us or not, which gave him full warrant for writing as he has done. To suppose otherwise would be to suppose him destitute, not only of principle, but of common sense. In Genesis 46 the total of the souls said to have come from the loins of Jacob, and to have come with him into Egypt, is given as "threescore and six;" and in the next verse, where they are made to include Joseph and his two sons, they are given as "threescore and ten," (26, 27.) In the same chapter, the writer who gives these totals has given the series of names from which they are to be made up. Surely he was capable of seeing whether the names he had written down amounted to the numbers sixty-six and seventy or not. He must have known when he openly reckoned Joseph and his two sons among "the souls of the house of Jacob, which came into Egypt," that

it was only in some special or loose sense that this could be true, inasmuch as Joseph had gone to Egypt long before, and his sons Ephraim and Manasseh were born there. Nor could the required numbers be made up without including Jacob himself as in this series; and the writer could hardly need to be assured that Jacob could not have come out of the loins of Jacob. Nevertheless, he reckons after this manner, and tells us at the commencement of his genealogical table that he means so to do. Here are his words: "These are the names of the children of Israel which came into Egypt, Jacob and his sons," (ver. 8.)

But the grand difficulty is about "Hezron and Hamul," (ver. 12.) These were great-grandsons of Jacob. Their names occur in a list described as descendants of the patriarch who came with him into Egypt, while, in fact, these persons were not born until after that event. How are we to account for this? It would not, we think, be very wonderful if we were obliged to confess that we can not account for it. For though *we* might not be able to assign a sufficient reason, it would not at all follow that there was no such reason. The buried circumstances of the past have left many a mystery of this kind on the surface of history. Dr. Colenso, indeed, settles the matter in a very curt fashion. According to his interpretation, the historian was an imbecile, and did not see the inconsistency; or something worse, would not see it. But thoughtful and cautious men do not dispose of such questions after this summary manner. The man who, in this genealogy, has, without any disguise, counted Jacob along with the sons of Jacob, and counted Joseph, and Ephraim, and Manasseh, along with those described as having come into Egypt with Jacob, though they had not so come, may have had a reason, though he has not stated it, for having named

* *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined.* By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENZO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. London: Longman & Co.

Hezron and Hamul as though they had formed a part of that migration, though they did not. From the open and ingenuous manner in which the historian has explained his somewhat singular mode of making up his numbers sixty-six and seventy, we are bound in candor to suppose that he saw the discrepancy in the case of Hezron and Hamul, and was far from meaning to deceive any one by what he had written.

Indeed, the manner in which these names are introduced is manifestly an exceptional manner. In the preceding verses we have the name of Reuben, then of his sons. So of Simeon. So of Levi. But coming to Judah, two of his sons, Er and Onan, are said to have died in Canaan. As they were dead, they might, as the simplest and briefest course, have been passed over. But as this is the only instance in which death had diminished the offspring of Jacob, the void created by the death of two grandsons in Canaan is to be filled up by two great-grandsons born in Egypt. Beyond a doubt, what is said of Hezron and Hamul, and what is said of Jacob, and what is said of Joseph and his sons — all are open to the charge of not being strictly accurate. But a lofty negligence of this kind, in regard to little things, is a characteristic of the sacred writers. We might cite hundreds of passages in which the introduction of a brief expression, or it may be of a single word, would, as we think, have sufficed to preclude all misconception. But the expression or the word is not there. Dr. Colenso thinks he has caught the historian making blunders. The historian seems to say: "Honest men will see what I mean. If men wish to cavil, I do not write for such. I use general expressions, but I use them with exceptions, and every man may see what the exceptions are." It is manifest that in the author of the Pentateuch we have to do with the writer who has not the fear of critics of the Colenso order before his eyes. The volume of revelation, if written so as to meet or anticipate all the questionings of such men, would have been a strange book.

Had more than two of Jacob's grandsons died in Canaan, possibly more than two of his great-grandsons after the migration would have been reckoned in the sacred number seventy, which was to form the starting-point of Israel in Egypt.

That the historian saw the alleged discrepancy, that he did not mean to deceive by it, and that there were circumstances at the time to justify his presenting this genealogical chapter as we have it, are points we can believe to the full, and without difficulty. As to the supposition that there were no such circumstances, and that the historian has really blundered, or attempted to play the knave, it must suffice to say that proof on these points has not been given, and that the idea of its being given is preposterous. The inconsistency described by Dr. Colenso is too palpable to be real. The man must have been on the verge of idiocy that should have perpetrated it. The argument of the Bishop is pushed so far that it destroys itself. He has not done justice to what we *know* of the case. He has not made the allowance which a wise man should have made for what we do *not* know.

Concerning the increase of these seventy souls into two millions before the Exodus, we beg the reader's attention to the following particulars:

First. We regard the interval from Jacob's going down into Egypt to the departure of his descendants under Moses, as restricted to two hundred and fifteen years. The notion that it extended to four hundred and thirty is not tenable.

Second. Jacob's children included in the seventy consist almost wholly of sons, and the younger would take to themselves wives necessarily and freely from among the Egyptians. Joseph's example would not be without its influence in that direction.

Third. In their new circumstances, with a more settled home, and with the most ready means of subsistence, and regarding the Divine promise of increase as the promise of a national blessing, marriage would be general, and would take place early. Even in a country like Ireland, where the increase of population has been unusually rapid, we learn, from the census of 1841, that in a population of one million six hundred and forty-three thousand seven hundred and four from the age of seventeen to forty-six, only six hundred and ninety thousand and eighty-six were married, leaving nine hundred and fifty-three thousand and eighteen unmarried. We have no reason to suppose that any such state of things existed among the Israelites in Egypt. It should be remembered, too, that among the Hebrews illicit

intercourse between the sexes was not tolerated.

Fourth. We must not suppose these people to have been strangers to polygamy. The lives of the patriarchs were not without precedent of this kind. Abraham loved Sarah, but he had Ishmael by Hagar. Jacob had been husband to Leah and Rachel at the same time; and, in the meanwhile, children were born to him by Zilpah the handmaid of Leah, and by Bilhah the handmaid of Rachel. Deut. 21: 15-17 shows, not only that polygamy existed among the Israelites, but that it was recognized and regulated by law.

Fifth. While the increase of population in tropical regions is often such, especially among the lower classes of the people, as we never know in our latitude, Egypt is mentioned by Plutarch, Seneca, Strabo, and other ancient writers, as remarkable beyond all other countries for the fecundity of its women. More than one child at a birth was common. Five at a birth, says Aristotle, (*Hist. Anim.* lib. viii. c. 5, § 1,) are the most that has been known; but that number had been known at four successive births.

Sixth. The depressed state to which a large portion of the people were reduced during some while before the Exodus, in place of imposing any check on population, would tend rather to increase it; the depressed classes in all parts of the world being found to be the most prolific. The rice-eaters of Bengal, for example, number a population of twenty-one hundred and sixty-six to the British square league.

Seventh. These particulars will have respect to purely natural causes. But on this question we are not to be restricted to merely natural law. Among a people whose increase was to be the special care of Providence, not only might the births have been more numerous than natural law would account for, but the deaths might be much fewer. And if we suppose the deaths to have been comparatively few, while the births were unusually high, the increase of numbers might soon become such as to be without parallel in the history of any other people.

From all these considerations we are justified in looking to the highest rate of increase in any known population, and in accounting it probable that the increase of the Israelites in Egypt was not merely up to that rate, but something more. We shall take as an illustration of the

possible in this respect from purely natural law, the increase among the settlers in Pitcairn's Island during the last century.

In 1790, nine European men, mutineers from the *Bounty*, left the island of Otaheite with six native men and twelve native women. They landed and settled on the then uninhabited island now known as Pitcairn's Island. When two years had passed, the six Otaheitian men conspired against the white men, and killed five of them. The result was that the murderers were all killed in their turn. This reduced the population at the end of the second year to four European men and ten Otaheitian women. Five years later the four European men were reduced to two, and one year later a solitary man survived with the remaining women and children. In 1814 the island was visited by a British frigate. This was twenty-two years after the population had been limited to four men and ten women, sixteen years after the four men had been reduced to two, and fifteen years since the two men were reduced to one. But the number of souls found in the island was forty-eight, consisting mostly of adults. That is, the population may be said to have more than trebled itself within the twenty-four years. For had not two of the men making up the fourteen persons in 1793 been prematurely cut off, the increase would no doubt have been considerably above forty-eight, and this circumstance may be reckoned against the few infants the men may have left who were cut off at the close of the second year.*

It is clear from these facts, than an increase of population may take place, in favorable circumstances, at the rate of a triple increase every quarter of a century. But if this was possible in Pitcairn's Island, why not possible in Egypt? And if such increase be possible from purely natural laws, surely it may be possible—more than possible—where there is the action of a special providence to that end. Immediately after their migration it is said: "And Israel dwelt in the land of Egypt, in the country of Goshen; and they had possessions therein, and grew, and multiplied exceedingly," (Gen. 47: 27.)†

* *Mutiny of the Bounty*, in *Murray's Family Library*, ch. viii. Doubleday's *True Law of Population*, pp. 61-62.

† Kallisch, indeed, in his commentary on Ex. 12: 37, mentions an instance in which five persons multiplied at a far more rapid rate than the

It was promised to Abraham that his seed should go out of Egypt in the "fourth generation." It is not easy to interpret that expression from its connection. Dr. Colenso labors hard to show that there were names which, taken in succession, spanned the whole distance of two hundred and fifteen years. Who doubts it? It is probable that, in two millions of people, and where life was considerably longer than at present, there were many such instances. In this sense the promise was no doubt fulfilled. But each one of those senior men may have seen sons, and grandsons, and great-grandsons, all making so many successive generations. It is said of Joseph that he saw "Ephraim's children of the third generation." That is, Joseph lived to see his fourth generation. Now, Joseph did not marry until after he was thirty years of age, and he died when one hundred and ten; so that in eighty years from the time of his marriage he saw four generations. Suppose we give twenty years to a generation; that will give something more than ten generations and a half in two hundred and fifteen years. But take twenty-five years to the average generation, and that we may apply this reckoning we have now to ask—What would be a fair number to name as forming the root of the intended Israelitish nation in Egypt? If we take the between sixty and seventy male persons who settle with Joseph in that country, and if we suppose these men to be married or soon to marry, we have somewhere between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and forty. We must further insist, notwithstanding the Bishop's protest, that the patriarchal history requires us to suppose that the servants and retainers of Jacob and his sons formed a considerable body of persons, that should be regarded as a part of the new social organization which now passed into the land of the Pharaohs, and was to become settled there for the next two centuries. It should not be forgotten that Abraham, when he determined to rescue Lot, is said to have "armed his three hundred and eighteen trained men born in his house;" and if the establishment of

Abraham, who was then childless, was of that order, did the establishment of Jacob and his twelve sons bear no resemblance to it? Had Jacob's "three bands" with which he met Esau dwindled to nothing, or next to nothing? It is true the people who left Egypt are described as the children of Israel, and as the seed of Abraham. But they could not have been such without a considerable admixture of other blood. Ephraim and Manasseh had the blood of the Egyptians in their veins, and passed it to the tribes which descended from them. The bond-maids of Leah and Rachel became the mothers of men who were to found Hebrew tribes. The nucleus of the race would be Abrahamic, but there would be many adhesions from other sources. Let us then reckon the number which were of the migration into Egypt with Jacob, and which may be regarded as destined to give existence to the future Hebrew population, as two hundred. That number would not include more than two or three score of persons beside the sons and grandsons of Jacob, with their wives, and not more than half the number we might justly demand, if the exigency required it.

Dr. Colenso indeed says, the whole tenor of the narrative is against the supposition that the Hebrews took wives from among the Egyptians. "As the object of the King," it is said, "was to keep down their numbers, it is not to be supposed that he would allow them freely to take wives from among his own people," (p. 104.) But where is the evidence that the Pharaoh cotemporary with Joseph had any wish to keep down their numbers? The presumption is, that he had no such thought. The priest caste of Egypt, according to the testimony of all history, was the highest caste in that kingdom, and the highest man of that caste had given his daughter in marriage to Joseph; and courts, all the world over, give fashion to crowds. It is true, the time came in which a king arose who knew not Joseph; and then, how soon or late we can not say, the Egyptian rule began to be unfavorable to the Hebrews, and they became an obnoxious people in the eyes of the subsequent Pharaohs. But by that time this people may have become sufficiently numerous to make it no longer necessary that they should marry much otherwise than among themselves; and the Hebrew type in the men had no doubt so far impressed itself

settlers on Pitcairn's Island. This was the case of a man named Pine, who, in the seventeenth century, was wrecked, with four women, on a desert island north-east of the Cape of Good Hope. But as we are not acquainted with the evidence in this case, we lay no stress upon it.

on their wives as to constitute them a class separate from the Egyptians. We see not the slightest reason to doubt, that within a very short interval after the migration, the Hebrew community in Egypt—that is, a community characterized strongly by its Hebrew blood—became much more considerable than we have assumed.

And now what will follow, if we suppose this two hundred persons to increase in a triple ratio through eight generations and a half in the two hundred and fifteen years? The result would give us a population of three million two hundred and eighty thousand five hundred. So much for the impossible about the two millions. And so this arithmetical battering-ram, though wielded by episcopal hands, fails of its office, and is shaken into fragments. We scarcely need say we do not regard the Israelites on leaving Egypt as numbering three millions. We are not obliged to suppose that they had increased so fast even under the special arrangement of Providence, as we know the settlers in Pitcairn's Island did under the influence of nothing beyond natural law.

But we are now admonished that the supposition that the people of the Exodus were two millions in number, makes their reputed departure on the night of the Passover "utterly incredible and impossible." The text on this point says: "And the children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth, about six hundred thousand on foot that were men, beside children. And a mixed multitude went up also with them; and flocks, and herds, even very much cattle," (Ex. 12 : 37, 38.) On which the Bishop says:

"It appears from Numbers 1 : 3; 2 : 32, that these six hundred thousand were the men in the prime of life, from twenty years old and upward, all that were able to go forth to war in Israel. And (as we have seen) this large number of able-bodied warriors implies a total population of at least two millions. Here then we have this vast body of people of all ages, summoned to start, according to the story, at a moment's notice, and actually started, not one being left behind, together with all their multitudinous flocks and herds, which must have been spread out through a district as large as a good-sized English county. Remembering as I do, the confusion in my own small household of thirty or forty persons, when once we were obliged to fly at dead of night—having been roused from our beds with a false alarm, that an invading Zulu force had entered the colony,

had evaded the English troops sent to meet them, and was making its way direct for our station, killing right and left as it came along—I do not hesitate to declare this statement to be utterly incredible and impossible. Were an English village, say, two thousand people, to be called suddenly to set out in this way, with old people, young children, and infants, what indescribable distress there would be! But what shall be said of two thousand times as many? And what of the sick and infirm, and the women in recent or imminent child-birth, in a population like that of London, where the births are two hundred and sixty-four a day, or about one in every five minutes?

"But this is but a very small part of the difficulty. We are required to believe that in one single day the order to start was communicated suddenly at midnight, to every single family of every town and village, through a tract of country as large as Hertfordshire, but ten times as thickly peopled; that in obedience to such order, having first borrowed from their Egyptian neighbors in all directions, (though, if we are to suppose Egyptians occupying the same territory with the Hebrews, the extent of it must be very much increased,) they then came in from all parts of the land of Goshen to Rameses, bringing with them the sick and infirm, the young and the aged; further, that since issuing the summons, they had sent out to gather all their flocks and herds, spread over so wide a district, and had driven them also to Rameses; and lastly, that having done all this, since they were roused at midnight, they were started again from Rameses that very same day, and marched on to Succoth, not leaving a single sick or infirm person, a single woman in child-birth, or even a single hoof (Ex. 10 : 26) behind them."—Pp. 61, 62.

We give this passage at length because it presents as strong a case as is to be found in the volume, and because it may be taken as a fair sample of the manner in which the Bishop has generally constructed his argument. Every circumstance tending to give a character of incredibility to the history is not only prominently stated, but is often exaggerated; and the marshaling of the whole is skillfully managed so as to carry the usual conclusion. But, unhappily, circumstances of a contrary tendency, which ought to have been given with equal care, distinctness, and emphasis, are not so given, and in this instance are passed over altogether.

It would be easy to show that by thus magnifying the difficulties in the way of migration in the case of large numbers of people, the author has proved too much. If many of the impediments to all movements of that kind which are here dwelt upon are to be regarded as insuperable,

then we must not believe in the migrations of peoples in vast numbers in any age or country. According to this sort of historical criticism, the hordes of Tartary and Mongolia, which from time immemorial have consisted of migratory nations, can never have existed; for at no juncture could those multitudes have moved from place to place without impediment from the presence of the aged and the young, the sick and the pregnant, nor without encountering a host of inconveniences on their march of which they knew little while at rest. With those people, tents, utensils, flocks, herds—every thing—moved when they moved. Asiatics have always known how to achieve much in this way which we Europeans can not readily understand. Nearly all the great revolutions in early Oriental history have been brought about by the migration of "shepherd-kings," who, at the head of their whole people, have come down from Central Asia upon Southern Asia. Attila and Zenghis were late instances of this sort. Gipsy life, or Egyptian life as it is sometimes called, is a low remnant of Eastern ways still found even in the West.

But our great complaint against Dr. Colenso on the point now under consideration is, not that he has overlooked such facts as these, for it is not in his way to appreciate them, but that he has wholly ignored one fact of a very obvious description, and which is of such a nature as to show that much which he has accounted as incredible is really credible, and that many of his impossibilities are possibilities after all.

The Bishop's assumption is, that the Israelites were "summoned to start at a moment's notice;" that the word which came to them at midnight was a word as unexpected as the alarm of the invading Kaffirs which roused his lordship's household from their slumbers at Natal; and that the two millions of persons began their march accordingly that very night. But what if this whole assumption about the suddenness and unexpectedness of the summons should itself be unhistorical—untrue? The history informs us of a mission given by Jehovah to Moses and Aaron.* The lan-

guage of this commission places the Israelites before us as an organized people, with their recognized leaders, who were well known and easily convened. What was designed for the "children of Israel" was to be delivered to them through their "elders;" and Moses is assured that elders and people will be made to hearken to his voice; that is, they shall have faith in him when he tells them that Jehovah is about to free them from their bondage in Egypt, and to settle them in Canaan. Their traditions would prepare them for the exercise of such faith. The first effect, indeed, of the message of Moses to Pharaoh was only to cause their burdens to be made more heavy, and, as might have been expected, the faith and spirit of the people failed. But from the time the great national plagues began—plagues which fell so heavily upon the Egyptians without touching the Israelites—we hear no more of distrust or complaint. The space occupied by the infliction of these chastisements must have been at least some five or six weeks. The first plague was continued seven days, the last was in anticipation quite as long, and there were eight between these two. During that interval two words—deliverance and Canaan—would, we may well suppose, be words ringing ceaselessly in their ears. Each new plague as it came upon the Egyptians would be as a new iteration of the Divine promise, and a new evidence that, difficult as it might be of accomplishment, accomplished it would be. Moses had been assured that neither the first nor the second wonder would suffice to bend the stubborn will of Pharaoh, but that the terror sufficient to that end would at length come. At length, the last judgment was at hand; and he it observed that it was predicted that it should be the last, and that with this should come the promised deliverance:

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Yet will I bring one plague more upon Pharaoh, and upon Egypt; afterward he will let you go hence:

Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you.—Go, and gather the elders of Israel together, and say unto them, The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, appeared unto me, saying, I have surely visited you, and seen that which is done to you in Egypt: and I have said, I will bring you up out of the affliction of Egypt unto the land of the Canaanites—a land flowing with milk and honey. And they shall hearken to thy voice."—Ex. 3: 15-18.

* "And God said unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of

when he shall let you go, he shall surely *thrust* you out hence *altogether*. Speak now in the ears of the people, and let every man borrow [ask] of his neighbor, and every woman of her neighbor, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold. And the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians. Moreover, the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants, and the sight of the people."

Every thing now, it will be seen, bespoke the near approach of the promised departure. The very suddenness and hurry of it are indicated beforehand.

Now, if Dr. Colenso had been disposed to exercise his imagination on this posture of things as he has done upon some others, it is easy to see the kind of picture he would have presented to us. We think we hear him say: "It must be remembered here, that these people were all well acquainted with their descent from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and with the promise concerning their future in Canaan as the seed of those holy men. Joseph's dying injunction to them, and their preservation of his bones as the consequence of their faith in his last words, were facts which must have been familiar to them all, from the oldest to the youngest. And now, when, according to the Divine promise, they have multiplied in a manner so extraordinary, when Egypt, too, has become as the furnace of the oppressor to them, the tidings comes to them that Moses has been commissioned to free them from their sufferings, and to lead them to their long-promised and long-expected heritage. As plague after plague falls upon the land of Egypt, sparing the land of Goshen, we have to imagine how every mind, every heart, would be filled with the expectation of deliverance; how the good news, thus shown to be so trustworthy, would be upon all tongues; how all the ordinary currents of secular traffic would be disturbed; how every head of a family would endeavor to bring his property as closely about him as possible, and to reduce it to as small a compass as possible; how the men would covertly search after arms, and buy them at almost any price; how the women would ply their hands in providing clothes for the day and tent covering in every form possible for the night; how the men who had the care of herds would be questioning themselves as to the best manner of caring for them; how each plague, as

it came on the Egyptians, would stimulate the faith of the Israelites, and prompt them to some new forecast; how the faith, augmented by nine successive plagues, would rise to its highest when Moses should assure them that the effect of the tenth would be that Pharaoh would thrust them out—themselves, and all that they possessed. An extraordinary crisis was at hand, and extraordinary preparation was thus to be made for it."

All this Dr. Colenso might have said, *ought* to have said; but not a glimpse of this aspect of the question has he given us. The fact that the people in being thus forewarned were so far forearmed, is a fact of which the Bishop has no knowledge. The Israelites no more expected this summons on the night of the Passover than the Bishop and his household expected their alarm on the memorable night in Natal! It may be said that Dr. Colenso does not believe in the previous history of which we have spoken, and in consequence does not believe in this forewarning. It may be so. But has it come to this—that a writer is at liberty to make use of all circumstances recorded in the Pentateuch which, taken apart, seem to make against its credibility, and to pass over all matters tending to account for these circumstances, and to establish a different conclusion? No one, indeed, will venture to say that Dr. Colenso has a right to take this course; but whether right or wrong, it is the course he has taken. We do not say that the Israelites were sure as to the hour in which their departure would commence. Hence there was enough of suddenness in the summons to occasion their taking dough with them that had not become bread, and many of them were but ill-provided with food for their journey. Such circumstances were sufficiently characteristic of the manner in which they had been "thrust out altogether," to be noticed by the historian, without at all disturbing our conclusion, founded on the most certain evidence, that during the past five or six weeks, at least, the departure had been foreseen, and that with the approach of the tenth plague and the Passover service it was made to be certain a week before.

The notion that the Israelites are described as having come from all parts of Goshen to Rameses, and then as setting forth together on the march, and all this during the night of the Passover, is one

of Dr. Colenso's exaggerated fancies. The departure may have commenced in the night, but it is not said that it did. It is described, more than once, as taking place that "self-same day." Nay, more; in Num. 33d the departure from Rameses is made to be the work of the whole "morrow" after the night of the fourteenth. "And they departed from Rameses in the first month, on the *fifteenth* day of the first month; on the *morrow* after the Passover the children of Israel went out with a high hand in the sight of all the Egyptians." The Israelites who started from Rameses, with Moses and Aaron probably at their head, were, no doubt, the advanced body, joined from various points by others, as was found possible. Of Rameses, and the exact route taken, we have no certain knowledge. It is painful to see how the Bishop clings to every expression which by the most literal and unnatural construction may be made to tell against the credibility of the sacred narrative, suppressing or imagining evidence without limit to carry his point.

What we have said above will go far toward meeting Dr. Colenso's difficulty about the "tents," and the provender, and the arms. We have seen, too, that the necessity of sustaining large flocks and herds in the wilderness was superseded by the fact that the Levitical ritual was but very partially observed during the sojourn there. In the first and second year a measure of conformity in this respect was exacted; and we know that the delivery of the law from Sinai was followed by the celebration of the Passover. Whence the requisite number of lambs or kids (for either served the purpose) were obtained is not stated. In a history relating to such extraordinary events, and consisting not so much of a continuous narrative as of jottings at intervals, and sometimes long intervals, the marvel is that the instances in which we have to confess our ignorance as to how things were done are not more numerous.

No one denies that there were parts of the desert which, in their barrenness and desolateness, fully justified the terms in which the Prophets have described it; but the Pentateuch itself shows that there were districts in those days to which such language could not be applied. We know, also, from later history, and from modern travel, that this has always been the case, and we have reason to believe that it was

much more the case anciently than at present. The valleys about Sinai, which yield the means of subsistence to some six thousand Arabs now, may have been more fruitful then, and other valley districts, or tracts bordering upon the desert, may have included sufficient pasturage to allow of its being possible that the number of lambs or kids necessary for the required service should be available, either as reared by the Israelites or as purchased by them.* We may add, that as the only instance of the celebration of the Passover in the wilderness was on this occasion, and as the full observance of the Levitical law was reserved to the Promised Land, we know not how far the Passover at that time was really such as the ritual had required. We know it was sufficiently in conformity with what Moses had commanded to be accepted; but our information goes no further.

The Bishop makes much of the passage which says that the Israelites were not to be put in possession of the Promised Land "in one year, lest the land become desolate, and the beasts of the field multiply against them," (ch. 13.) But it would be easy to show that two millions of persons would be a sparse population in the expected territory compared with what we have reason to suppose existed in Egypt, and with what we know to exist in many parts of Asia at this day. We know, too, that far down in Hebrew history the flock of the shepherd and the highway of the traveler were not secure against the lion and the bear. Palestine bore no resemblance to the level land along the tract of the Nile, nor to the plains of Hindostan: it was to a considerable extent the land of hills, and lakes, and forests—the land in the eye of the Psalmist when he said: "Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens," (Psalm 104: 20-22.) The promise had respect, not to what was absolutely necessary, but to what would be a privilege and convenience to the new settlers.

Dr. Colenso's exception to the specified number of the Hebrew first-born is more deserving of attention. We admit that in a population of two millions the number of

* Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, ch. i.

the first-born must have been greater than is stated; and we have little doubt that a corruption has crept into the transcription of the numerals on this point; an occurrence which will be very credible to those who know the resemblance between certain letters used by the Hebrews in their enumerations. Those who attribute a plenary inspiration to the sacred text, do not suppose that an infallible guidance of that nature has been extended to the multitude of persons who in later ages have been employed in transcribing that text. If a man shall be disposed, on account of an occasional error arising in this way, to question the general credibility of the sacred history, there is nothing in the Bible as it has come to us to prevent his indulging an imbecile and perverse humor of that sort. Even here, Dr. Colenso has not been content with the case as he finds it, but has done his best to complicate the real difficulty by introducing others which are merely imaginary. The first-borns were not only restricted to males, but to the first born to the father, whatever the number of his wives might be. Jacob had sons by four wives, but Reuben only, his son by his first wife, Leah, was his first-born. See also Deut. 21 : 15-17.*

* It may be well to state, that there are orthodox and devout men who say, that long before Dr. Colenso undertook to enlighten them on this subject, they had ceased to place more than a very partial dependence on the mention of numbers in the Pentateuch, and in the early Hebrew Scriptures generally. The system of notation among the Jews being, as we have said, so liable to oversight in transcription, and an error of this kind once introduced being so liable, not only to be repeated, but to lead to further corruptions that other figures might be brought into harmony with it, these persons say that, from these causes, they can readily suppose that the number of the Israelites who are said to have left Egypt, and the numbers given in many connections afterward, are to a large extent inaccurate, and feel, at the same time, that these errors of copyists, whether coming in as oversights or from design, have left, not only the moral and religious teaching, but the chain of historical facts contained in the record, undisturbed. All the difficulties, accordingly, which Dr. Colenso has founded upon figures—and nearly all his difficulties are of that nature—become very light matters to such persons.

Our aim has been to show, that supposing no error of this kind beyond what may be described as a rare exception, the scheme of Dr. Colenso is untenable; that after all he has written, the historical character of the Pentateuch, as generally accepted, has not been materially impeached. We would only add, that the persons who dispose of Dr. Colenso by telling him that they care little about those Hebrew figures of which he makes so

The Christian who knows so much concerning the extraordinary history in the Pentateuch, and who can explain so much in relation to it, is not likely to have his credence in it shaken because there are a few things in respect to which his knowledge is small, and where his explanations must be imperfect. The aggregate of evidence in a case may be irresistible, while some points may be obscure, and from the want of further light may seem to be contradictory. Englishmen know too well how to look at evidence, to allow of their being driven from their faith in a case because while nine points out of ten relating to it are proved, the evidence pertaining to the tenth does not amount to proof. In place of its being true, as Dr. Colenso assumes, that we have no right to *suppose* any thing in such a connection, we maintain, on the contrary, that in all cases where the general evidence is so strong, it becomes us to accept of any possible solution of minor difficulties as probable. The mind of this country will never cease to look at this question after this manner. It would be foreign to its whole habit of thought to do otherwise. Dr. Colenso and his admirers have to lay their account with this fact.

We have now dealt with the historical credibility of the Pentateuch, article by article, passing over nothing that can be regarded as forming a material part of it. And we think we have said enough to enable any man to judge fairly as to the merits of the performance. It has been shown, we think, that, with very rare exceptions, the hostile conclusions of the Bishop are founded on a most partial and erroneous interpretation of the writings from which they are professedly drawn. A book more full of palpable errors we never read as coming from an author with any pretension to scholarship.

much use, have to remember: 1st, that the errors of this nature which they cede, are not solitary, but in the Pentateuch recur as the scheme or system; 2d, that these errors were existing in the Hebrew text before the Septuagint translation was made from it; 3d, that it is, accordingly, to writings thus disfigured by inaccuracy, that the Apostles, Evangelists, and our Lord himself, so often make their appeal, without the slightest indication as to the existence of those many untrue statements which are supposed to have found a place in the sacred narrative. All this may have been, and thoughtful men say they feel that the grounds of the Christiana faith remain unshaken, inasmuch as even the history may be safe, though the numbers be given up.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

EVERY body knows that flowers open in the morning and close in the evening. Their petals, in fact, close up in the same folds, and return to the same position which they originally occupied in the bud. This phenomenon was called by Linnæus the *Somnus plantarum*, or sleep of plants. The investigations of botanists since the time of Linnæus have brought to light several interesting physical truths explanatory of this vegetable sleep.

According to Carl Fritsch, the duration of this plant-sleep, which is the same condition of rest as that of animal-sleep, varies in different species from ten to eighteen hours; its average duration is about fourteen hours.

Some flowers require a greater amount of light and heat than others to enable them to open. Hence the hours of the day are to some extent indicated by the opening and closing of certain flowers, so that Linnæus was enabled to construct what he fancifully called a "horologium florum," or flower-clock. Thus, Common Morning Glory (*Convolvulus purpureus*) opens at dawn; the Star of Bethlehem, a little after ten o'clock; the Ice Plant, at twelve o'clock at noon. On the contrary, the Goat's-beard, which opens its flowers at sunrise, closes them at mid-day, and for that reason is called "Go-to-bed-at-noon;" the Four o'Clock opens about that time in the afternoon; the flowers of the Evening Primrose and of the Thorn Apple open at sunset; and those of the night-flowering Cereus, when it is dark.

Aquatic flowers open and close with the greatest regularity. The white water-lily closes its flowers at sunset, and sinks below the water for the night, and in the morning is buoyed up by the expansion of its petals, and again floats on the surface as before. The *Victoria regia* expands for the first time about six o'clock in the evening, and closes in a few hours; it then opens again at six the next morning, remains so till the afternoon, when it closes and sinks below the water.

Some flowers, such as the gentian and crocus, after they have closed, may be made to open by exposure to strong artificial light; but on others, such as the convolvulus, it has no effect whatever.

The phenomenon of the opening and closing of flowers is not a momentary movement, but a slow and continuous process, which is continually varying in intensity during the different hours of the day. The complete expansion seldom exceeds an hour in duration—most frequently not so long; the petals then begin to close, at first slowly, but afterward more rapidly, as they become more folded together, and in this closed condition the flower continues until the time of opening again returns.

Most flowers open during the first hour after sunrise, and close in the afternoon. Mid-day is therefore the culminating point of floral awakening, and midnight of floral sleeping.

Even the ordinary green leaves or vegetative organs are affected by sleep as well as the organs of reproduction. This is particularly visible in those plants which possess compound leaves, and which belong to the natural order *Leguminosæ* or the Pea tribe. Thus the compound leaves of the American Senna (*Cassia Marylandica*) and the locust-tree droop at sunset, and continue in that state through the night, but with approach of morning they again elevate themselves to their usual position. In the sensitive-plant, the leaflets fold together, and the leaf-stalk supporting them sinks down as soon as the evening shades prevail. The change of position in the leaves of these plants is so well marked, that they present, with their drooping foliage, a totally different aspect in the evening to what they do in the morning. A little girl, who had observed the phenomenon of sleep in a locust-tree that grew before her nursery-window, upon being required to go to bed a little earlier than usual, replied with much acuteness: "O mother! it is not yet time to go

to bed; the locust-tree has not yet begun to say its prayers."

There can be no doubt but that temperature exercises the highest influence in the production of these diurnal changes. The higher the degree of heat which is necessary to the germination of a plant and its subsequent growth, so much the higher is the warmth required to awaken its flowers and cause them to expand. If this temperature is not reached during the day, the flowers will not open, as is the case with many composites whose florets close in cloudy weather. Hence it is also a law of nature that the flowers which are the first to open in the morning, when the sun is low in the heavens, and the earth does not receive much heat from him, belong to plants which will germinate at low temperatures. Consequently, when the daily temperature ascends above a certain point, these flowers close themselves.

So long as the corolla is open, and the flower awake, it proves that the plant is active; but this vegetable activity is the result of the amount of heat and light received from the sun, and that is always directly in proportion to the angular elevation of the sun above the horizon. This is proved by the slumbering of flowers in polar countries, even when the sun never sets below the horizon, but approaches its margin at midnight without sinking below its surface; the flowers thus continuously illuminated go to sleep, and open at certain hours with as much regularity as during the temporary absence and appearance of the sun in lower latitudes. Man has invented instruments to guide him back to more southern lands when he wanders to polar countries, but nature has anticipated all his care; for the slumbering flowers around him tell him that it is night, that the sun is in the north, and rapidly approaching his lowest point above the horizon. This wonderful midnight sun has a peculiar effect on the polar vegetation. Although the foliage of ligneous plants, such as shrubs and trees, which here sink down to the condition of dwarfs, is tough and coriaceous, and of a dark and somber green, gloomy as the long night of the polar world, yet in the steady light which comes from the sun as he circulates above the horizon for weeks, that somber green tint of the foliage is beautifully softened in the grasses and other herbaceous plants. But far higher and purer are the colors of the flowers. The *trientalis* and

anemone, which in temperate climates produce white flowers, steep themselves in the beams of the midnight sun of the deepest red. They continue open when the rest of the polar flowers are closed. Thus, within the arctic circle, as in the other regions of the earth, there is the same law of periodicity in the opening and closing of the flowers, even under continuous sunlight, proving to a certainty that these movements follow the ever-varying angular elevation of the sun above the horizon, and consequently are wholly the result of the variability of the heat and light derived from him in the course of the day.

But how do the sun's light and heat produce these mechanical movements of the petals and leaves of plants? It may be thus explained. All living tissues possess a certain amount of elasticity and tensibility, and are capable of being expanded and becoming turgid and distended when filled with moisture and gases. Thus, drooping flowers placed in water speedily recover themselves, their leaves assuming their natural position, for the water ascends by capillary attraction in their stem, and diffuses itself in the fibrous and cellular tissues of the plants, which are again distended with the fluid. Now, the heat and light of the sun during the day must greatly favor the evaporation from the leaves, and this will cause the sap to rise with greater energy; so also, under the same influences, the decomposition of the carbonic acid, the evolution of oxygen, and its assimilation, with the other nutritive processes, must go on more rapidly; because we know that when the sun is absent, plants cease to give out oxygen; that their leaf-green or chlorophyl ceases to form, for plants grown in the dark become etiolated or deprived of color, and their resins, volatile oils, and other organic products disappear. The slumbering of flowers is therefore very analogous to the sleep of animals. Their life-processes are still going on, but with less activity. Their whole system is relaxed. As soon, however, as the first rays of the sun strike the foliage, the chemistry of nature is again resumed in the laboratory of the leaf, each foliole recommences its allotted task in the labor of plant-construction, and the growth of the vegetation within the enlightened portion of our planet steadily progresses. The sap ascends to the leaves with its wonted vigor,

and the tissues of the plant being again filled with fluid and gases, the plants themselves naturally strive to take their greatest amount of rigidity and elasticity, their flowers open, their drooping leaves elevate themselves, and they recover all their vital energies.

But how is the fact to be understood, that some flowers open at sunset, and others when his last rays have disappeared, or in the night-time? At first, this appears to contradict the principles already laid down. But it is easily explained. It is probable that heat is the chief agent in causing these movements of flowers whether by day or by night, and that the light only influences them in so far as it contains calorific rays. On this principle,

the opening of some flowers at sunset whilst others are closing, is very readily understood. Chemical changes connected with nutrition and reproduction in plants, can only take place when they are surrounded by the conditions of heat and light necessary to produce them, and these conditions in some plants only exist at sunset. Hence such plants are awake and active at this time. And the same observation applies to night-flowers; these only experience the proper amount of warmth at night, and therefore open themselves and are the most energetic at this period; but as soon as morning comes, the conditions again change, the vital energies of these plants relax, and they fold themselves once more to their daily slumbers.

From the London Quarterly.

MAN A BALLOONING ANIMAL.*

MAN is not only a ballooning animal, but also progressively such. After all the ascents of Lunardi, Gay Lussac, our own Green, and many others, there comes in our day, and before this meeting of the British Association, a philosopher who outvies and overtops them all. "*Excelsior*" has been Mr. Glaisher's motto; and he has truly verified its meaning. If the physiologists had the warmest words, Mr. Glaisher has soared into the coldest regions. That enterprising meteorologist has made no less than eight scientific balloon ascents, and with the greatest advantage to the science he professes. In fact, the balloon, in place of a huge toy, has now become a philosophical instrument; and its application to higher purposes has been shown to keep pace with its ascension to higher regions. By no other means could science rise above those distracting influences which affect all experiments near the surface of the earth; where are felt all the consequences

of radiation, conduction, and the reflection of heat, and of currents of air, with many other influences of a similar character. In the aerial regions, these causes of disturbance are escaped; but the doubt was, whether an aeronaut could make the required observations with comfort and safety to himself at great elevations. There was the strongest inducement to make the trial; not only meteorology, but all the allied sciences, as astronomy, magnetism, and chemistry, would be benefited by success. It might not be obvious how astronomy would be advantaged until it is remembered that our acquaintance with the true position of every heavenly body depends upon an accurate knowledge of the laws of refraction.

Before ascending, let us look at the principal objects of the experiments to be made. The primary one was, the determination of the temperature of the air, and its hygrometric state; or its capacity for and condition of moisture at elevations varying up to five miles. A secondary object was to compare the

* The British Association for the Advancement of Science at Cambridge.

readings of an aneroid barometer, (now much in favor with observers,) with those of a mercurial barometer, also up to an elevation of five miles. Another proposition was to determine the oxygenic condition by means of ozone papers—that is, by papers made sensitive to the influence of ozone, a recently-discovered ingredient in the atmosphere which has perplexed meteorologists, and has been thought by Faraday to be a mode (allotrope) of oxygen. It was also highly desirable to determine the temperature of the dew-point, by different instruments, particularly up to such heights as those at which man may be somewhere resident, or at which troops may be located, as in the plains and highlands of India. All these objects are of practical as well as of scientific importance.

Amplified with well-made instruments, Mr. Glaisher ascended from Wolverhampton in July, August, and September last; from the Crystal Palace, near London, also, in July, August, and September; and once from Mill Hill, near Hendon, where the balloon had fallen the preceding night, and had been anchored during the darkness. By the first ascent a height was reached of twenty-six thousand one hundred and seventy-seven feet, and in the descent a mass of vapor, of eight thousand feet in thickness, was to be traversed, so dense that during the passage through it the balloon was not visible from the ear. By the second ascent (August 18th) an altitude was attained of eleven thousand five hundred feet. The balloon then descended to thirty-two hundred feet, and afterwards ascended to a height of twenty-three thousand four hundred feet. Then a consultation was held; and, as clouds of unknown thickness and moisture were immediately above the aeronauts, they decided not to pass into them. At the third ascent, (August 20th,) from the grounds of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, the air was so calm, that the balloon hovered for a long time over the Palace, and afterward over London, while it was lighted up. Then it soared above the clouds, and, finally, descended at Mill Hill, near Hendon, some eight or nine miles from London. There the balloon was anchored for the night, and the lower valve closed, with the hope of retaining the gas. Before the next sunrise the machine and its human freight were afloat again and afar. At a

height of five thousand feet the light of the sun increased, and the balloon gradually emerged from dense clouds into a basin, surrounded with immense black mountains of cloud, confusedly piled. Shortly after, Mr. Glaisher beheld below deep ravines of grand proportions, bounded with beautiful curved lines. Soon the tops of the mountain-like clouds became silvery and golden; and, at eight thousand feet, the aeronauts were on their level. Now the sun flooded with its golden radiance the whole space directly right and left for many degrees, until all before and behind seemed tinted with orange and silver. It was a glorious scene; and even a calculating philosopher accoutered with all kinds of instruments, was compelled to pause from all science, and to admire the ravines of wonderful extent which opened every minute upon his view. Shining masses, in mountain-like chains, rose perpendicularly from cloudy plains, dark on one side, but bright and silvery on the other, with summits of dazzling whiteness. "Some there were," says Mr. Glaisher, "of a pyramidal form, a large portion undulatory, and in the horizon Alpine ranges bounded the view." On this occasion a height of nearly three miles was attained.

Each ascent had its notable scenery, but apparently none so grand as that just described. The ascent from Wolverhampton, on September 5th, was remarkable for the great height reached. It is estimated that the altitude was from thirty-five thousand to thirty-six thousand feet. At twenty-nine thousand feet from the earth Mr. Glaisher became insensible, and only recovered his consciousness when he descended to the same height as that at which he had lost it on ascending. This fact serves to determine the limit of human consciousness; and above this there is evidently danger, since the balloon is necessarily left to itself. An ingenious suggestion has been made of a contrivance by means of which the opening of the escape-valve will, when desirable, depend on the relaxation of voluntary exertion on the part of the aeronaut. When insensibility supervenes at great altitudes, the valve would open spontaneously by means of a weight attached to its rope, thus causing a descent of the balloon to safer altitudes. Without the adoption of some such expedient, there will be peril of life at thirty thousand feet and upward.

It would naturally be expected that the diminished pressure of the atmosphere, occasioned by balloon ascents, would exercise a very different influence on different persons. In all probability this difference depends upon individual temperament and organization, and even the same man is differently affected at different times.

From his eight ascents Mr. Glaisher has deduced many results of great interest to aeronauts and meteorologists. In respect of aeronautics, it is found necessary to employ a balloon which will contain nearly ninety thousand cubic feet of gas, for great altitudes; and even with a balloon of this magnitude, it is impossible to reach a height of six miles, unless carburated hydrogen, varying in specific gravity from three hundred and seventy to three hundred and forty, is supplied for the purpose. We have a ready method of predicting the altitude attainable by a balloon, in the fact that at three miles and three quarters in height a volume of gas will double its own bulk; and it is obvious that, in order to reach an elevation of six or seven miles, one third of the capacity of the balloon should be able to support its entire weight, inclusive of sufficient ballast for descent. The amount of ballast taken up also affords another mode for calculating the power of ascending. By reserving less a great height can be attained; but then a large quantity is necessary to regulate the descent, and enable the aeronaut to select a favorable spot with security of reaching it. In this respect, there seems to be a limit never to be exceeded; for the necessity of carrying five or six hundred pounds of ballast at once clips the wings of fancy, and reminds man of gravitation. Moreover excessive altitude is found to be incompatible with philosophical observations on several accounts—one being, that the balloon holds its highest place very briefly, and appears reluctant to linger even in a much lower elevation, even should there be no leakage or any imperfection in itself.

What has been said by an aeronaut of experience, that strong opposing upper currents have been heard in audible contention, and sounding like the "roaring of a hurricane," seems to be exaggerated; for Mr. Glaisher and his companion found themselves in the most perfect stillness, excepting a slight whining noise in the

netting when the machine was rising with great rapidity. Possibly the supposed "roaring like a hurricane" was caused by the flapping when the balloon descends, and especially when it tends to collapse. In a rapid descent the lower part of the balloon might flap so loudly, that the noise might be mistaken for wind.

It is satisfactory to learn that ballooning is not confined to men of extraordinary nerve or endurance; for Mr. Glaisher assures us, that any person possessed of an ordinary degree of self-possession may ascend to a height of three miles; but he warns all who are affected with heart-disease, or pulmonary complaints, that they should not attempt an altitude of four miles. Above all, the balloon must be properly handled; and if the adventurer can secure Mr. Coxwell, the companion of Mr. Glaisher, he will be fortunate, and may be daring; for Mr. Coxwell has made as many as four hundred ascents, and knows the why and wherefore of all aeronautic operations. "I saw this immediately," says Mr. Glaisher, "from the clearness of his explanation to me of each operation; and it enabled me to dismiss from my mind all thoughts of my position, and to concentrate my whole energies upon my duties." In fact, Mr. Coxwell did wonders before he started, for in six weeks he built a balloon larger than any which had been seen in England. Its dimensions were—sixty-nine feet in height, diameter fifty-four feet. It met, however, with mishaps before ascending; and, while in process of inflation at Wolverhampton, a gust of wind tore the ring from it, and the consequence was a rent from bottom to top, a speedy collapse, and the loss of fifty-eight thousand feet of gas. In the whole eight ascents three hundred and twenty-nine thousand cubic feet of gas have been used, of which as much as one hundred and fifteen thousand feet have been lost. The total expenditure has been two hundred and seventy pounds; and it was recommended that the Balloon Committee should be reappointed, with a grant of two hundred pounds, estimated as sufficient to cover all the probable expenses of the ensuing year.

Reducing the scientific results of these atmospheric explorations to as small a compass as possible, we may state that Mr. Glaisher has tabulated the mean temperature of the air at every five thousand feet of elevation above the level of the sea

in each ascent up to the height of thirty thousand feet. From this table we observe that the average decrease of temperature in the first fifty-six hundred feet exceeds twenty degrees; while in the next five thousand it is little more than ten degrees. The average decrease for twenty-five thousand feet is nearly fifty-one degrees. It seems that two-fifteenths of the whole decrease of temperature in five miles take place in the first mile, and therefore that the decrement in temperature is not uniform with the increment in elevation. From another table we learn that the mean decrease of temperature exceeds twenty-one degrees for the first mile, and that the rate of decrease of temperature is not uniform up to five thousand feet. More information is desirable upon the actual decrease, seeing that it is not uniform, and particularly as to its influence on the laws of refraction.

With reference to barometers, an aneroid can be made to read correctly, certainly to the first and probably to the second place of decimals, to a pressure as low as five inches. As to hygrometric conditions, the humidity of the atmosphere does decrease with the height, and that at a remarkably rapid ratio; until at heights exceeding five miles the amount of watery vapor in the atmosphere is very small indeed. This briefly compressed residuum of æro-nautic experiments must be regarded as the mere first-fruits of ascents advancing to altitudes of seven and eight miles. It is to be hoped that a grant in the ensuing year will aid in the accomplishment of other and important observations.

It is not impossible that in future ascents we may learn something of the extent of the earth's atmosphere. Analogy and reasoning lead us to infer that it is only of limited extent, and, as Professor Challis has argued, there are good grounds for thinking that it does not extend to the moon. From a consideration of the atomic constituents of bodies, it would seem that beyond a certain point there can be no more atoms; and there the atmosphere would terminate with a small finite density. It has been generally supposed, though on no sufficient or definite grounds, that the atmosphere of our earth is about seventy miles high. Those who suppose that it extends to the moon, have to meet the objection of Professor Challis, that in such case "the moon would attach to itself a considerable portion of its gravitation,

which must necessarily have connection with the remainder, and thus there would be a continual drag on the portion of atmosphere more immediately surrounding the earth, and intermediately on the earth itself, which would in some degree retard its rotation on its axis. If, therefore, that rotation be strictly uniform, which is fairly presumable, the earth's atmosphere can not extend to the moon." The same gentleman proposed observations by barometer and thermometer in balloon ascents, with a view to insure an approximate determination of the height of the atmosphere. It is most philosophical to suppose that atmospheres generally have definite boundaries, at which their densities have small but finite values.

While we are discoursing upon the presumed limits of our atmosphere, and are so far in the clouds, we may as well continue our upward flight, and even dare the dazzling sun himself. Observations of the great source of our light have always been attended with inconvenience, and often with danger. Sir John Herschel has frequently found the heat of the sun to be so intense as to break the obscured glass by which his eye had been protected, and that so suddenly as to threaten the loss of sight. That eminent astronomer, therefore, proposed a reflecting-plate of glass, of which the Rev. Dr. Pritchard gave a description to the proper section. By using this, the observer is placed in the most absolute security, and can at pleasure moderate the light reflected to the eye piece; so that, with an ordinary-sized telescope, the object-glass of which is not more than three or four inch aperture, the willow-leaved objects of which the sun's luminous surface seems to be entirely composed, can be distinctly seen and studied at leisure.

The mention of these objects leads us to notice more particularly what they are. Mr. Nasmyth gave an account of them in a short but highly interesting sketch of the character of the sun's surface as at present known. The "spots of the sun," so familiar to us all by name, are, in fact, gaps or holes, more or less extended, in the photosphere or luminous surface of the sun. They expose the nucleus, or totally dark bottom of the sun, and over this appears a misty surface, a thin, gauze-like veil. Then comes the penumbral stratum, and over all the luminous stratum. The latter, as Mr. Nasmyth had the good for-

tune to discover, is composed of a multitude of very elongated, lenticular, or, to use a more familiar term, willow-leaf-shaped, masses, crowded over the photosphere, and crossing one another in every possible direction. To represent these pictures to the eye, Mr. Nasmyth exhibited an odd-looking diagram, on which he had pasted elongated slips of white paper over a sheet of black card. These crossed one another in every direction, and in such numbers as to hide the dark nucleus everywhere, except at the spots.

The exhibitor had found the elongated lens-shaped objects to be in constant motion relatively to one another. They sometimes approached, sometimes receded, and sometimes assumed a new angular position, in which one end either maintained a fixed distance or approached its neighbor, while at the other end they retired from each other. Some of these objects were in superficial area as large as all Europe, and some even as large as the surface of the whole earth. They were seen to shoot in streams across the spots, bridging them over in well-defined lines; sometimes, by crowding in on the edges of the spot, they closed it in, and by this closing in frequently obliterated it. It was discerned that, although these objects were of various dimensions, yet generally their length was from ninety to one hundred times as great as their breadth at the middle or the widest part.

These observations unquestionably form, as Dr. Pritchard remarked, a very important addition to our knowledge of the physical structure of the sun. The whole difficulty lies in at first detecting them; as soon as they are once observed there is no difficulty in studying them and their relative motions at leisure. It was objected that these willow-leaved appearances might be produced by diffraction, caused by the numberless minute ridges which even the finest polishing-powder, and most careful labor, must leave upon the surface of even the best polished glass. Such an objection demanded refutation, and received it from Dr. Pritchard, and Mr. Nasmyth himself. They particularly noticed that the changes of relative position in these objects were incompatible with the objector's supposition.

Mr. Nasmyth may well be gratified with the marked attention his short paper received; and may readily be pardoned for saying that "he felt more proud of some

of the too flattering observations of Dr. Pritchard, than if an order of knighthood were conferred upon him." Should the willow-leaves not fade away as mere foliage of fancy, and should Mr. Nasmyth's observations be confirmed by others, we shall certainly know more of our brilliant and beneficent illuminator than we could have anticipated. And the dark reflector of Sir John Herschel, already alluded to, may add to the facilities for protracted telescopic study.

From the physical condition of the body of the sun to the distribution of its rays is a natural transition; and we may here advert to a paper read by Professor Hennessey, "On the Relative Amount of Sunshine falling on the Torrid Zone of the Earth." By a mathematical calculation, the area of that portion of the equatorial regions of the earth which receives as much sunshine as the rest of the earth's surface, is ascertained. This area is found to be bounded at the outer limits of the earth's atmosphere by parallels situated at distances of twenty-three degrees forty-four minutes and forty seconds at each side of the equator. Consequently the amount of sunshine falling upon the outer limits of the earth's atmosphere between the tropics, is very nearly equal to that which falls upon the remaining portions of the earth's surface. Principal Forbes has shown that the amount of heat extinguished by the atmosphere before a given solar ray reaches the earth, is more than one half for inclinations less than twenty-five degrees, and that for inclinations of five degrees only the twentieth part of the heat reaches the ground. Hence we at once infer that the torrid zone must be far better situated for receiving solar heat than all the rest of the earth's surface; and it follows that the distribution of the absorbing and radiating surfaces within the torrid zone must, upon the whole, exercise a predominant influence in modifying terrestrial climate in general.

Since the sun has now so long been the great portrait-taker of society, it does seem a singular omission that he was never compelled to take a portrait of himself. Sir John Herschel suggested in 1854 that daily photographs of the sun should be made; and this suggestion gave birth to a remarkable instrument which at first bore the name of the solar photographic telescope, but which is now known as the Kew photoheliograph. The British Asso-

ciation assisted in carrying out this work by assigning to it the dome of the Kew Observatory, and by securing its completion in 1857 in their workshop at the same place. The expense of its construction, one hundred and eighty pounds, was defrayed by Mr. Oliveira. This instrument was conveyed to Spain at the time of the eclipse in 1860, and did good solar service under the care of Mr. De La Rue, who has generously undertaken the charge of the instrument for the present. The object is to continue the use of the photoheliograph for a series of years, and by accumulating observations to afford fair grounds for reasoning. It plain language, the sun must be made to take a large number of likenesses of himself for every day in every year, and then we may form a warrantable idea of his real condition. We shall then know his frowns and his smiles, his spots and his luminous surface, and learn how he really appears when he looks his best or his worst.

Professor Selwyn exhibited several "autographs of the sun" taken by a photographer at Ely. The phenomena shown in these autographs seemed to confirm the views of Sir J. Herschel that the two parallel regions of the sun where the spots ap-

pear are like the tropical regions of the earth where tornadoes and cyclones occur. The *faculae* indicate that the tropical regions of the sun are highly agitated, and that immense waves of luminous matter are thrown up, between which the dark cavities of the spots appear, whose sloping sides are seen in the penumbra, as explained by Wilson in the last century. Other solar phenomena might be pointed out as analogies between solar spots and earthly storms; and the autographs here referred to confirm the observations of Mr. Nasmyth.

The subject of Refraction was treated by Professor Challis; but it is too scientific for brief popular representation. Its importance is practically great, as, for instance, in the case of determining the real diameter of the moon; for if refraction in any atmosphere which the moon may have, be such as it is in that surrounding our earth, the apparent diameter of the moon as ascertained by measurement would be greater than that inferred from the observation of an occultation of a star, because by reason of the refraction of the atmosphere the star would disappear and reappear when the line of vision was within the moon's apparent boundary.

From the London Magazine.

THE HISTORY OF EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, BART.

THE first great earthquake of which any very distinct knowledge has reached us is that which occurred in the year 63 after our Saviour, which produced great destruction in the neighborhood of Vesuvius, and shattered the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum upon the bay of Naples, though it did not destroy them. This earthquake is chiefly remarkable as having been the forerunner and the warning (if that warning could have been understood) of the first eruption of Vesuvius

on record, which followed sixteen years afterward in the year 79. Before that time none of the ancients had any notion of its being a volcano, though Pompeii itself is paved with its lava. The crater was probably filled, or at least the bottom occupied by a lake; and we read of it as the stronghold of the rebel chief Spartacus, who, when lured there by the Roman army, escaped with his followers by clambering up the steep sides by the help of the wild vines that festooned them.

The ground since the first earthquake in 63 had often been shaken by slight shocks, when at length, in August, 79, they became more numerous and violent, and on the night preceding the eruption, so tremendous as to threaten every thing with destruction. A morning of comparative repose succeeded, and the terrified inhabitants of those devoted towns no doubt breathed more freely, and hoped the worst was over; when, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the Elder Pliny, who was stationed in command of the Roman fleet at Misenum in full view of Vesuvius, beheld a huge black cloud rising from the mountain, which, "rising slowly always higher," at last spread out aloft like the head of one of those picturesque flat-topped pines which form such an ornament of the Italian landscape. The meaning of such a phenomenon was to Pliny and to every one a mystery. We know now too well what it imports, and they were not long left in doubt. From that cloud descended stones, ashes, and pumice; and the cloud itself lowered down upon the surrounding country, involving land and sea in profound darkness, pierced by flashes of fire more vivid than lightning. These, with the volumes of ashes that began to encumber the soil, and which covered the sea with floating pumice-stone, the constant heaving of the ground, and the sudden recoil of the sea, form a picture which is wonderfully well described by the Younger Pliny. His uncle, animated by an eager desire to know what was going on, and to afford aid to the inhabitants of the towns, made sail for the nearest point of the coast and landed; but was instantly enveloped in the dense sulphureous vapor that swept down from the mountain, and perished miserably.

It does not seem that any *lava* flowed on that occasion. Pompeii was buried under the ashes; Herculaneum by a torrent of mud, probably the contents of the crater, ejected at the first explosion. This was most fortunate. We owe to it the preservation of some of the most wonderful remains of antiquity. For it is not yet much more than a century ago that, in digging a well at Portici near Naples, the Theater of Herculaneum was discovered, some sixty feet under ground,—then houses, baths, statues, and, most interesting of all, a library full of books, and those books still legible, and among

them the writings of some ancient authors which had never before been met with, but which have now been read, copied, and published, while hundreds and hundreds, I am sorry to say, still remain unopened. Pompeii was not buried so deep; the walls of some of the buildings appeared among the modern vineyards, and led to excavations, which were easy, the ashes being light and loose. And there you now may walk through the streets, enter the houses, and find the skeletons of their inmates, some in the very act of trying to escape. Nothing can be more strange and striking.

Since that time Vesuvius has been frequently but very irregularly in eruption. The next after Pompeii was in the year 202, under Severus; and in 472 occurred an eruption so tremendous that all Europe was covered by the ashes, and even Constantinople thrown into alarm. This may seem to savor of the marvelous, but before I have done, I hope to show that it is not beyond what we know of the power of existing volcanos.

I shall not, of course, occupy attention with a history of Vesuvius, but pass at once to the eruption of 1779—one of the most interesting on record, from the excellent account given of it by Sir William Hamilton, who was then resident at Naples as our Minister, and watched it throughout with the eye of an artist as well as the scrutiny of a philosopher.

In 1767, there had been a considerable eruption, during which Pliny's account of the great pine-like, flat-topped, spreading mass of smoke had been superbly seen, extending over the Island of Capri, which is twenty-eight miles from Vesuvius. The showers of ashes, the lava currents, the lightnings, thunderings, and earthquakes were very dreadful; but they were at once brought to a close when the mob insisted that the head of St. Januarius should be brought out and shown to the mountain, and when this was done, all the uproar ceased on the instant, and Vesuvius became as quiet as a lamb!

He did not continue so, however, and it would have been well for Naples if the good Saint's head could have been permanently fixed in some conspicuous place in sight of the hill—for from that time till the year 1779 it never was quiet. In the spring of that year it began to pour out lava; and on one occasion, when Sir William Hamilton approached too near,

the running stream was on the point of surrounding him, and the sulphureous vapor cut off his retreat, so that his only mode of escape was to walk across the lava,* which, to his astonishment, and, no doubt, to his great joy, he found accompanied with no difficulty, and with no more inconvenience than what proceeded from the radiation of heat, on his legs and feet, from the scorice and cinders with which the external crust of the lava was loaded, and which in great measure intercepted and confined the glowing heat of the ignited mass below.

In such cases, and when cooled down to a certain point, the motion of the lava-stream is slow and creeping; rather rolling over itself than flowing like a river, the top becoming the bottom, owing to the toughness of the half-congealed crust. When it issues, however, from any accessible vent, it is described as perfectly liquid, of an intense white heat, and spouting or welling forth with extreme rapidity. So Sir Humphry Davy described it in an eruption at which he was present; and so Sir William Hamilton, in the eruption we are now concerned with, saw it, "bubbling up violently" from one of its fountains on the slope of the volcano, "with a hissing and crackling noise, like that of an artificial firework, and forming, by the continual splashing up of the vitrified matter, a sort of dome or arch over the crevice from which it issued," which was all, internally, "red-hot like a heated oven."

However, as time went on, this quiet mode of getting rid of its contents would no longer suffice, and the usual symptoms of more violent action—rumbling noises and explosions within the mountain, puffs of smoke from its crater, and jets of red-hot stones and ashes—continued till the end of July, when they increased to such a degree as to exhibit at night the most beautiful firework imaginable. The eruption came to its climax from the fifth to the tenth of August, on the former of which days, after the ejection of an enormous volume of white clouds, piled like

bales of the whitest cotton, in a mass exceeding four times the height and size of the mountain itself, the lava began to overflow the rim of the crater, and stream in torrents down the steep slope of the cone. This was continued till the eighth, when the great mass of the lava would seem to have been evacuated, and no longer repressing by its weight the free discharge of the imprisoned gases, allowed what remained to be ejected in fountains of fire, carried up to an immense height in the air. The description of one of these I must give in the picturesque and vivid words of Sir William Hamilton himself. "About nine o'clock," he says, on Sunday the eighth of August, "there was a loud report, which shook the houses at Portici and its neighborhood to such a degree, as to alarm the inhabitants and drive them out into the streets. Many windows were broken, and as I have since seen, walls cracked by the concussion of the air from that explosion. . . . In one instant a fountain of liquid transparent fire began to rise, and gradually increasing, arrived at so amazing a height, as to strike every one who beheld it with the most awful astonishment. I shall scarcely be credited when I assure you that, to the best of my judgment, the height of this stupendous column of fire could not be less than three times that of Vesuvius itself, which, you know, rises perpendicularly near thirty-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea." (The height by my own measurement in 1824 is thirty-nine hundred and twenty feet.) "Puffs of smoke, as black as can possibly be imagined, succeeded one another hastily, and accompanied the red-hot, transparent, and liquid lava, interrupting its splendid brightness here and there by patches of the darkest hue. Within these puffs of smoke at the very moment of their emission from the crater, I could perceive a bright but pale electrical fire playing about in zigzag lines. The liquid lava, mixed with scorice and stones, after having mounted, I verily believe, at least ten thousand feet, falling perpendicularly on Vesuvius, covered its whole cone, part of that of Somma, and the valley between them. The falling matter being nearly as vivid and inflamed as that which was continually issuing fresh from the crater, formed with it one complete body of fire, which could not be less than two miles and a half in breadth,

* We spent the night of August 2d, 1849, on Vesuvius, which was pouring out a river of melted lava, forming a lake a mile and a half long and a mile wide, upon which we walked a considerable distance, jumping from one old block of lava to another. We saw quite near us streams of lava running along like red-hot molasses.—
EDITOR OF *ECLECTIC*.

and of the extraordinary height above mentioned, casting a heat to the distance of at least six miles around it. The brushwood of the mountain of Somma was soon in a flame, which, being of a different tint from the deep red of the matter thrown out from the volcano, and from the silvery blue of the electrical fire, still added to the contrast of this most extraordinary scene. After the column of fire had continued in full force for near half an hour, the eruption ceased at once, and Vesuvius remained sullen and silent."

The lightnings here described arose evidently in part from the chemical activity of gaseous decompositions going forward, in part to the friction of steam, and in part from the still more intense friction of the dust, stones, and ashes encountering one another in the air, in analogy to the electric manifestations which accompany the dust-storms in India.

To give an idea of the state of the inhabitants of the country when an explosion is going on, I will make one other extract: "The mountain of Somma, at the foot of which Ottaviano is situated, hides Vesuvius from its sight, so that till the eruption became considerable it was not visible to them. On Sunday night, when the noise increased, and the fire began to appear above the mountain of Somma, many of the inhabitants of the town flew to the churches, and others were preparing to quit the town, when a sudden violent report was heard, soon after which they found themselves involved in a thick cloud of smoke and minute ashes: a horrid clashing noise was heard in the air, and presently fell a deluge of stones and large scorice, some of which scorice were of the diameter of seven or eight feet, and must have weighed more than one hundred pounds before they were broken by their falls, as some of the fragments of them which I picked up in the street, still weighed upward of sixty pounds. When these large vitrified masses either struck against each other in the air or fell on the ground they broke in many pieces, and covered a large space around them with vivid sparks of fire, which communicated their heat to every thing that was combustible. In an instant the town and country about it were on fire in many parts; for in the vineyards there were several straw huts, which had been erected for the watchmen of the grapes, all of which were burnt. A great magazine of wood in the

heart of the town was all in a blaze, and had there been much wind, the flames must have spread universally, and all the inhabitants would have infallibly been burnt in their houses, for it was impossible for them to stir out. Some who attempted it with pillows, tables, chairs, tops of wine-casks, etc., on their heads, were either knocked down or driven back to their close quarters, under arches and in the cellars of the houses. Many were wounded, but only two persons have died of the wounds they received from this dreadful volcanic shower. To add to the horror of the scene, incessant volcanic lightning was writhing about the black cloud that surrounded them, and the sulphureous smell and heat would scarcely allow them to draw their breath."

The next volcano I shall introduce is *Ætna*, the grandest of all our European volcanos. I ascended it in 1824, and found its height by a very careful barometric measurement to be ten thousand seven hundred and seventy-two feet above the sea, which, by the way, agrees within some eight or ten feet with Admiral Smyth's measurement.

The scenery of *Ætna* is on the grandest scale. Ascending from Catania, you skirt the stream of lava which destroyed a large part of that city in 1669, and which ran into the sea, forming a jetty or breakwater that now gives Catania what it never had before, the advantage of a harbor. There it lies as hard, rugged, barren, and fresh-looking as if it had flowed but yesterday. In many places it is full of huge caverns, great air-bubbles, into which one may ride on horseback, (at least large enough,) and which communicate, in a succession of horrible vaults, where one might wander and lose one's self without hopes of escape. Higher up, near Nicolosi, is the spot from which that lava flowed. It is marked by two volcanic cones, each of them a considerable mountain, called the Monti Rossi, rising three hundred feet above the slope of the hill, and which were thrown up on that occasion. Indeed, one of the most remarkable features of *Ætna* is that of its flanks bristling over with innumerable smaller volcanos. For the height is so great that the lava now scarcely ever rises to the top of the crater, for before that its immense weight breaks through at the sides. In one of the eruptions that happened in the early part of

the century, I forget the date, but I think it was in 1819, and which was described to me on the spot by an eye-witness—the Old Man of the Mountain, Mario Gemellaro—the side of *Ætna* was rent by a great fissure or crack, beginning near the top, and throwing out jets of lava from openings fourteen or fifteen in number all the way down, so as to form a row of fiery fountains, rising from different levels, and all ascending nearly to the same height, and thereby proving them all to have originated in the great internal cistern as it were, the crater being filled up to the top level.

From the summit of *Ætna* extends a view of extraordinary magnificence. The whole of Sicily lies at your feet, and far beyond it are seen a string of lesser volcanoes, the Lipari Islands, between Sicily and the Italian coast, one of which, *Stromboli*, is always in eruption, unceasingly throwing up ashes, smoke, and liquid fire.

But I must not linger on the summit of *Ætna*. We will now take a flight thence, all across Europe, to Iceland—a wonderful land of frost and fire. It is full of volcanoes, one of which, *HECLA*, has been twenty-two times in eruption within the last eight hundred years. Besides *Hecla*, there are five others, from which in the same period twenty eruptions have burst forth, making about one every twenty years. The most formidable of these was that which happened in 1783, a year also memorable as that of the terrible earthquake in Calabria. In May of that year, a bluish fog was observed over the mountain called *Skaptar Jokul*, and the neighborhood was shaken by earthquakes. After a while a great pillar of smoke was observed to ascend from it, which darkened the whole surrounding district, and which descended in a whirlwind of ashes. On the tenth of May, innumerable fountains of fire were seen shooting up through the ice and snow which covered the mountain; and the principal river, called the *Skapta*, after rolling down a flood of foul and poisonous water, disappeared. Two days after a torrent of lava poured down into the bed which the river had deserted. The river had run in a deep ravine, six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad. This the lava entirely filled, and not only so, but it overflowed over the surrounding country, and ran into a great lake, from which it instantly expelled the water in an explosion of steam. When the lake

was fairly filled, the lava again overflowed and divided into two streams, one of which covered some ancient lava-fields; the other reëntered the bed of the *Skapta* lower down, and presented the astounding sight of a cataract of liquid fire pouring over what was formerly the waterfall of *Stapafoss*. This was the greatest eruption on record in Europe. It lasted in its violence till the end of August, and closed with a violent earthquake; but for nearly the whole year a canopy of cinder-laden cloud hung over the island; the *Faroe Islands*; nay, even *Shetland* and the *Orkneys*, were deluged with the ashes, and volcanic dust and a preternatural smoke which obscured the sun, covered all Europe as far as the Alps, over which it could not rise. I have little doubt that the great Fire-ball of August 18th, 1783, which traversed all England and the Continent, from the North Sea to Rome, by far the greatest ever known, (for it was more than half a mile in diameter,) was somehow connected with the electric excitement of the upper atmosphere, produced by this enormous discharge of smoke and ashes. The destruction of life in Iceland was frightful; nine thousand men, eleven thousand cattle, twenty-eight thousand horses, and one hundred and ninety thousand sheep perished; mostly by suffocation. The lava ejected has been computed to have amounted in volume to more than twenty cubic miles.

We shall now proceed to still more remote regions, and describe, in as few words as may be, two immense eruptions—one in Mexico in the year 1759, the other in the island of *Sumbawa* in the Eastern Archipelago, in 1815.

I ought to mention, by way of preliminary, that almost the whole line of coast of South and Central America, from Mexico southward as far as *Valparaiso*—that is to say, nearly the whole chain of the *Andes*—is one mass of volcanoes. In Mexico and Central America, there are two and twenty, and in *Quito*, *Peru*, and *Chili*, six and twenty more in activity; and nearly as many more extinct ones, any one of which may at any moment break out afresh. This does not prevent the country from being inhabited, fertile, and well cultivated. Well, in a district in Mexico celebrated for the growth of the finest cotton, between two streams called *Cuitimba* and *San Pedro*, which furnished water for irrigation, lay the farm and

homestead of Don Pedro de Jurullo, one of the richest and most fertile properties in that country. He was a thriving man, and lived in comfort as a large proprietor, little expecting the mischief that was to befall him. In June, 1750, however, a subterraneous noise was heard in this peaceful region. Hollow sounds of the most alarming nature were succeeded by frequent earthquakes, succeeding one another for fifty or sixty days; but they died away, and in the beginning of September every thing seemed to have returned to its usual state of tranquillity. Suddenly, on the night of the twenty-eighth of September, the horrible noises recommenced. All the inhabitants fled in terror; and the whole tract of ground, from three to four square miles in extent, rose up in the form of a bladder to a height of upward of five hundred feet! Flames broke forth over a surface of more than half a square league, and through a thick cloud of ashes illuminated by this ghastly light, the refugees, who had ascended a mountain at some distance, could see the ground as if softened by the heat, and swelling and sinking like an agitated sea. Vast rents opened in the earth, into which the two rivers I mentioned precipitated themselves, but so far from quenching the fires, only seemed to make them more furious. Finally, the whole plain became covered with an immense torrent of boiling mud, out of which sprang thousands of little volcanic cones called *Hornitos*, or ovens. But the most astonishing part of the whole was the opening of a chasm vomiting out fire, and red-hot stones, and ashes, which accumulated so as to form "a range of six large mountain masses, one of which is upward of sixteen hundred feet in height above the old level, and which is now known as the volcano of Jorullo. It is continually burning; and for a whole year continued to throw up an immense quantity of ashes, lava, and fragments of rock. The roofs of houses at the town or village of Queretaro, upward of one hundred and forty miles distant, were covered with the ashes. The two rivers have again appeared, issuing at some distance from among the hornitos, but no longer as sources of wealth and fertility, for they are scalding hot, or at least were so when Baron Humboldt visited them several years after the event. The ground even then retained a violent heat, and the hornitos were pouring forth columns of steam twenty or thirty feet

high, with a rumbling noise like that of a steam-boiler.

The Island of Sumbawa is one of that curious line of islands which links on Australia to the south-eastern corner of Asia. It forms, with one or two smaller volcanic islands, a prolongation of Java, at that time, in 1815, a British possession, and under the government of Sir Stamford Raffles, to whom we owe the account of the eruption, and who took a great deal of pains to ascertain all the particulars. Java itself, I should observe, is one rookery of volcanos, and so are all the adjoining islands in that long crescent-shaped line I refer to.

On the Island of Sumbawa is the volcano of Tomboro, which broke out into eruption on the fifth of April in that year; and I can hardly do better than quote the account of it in Sir Stamford Raffles's own words:

"Almost every one," says this writer, "is acquainted with the intermitting convulsions of Etna and Vesuvius as they appear in the descriptions of the poet, and the authentic accounts of the naturalist; but the most extraordinary of them can bear no comparison, in point of duration and force, with that of Mount Tomboro in the island of Sumbawa. This eruption extended perceptible evidences of its existence over the whole of the Molucca Islands, over Java, a considerable portion of the Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a circumference of one thousand statute miles from its center," (that is, to one thousand miles' distance,) "by tremulous motions and the report of explosions. In a short time the whole mountain near the Sang'ir appeared like a body of liquid fire, extending itself in every direction. The fire and columns of flame continued to rage with unabated fury, until the darkness, caused by the quantity of falling matter, obscured it at about eight P.M. Stones at this time fell very thick at Sang'ir, some of them as large as two fists, but generally not larger than walnuts. Between nine and ten P.M., ashes began to fall, and soon after a violent whirlwind ensued, which blew down nearly every house of Sang'ir, carrying the roofs and light parts away with it. In the port of Sang'ir, adjoining Sumbawa, its effects were much more violent, tearing up by the roots the largest trees, and carrying them into the air, together with men, horses, cattle, and whatsoever came within

its influence. This will account for the immense number of floating trees seen at sea. The sea rose nearly twelve feet higher than it had ever been known to do before, and completely spoiled the only small spots of rice-land in Sang'ir, sweeping away houses and every thing within its reach. The whirlwind lasted about an hour. No explosions were heard till the whirlwind had ceased at about eleven A.M. From midnight till the evening of the eleventh, they continued without intermission; after that time their violence moderated, and they were heard only at intervals; but the explosions did not cease entirely until the fifteenth of July. Of all the villages round Tomboro, Tem-po, containing about forty inhabitants, is the only one remaining. In Pekaté no vestige of a house is left; twenty-six of the people, who were at Sumbawa at the time, are the whole of the population who have escaped. From the best inquiries, there were certainly not fewer than twelve thousand individuals in Tomboro and Pekaté at the time of the eruption, of whom five or six survive. The trees and herbage of every description, along the whole of the north and west of the peninsula, have been completely destroyed, with the exception of a high point of land near the spot where the village of Tomboro stood. At Sang'ir, it is added, the famine occasioned by this event was so extreme, that one of the rajah's own daughters died of starvation."

I have seen it computed that the quantity of ashes and lava vomited forth in this awful eruption would have formed three mountains the size of Mont Blanc, the highest of the Alps; and if spread over the surface of Germany, would have covered the whole of it two feet deep! The ashes did actually cover the whole island of Tombock, more than one hundred miles distant, to that depth, and forty-four thousand persons there perished by starvation, from the total destruction of all vegetation.

The mountain Kirauiah in the Island of Owyhee, one of the Sandwich Isles, exhibits the remarkable phenomenon of a lake of molten and very liquid lava *always* filling the bottom of the crater, and always in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its fiery surge and flaming billows—yet with this it is content, for it would seem that at least for a long time past there has been no violent outbreak

so as to make what is generally understood by a volcanic eruption. Volcanic eruptions are almost always preceded by earthquakes, by which the beds of rock, that overlies and keep down the struggling powers beneath, are dislocated and cracked, till at last they give way, and the strain is immediately relieved. It is chiefly when this does not happen, when the force below is sufficient to heave up and shake the earth, but not to burst open the crust, and give vent to the lava and gases, that the most destructive effects are produced. The great earthquake of November 1st, 1755, which destroyed Lisbon, was an instance of this kind, and was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest on record; for the concussion extended over all Spain and Portugal—indeed over all Europe, and even into Scotland—over North-Africa, where in one town in Morocco eight thousand or ten thousand people perished. Nay, its effects extended even across the Atlantic to Madeira, where it was very violent, and to the West-Indies. The most striking feature about this earthquake was its extreme suddenness. All was going on quite as usual in Lisbon the morning of that memorable day, the weather fine and clear, and nothing whatever to give the population of that great capital the least suspicion of mischief. All at once, at twenty minutes before ten A.M., a noise was heard like the rumbling of carriages under ground; it increased rapidly and became a succession of deafening explosions like the loudest cannon. Then a shock, which, as described by one writing from the spot, seemed to last but the tenth part of a minute, and down came tumbling palaces, churches,* theaters, and every large public edifice, and about a third or a fourth part of the dwelling-houses. More shocks followed in rapid succession, and in six minutes from the commencement sixty thousand persons were crushed in the ruins! Here are the simple but expressive words of one J. Latham, who writes to his uncle in London: "I was on the river with one of my customers going to a village three miles off. Presently the boat made a noise as if on the shore or landing, though then in

* While in Lisbon in September, 1853, we saw the walls of a marble Gothic church still standing in ruins, with the key-stones of the arched windows dropped out, left as a monument of the dreadful scene.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

the middle of the water. I asked my companion if he knew what was the matter. He stared at me, and looking at Lisbon, we saw the houses falling, which made him say: 'God bless us, it is an earthquake!' About four or five minutes after the boat made a noise as before, and we saw the houses tumble down on both sides of the river." They then landed and made for a hill; thence they beheld the sea* (which had at first receded and laid a great tract dry) come rolling in, in a vast mountain wave fifty or sixty feet high, on the land, and sweeping all before it. Three thousand people had taken refuge on a new stone quay or jetty just completed at great expense. In an instant it was turned topsy-turvy; and the whole quay, and every person on it, with all the vessels moored to it, disappeared, and not a vestige of them ever appeared again. Where that quay stood, was afterward found a depth of one hundred fathoms (six hundred feet) water. It happened to be a religious festival, and most of the population were assembled in the churches, which fell and crushed them. That no horror might be wanting, fires broke out in innumerable houses where the wood-work had fallen on the fires, and much that the earthquake had spared was destroyed by fire. And then too broke forth that worst of all scourges, a lawless ruffian-like mob who plundered, burned, and murdered in the midst of all that desolation and horror. The huge wave I have spoken of swept the whole coast of Spain and Portugal. Its swell and fall was ten or twelve feet at Madeira. It swept quite across the Atlantic, and broke on the shores of the West-Indies. Every lake and firth in England and Scotland was dashed for a moment out of its bed, the water not partaking of the sudden *shove* given to the land, just as when you splash a flat saucerful of water, the water dashes over on the side *from* which the shock is given.

One of the most curious incidents in this earthquake was its effect on ships far out at sea, which would lead us to sup-

pose that the immediate impulse was in the nature of a violent blow or thrust upward, under the bed of the ocean. Thus it is recorded that this upward shock was so sudden and violent on a ship, at that time forty leagues from Cape St. Vincent, that the sailors on deck were tossed up into the air to a height of eighteen inches. A British ship—eleven miles from land near the Philippine Islands in 1796 was struck upward from below with such force as to unship and split up the main-mast.

The same kind of upward bounding movement took place at Riobamba in Quito in the great earthquake of February 4th, 1797, which was connected with an eruption of the volcano of Tunguragua. That earthquake extended in its greatest intensity over an oval space of one hundred and twenty miles from south to north, and sixty from east to west, within which space every town and village was leveled with the ground; but the total extent of surface shaken was upward of five hundred miles in one direction, (from Puna to Popayan,) and four hundred in the other. Quero, Riobamba, and several other towns, were buried under fallen mountains, and in a very few minutes thirty thousand persons were destroyed. At Riobamba, however, after the earthquake, a great number of corpses were found to have been tossed across a river, and scattered over the side of a sloping hill on the other side.

The frequency of these South-American earthquakes is not more extraordinary than the duration of the shocks. Humboldt relates that on one occasion, when traveling on mule-back with his companion Bonpland, they were obliged to dismount in a dense forest, and throw themselves on the ground, the earth being shaken uninterruptedly for upward of a quarter of an hour with such violence that they could not keep their legs.

One of the most circumstantially described earthquakes on record is that which happened in Calabria on the fifth of February, 1783—I should say began then, for it may be said to have lasted four years. In the year 1783, for instance, nine hundred and forty-nine shocks took place, of which five hundred and one were great ones, and in 1784 one hundred and fifty-one shocks were felt, ninety-eight of which were violent. The center of action seemed to be under the towns of Mon-

* Lisbon is six miles from the ocean up the river Tagus. The bed of the river was laid bare for a moment, and then came in the wave sixty feet high from the ocean. The earth along the shore of the river opened, and the quay, vessels, and people went down in a moment into a watery grave, and the earth closed over them. No relic came to the surface.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

teleone and Oppido. In a circle twenty-two miles in radius round Oppido every town and village was destroyed within two minutes by the first shock, and within one of seventy miles' radius all were seriously shaken and much damage done. The whole of Calabria was affected, and even across the sea Messina was shaken, and a great part of Sicily.

There is no end of the capricious and out-of-the-way accidents and movements recorded in this Calabrian earthquake. The ground undulated like a ship at sea, people became actually sea-sick, and to give an idea of the undulation, (just as it happens at sea,) the scud of the clouds before the wind seemed to be fitfully arrested during the pitching movement when it took place in the same direction, and to redouble its speed in the reverse movement. At Oppido many houses were swallowed up bodily. Loose objects were tossed up several yards into the air. The flagstones in some places were found after a severe shock all turned bottom upward. Great fissures opened in the earth, and at Terra Nova a mass of rock two hundred feet high and four hundred in diameter traveled four miles down a ravine. All landmarks were removed, and the land itself, in some instances, with trees and hedges growing on it, carried bodily away and set down in another place. Altogether about forty thousand people perished by the earthquakes, and some twenty thousand more of the epidemic diseases produced by want and the effluvia of the dead bodies.

Volcanoes occasionally break forth at the bottom of the sea, and, when this is the case, the result is usually the production of a new island. This, in many cases, disappears soon after its formation, being composed of loose and incoherent materials, which easily yield to the destructive power of the waves. Such was the case with the Island of Sabrina, thrown up, in 1811, off St. Michaels, in the Azores, which disappeared almost as soon as formed, and in that of Pantellaria, on the Sicilian coast, which resisted longer, but was gradually washed into a shoal, and at length has, we believe, completely disappeared. In numerous other instances, the cones of cinders and scoria, once raised, have become compacted and bound together by the effusion of lava, hardening into solid stone, and thus, becoming habitual volcanic vents, they continue to increase in

height and diameter, and assume the importance of permanent volcanic islands. Such has been, doubtless, the history of those numerous insular volcanoes which dot the ocean in so many parts of the world, such as Teneriffe, the Azores, Ascension, St. Helena, Tristan d'Ambra, etc. In some cases the process has been witnessed from its commencement, as in that of two islands which arose in the Aleutian group, connecting Kamtschatka with North-America, the one in 1796, the other in 1814, and which both attained the elevation of three thousand feet.

Beside these evident instances of eruptive action, there is every reason to believe that enormous floods of lava have been at various remote periods in the earth's history, poured forth at the bottom of seas so deep as to repress, by the mere weight of water, all outbreak of steam, gas, or ashes; and reposing perhaps for ages in a liquid state, protected from the cooling action of the water on their upper surface by a thick crust of congealed stony matter, to have assumed a perfect level, and, at length, by slow cooling, taken on that peculiar columnar structure which we see produced in miniature in starch by the contraction or shrinkage, and consequent splitting, of the material in drying; and resulting in those picturesque and singular landscape-features called basaltic colonnades, when brought up to day by sudden or gradual upheaval, and broken into cliffs and terraces by the action of waves, torrents, or weather. Those grand specimens of such colonnades which Britain possesses in the Giant's Causeway of Antrim, and the Cave of Fingal in Staffa, for instance, are, no doubt, extreme outstanding portions of such a vast submarine lava-flood which at some inconceivably remote epoch occupied the whole intermediate space, affording the same kind of evidence of a former connection of the coasts of Scotland and Ireland as do the opposing chalk-cliffs of Dover and Bonlogne of the ancient connection of France with Britain. Here and there a small basaltic island, such as that of Rathlin, remains to attest this former continuity, and to recall to the contemplative mind that sublime antagonism between sudden violence and persevering effort, which the study of geology impresses in every form of repetition.

There exists a very general impression that earthquakes are preceded and ushered

in by some kind of preternatural, and, as it were, expectant calm in the elements, as if to make the confusion and desolation they create the more impressive. The records of such visitations which we possess, however striking some particular cases of this kind may appear, by no means bear out this as a general fact, or go to indicate any particular phase of weather as preferentially accompanying their occurrence. This does not prevent, however, certain conjunctures of atmospheric or other circumstances from exercising a determining influence on the times of their occurrence. According to the view we have taken of their origin, (namely, the displacement of pressure, resulting in a state of strain in the strata at certain points, gradually increasing to the maximum they can bear without disruption,) it is the last ounce which breaks the camel's back. Great barometrical fluctuation, accumulating atmospheric pressure for a time over the sea, and relieving it over the land; an unusually high tide, aided by long-continued and powerful winds, heaping up the water; nay, even the tidal action of the sun and moon on the *solid* portion of the earth's crust—all these causes, for the moment combining, may very well suffice

to determine the instant of fracture, when the balance between the opposing forces is on the eve of subversion. The last-mentioned cause may need a few words of explanation. The action of the sun and moon, though it can not produce a tide in the solid crust of the earth, *tends* to do so, and, were it fluid, *would* produce it. It therefore, in point of fact, does bring the solid portions of the earth's surface into a state alternately of strain and compression. The effective part of their force, in the present case, is not that which aids to *lift* or to *press* the superficial matter, (for *that*, acting alike on the continents and on the bed of the sea, would have no influence,) but that which tends to produce lateral displacement; or what geometers call the *tangential force*. This of necessity brings the whole ring of the earth's surface, which at any instant has the acting luminary on its horizon, into a state of strains; and the whole area over which it is nearly vertical, into one of compression. We leave this point to be further followed out, but we can not forbear remarking, that the great volcanic chains of the world have in point of fact, a direction which this cause of disruption would tend rather to favor than to contravene.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE SPECTER'S VISIT.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

TOWARD the close of the year 18—I went with my children to spend some time at the quiet watering-place of S—. I had just recovered from a dangerous illness, and had been recommended by my medical advisers in London to pass the ensuing winter in the mild climate of the south-west of England. At S—I found a house, which in all respects suited me, and I took it by the month, wishing to give the place a trial before fixing myself there for the winter. The house I hired

was handsomely furnished and fitted up, pleasantly situated, with a sloping lawn in front, and a garden, sheltered by some fine old trees, behind, and the rent was, all its advantages considered, uncommonly low. I soon established myself in it, much to my satisfaction. But the weather was becoming cold, and I found it necessary to have a fire in my bedroom. Unfortunately, the one I had selected, from its being a cheerful, airy apartment, smoked, and the art of the chimney-

sweeper was resorted to in vain. I am rather asthmatic, therefore I was compelled to evacuate my otherwise pleasant room, and to take possession of a large, gloomy-looking apartment in what seemed to be a wing of the house. This remote chamber was situated at the extreme end of a long, narrow passage; it was spacious, and opened into an inner room, or dressing-room, which again communicated with a private staircase.

The windows of these rooms were in the Gothic style, high and arched, the papering was of a dusky hue, and the curtains of the bed were of the darkest shade of green. In short, all around was so somber that I felt a corresponding tinge of gloom as I retired to my new apartment for the night; but I stirred the fire, it blazed brightly, and as I was free from my enemy—*smoke*—I committed myself to my pillow, and soon found the repose I sought. How long I slept soundly I do not know, but after a time my dreams became dreadfully disturbed; I started up, and I thought I heard the door of my room, which led to the dressing-room and to the back staircase, open and shut. I listened—there was no repetition of the sound—all partook of the deep, dead stillness of night; I felt extremely drowsy, and soon slept again. Again my fancy was busy with horrid things, and I dreamed that a wild-looking, bloody figure was standing by my bed, and glaring with fiery eyes at me from fleshless sockets. I was sensible of intense agony, and I thought I fainted from absolute fright. After a time I seemed to come to myself; the dreadful figure had vanished; I attempted to scream out, but the power of utterance seemed denied to me. At length, after long struggling with what I afterward concluded was an attack of nightmare, I shook off my uneasy sleep, and hailed, with a sense of transport and security, the first faint dawn of day. I rose unrefreshed, but after breathing awhile the pure morning air, its vivifying influence restored my harassed spirits to their usual equanimity, and the little duties and occurrences of the day banished from my mind the painful impression of its midnight vision. As night approached, however, I felt some reluctance to retire to my gloomy and distant dormitory, but I was not so weak as to give way to such folly, and, conquering my unpleasant sensations, I again took possession of the

couch with dark-green curtains. I slept calmly and well, and after occupying that apartment for a few days, I began to forget altogether my singular dream.

About this time I was invited to spend an evening at the house of the oldest medical practitioner in the town. He had been called in previously to attend one of my children who was unwell, and his wife had, in consequence of this introduction, paid me a visit. I was a stranger in S—, and Dr. and Mrs. Graham were noted for their hospitality, which they were so good as to extend to me. On arriving at their house I found about fourteen persons assembled, to some of whom I was introduced. Cards were the order of the evening, for the good people of S— were inveterate card-players, and whist was the favorite game. I never play at cards, and whist is to me an unfathomable mystery; so, after much entreaty, many excuses, and repeated protestations of my utter incapacity to "take a hand," I made good my escape from the card-tables, and was permitted to join two ladies, who, like myself, preferred conversation or *silence* even if there were no other resource. My companions were not very similar in age or appearance; the one was an old lady, who had assuredly passed the whole of that undefined and undefinable period known by the uncertain name of "a certain age;" the other was a young married woman, whose Hebe countenance and laughing black eyes plainly told that she was little acquainted with care, and that she preferred "L'Allegro" to "Il Penseroso." After discussing the pretty scenery and the pretty walks round S—, the accommodations it affords for strangers, and the prices and qualities of its markets, the advantage of its climate was mentioned. "I don't know," said the black-eyed lady; "I can not quite agree in the mildness of its climate—at least, we don't experience it where we live, on the top of that horrid hill."

"It is a very airy situation," observed the old lady.

"Yes," said the younger, "it is so airy that we might as well live in the open air; but my husband, who is a captain in the navy, and who has all his life been accustomed to a fresh breeze, as he calls it, can not bear to live except in what I call a gale of wind. For my part, I should much prefer that pretty-looking house at the foot of the hill, which has quite enough of

the sea-breezes in front, and is sheltered so well from the northerly winds behind."

"I am surprised to hear you say so, ma'am," replied the old lady; "if you were in *that* house, I don't doubt you would soon be glad to get out of it."

"Why, pray?" asked both the other lady and myself at the same moment.

"Oh!" she replied, "you are both strangers here, or you would not ask that question;" then, dropping her voice, and looking very solemn, she continued, "that house is haunted, they say."

"Good heavens! haunted?" I exclaimed.

"Haunted? that's delightful!" said the other lady, laughing violently. "Of all things I should like to live in it, then, it would be so droll to see a ghost."

"Droll?" repeated the elder lady, in a tone of grave rebuke; "I do not think that word applicable to any thing which belongs to the other world."

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the black-eyed lady of me, with a gay smile and a suppressed sneer.

"I believe that nothing is impossible with God," I replied.

"Well," said she, "I would as soon expect to see these tables and chairs begin to dance about,* as dead people get out of their graves to perambulate the earth; but I should like vastly to see what the ignorant and superstitious would call a ghost."

"Then, ma'am," resumed the old lady, "if you occupied the house you fancy so much, you would be very likely to see one."

I felt annoyed at this intelligence, and I dare say I turned pale, but the ancient narrator of the ghost-story was purblind, and neither heeded this symptom of particular interest on my part, nor the winks and warning looks of Mrs. Graham, who, being a prisoner at whist, could not come to the rescue, nor succeed in stopping the old lady's unlucky communications. She went on:

"In that house a fearful deed has been done, a murder was committed there, and that worst kind of murder, which leaves no time for repentance, no hope of forgiveness. The monster who deprives his fellow-being of life may yet live to repent of his crime, and to have his guilt washed out in the blood of his Redeemer, but the

misguided wretch who lays violent hands on himself, and takes that life which God had given him, rushing uncalled for into the presence of his Eternal Judge, what time has he to breathe even one repentant prayer to the Throne of Grace? What right to hope for pardon of his guilty deed? The late owner of that house committed suicide; it is charity to hope that his intellects were deranged, but there is much reason to fear that his conscience was bad, for he had led any thing but a correct life."

"Who was he?" asked the younger lady.

"A Mr. Norton, a man of some property, although he had squandered the greater part of his fortune in gambling and extravagance. It was said that he had been a sad profligate in his youth, and had been quite devoted to pleasure, until a series of disappointments and mortifications disgusted him with the world, and changed him into a misanthropic recluse. He was a middle-aged man when he came here to live. S—— was not then so much frequented as it is now, and only a few families came here for sea-bathing occasionally in summer. He bought the house and grounds at the foot of the hill, and built an addition to the house, and there he lived in the utmost seclusion. But he was not quite alone, for two young ladies lived with him who were said to be his daughters, though they did not bear his name. They were of course illegitimate children. Two fair lovely girls they were, but so drooping and sad-looking! They seemed to feel the disgrace of their birth, and to shun all notice, never even walking but in the most unfrequented places. I have heard that their mother was governess to his sister's children; that he persuaded her to elope with him, and afterward kept an establishment for her at a village near London, where he frequently visited her. It seems he spared no expense on the daughters' education, but they were very unhappy, for after their mother's death he took them to reside with him, and he was to them the most cruel of tyrants. His temper was dreadful, and it became daily more morose and more violent. No servant would have remained with him but for the enormously high wages which he gave. Well, he had been quite outrageous for some time, and one night, as our friend there, Dr. Graham, was passing

* Table-turning and spirit-manifestations were not in vogue then.

down the lane that runs almost close to one side of the house, going on a night-visit to patient, he was startled by seeing a figure all bloody at a window in Mr. Norton's house; he thought it was fancy at first, but the moon was shining brightly, and on looking attentively he became convinced that he saw a human being covered with blood, and holding up its hands apparently in supplication to heaven. He went to the house, and with much difficulty roused the servants. When he described what he had seen, and at which window the bloody figure was standing, they said that it was the window of their master's chamber, and that they dared not disturb him; but the Doctor insisted that Mr. Norton might have burst a blood-vessel, or be ill in some way, and that he was determined to inquire into the matter; so a man-servant and he proceeded to the room occupied by Mr. Norton. They knocked. No one answered. As they stood waiting at the door they heard a deep groan within, so they burst open the door, which was locked on the inside; and you may imagine their horror when they found the miserable man lying on the floor, at the foot of the window, weltering in his blood! There was a wide gash in his throat, and surgical assistance was in vain. He expired a few moments after. But I should tell you that before he died he expressed by signs much anxiety to have pen, ink, and paper brought to him. It was done, and he tried hard to write a few lines, but death soon arrested his progress, and the writing he had accomplished was so indistinct that the only words which could be made out were 'daughters'—'sealed papers'—'proofs'—'marriage.'

"What became of the unfortunate girls?" I asked, forgetting, in my interest about them, the appearance of the spirit in the house I occupied.

"Ah! poor things," said the old lady, "they have been very badly off since, I fear. They were terribly shocked at their father's death, and much grieved, though he had been such a cruel and unkind parent to them; but their minds were in some degree tranquillized by his body being allowed Christian burial, for at the coroner's inquest it was brought in 'Insanity.' So he lies in the churchyard yonder, but not very quietly, if all tales be true.

"As soon as his relations got notice of his death, his nephew, a rich lawyer in London, came down here and took possession of all the papers and effects of the deceased; no will was found, so this gentleman and his family, being the legal heirs, claimed and got all his property. No provision had been made for the two poor girls by their father, and the heir, who was a hard-hearted, miserly sort of man, refused at first to give them any thing, saying they might go to be chambermaids; but he was at length shamed into giving them a few hundred pounds, and with these he turned them adrift.

"They went to London, where they struggled with many difficulties, and the last time I heard of them they were keeping a little day-school in the village where their mother had resided, and which afforded them but a scanty pittance, hardly sufficient to maintain them."

"Could nothing have been done for them here?" I asked—"no subscription entered into for them?"

"I dare say," replied the old lady, "had they staid among us, something might have been done to assist them, but their dispositions were very shy; they left S— immediately after the father's shocking death, and they took great pains that every trace of them should be lost. The absent are apt to be forgotten, and to be poor is far from a claim to remembrance."

"But," interrupted the lady with the black eyes, "the ghost—you have forgotten the ghost—I want to hear about it. No doubt it is the cut-throat gentleman."

"Yes," said the old lady, sinking her voice to a mysterious whisper, "they say *he* walks. His heir endeavored to sell the house, but no one would buy it; he then left instructions to have it let furnished, but the rent he asked was so high that the house remained long unoccupied.

"It was about a year after Mr. Norton's death that a man, passing one clear moonlight night down the lane I mentioned before, saw a figure standing at the window of the room in which Mr. Norton had committed suicide; it seemed covered with blood, and its clasped hands were apparently raised to heaven.

"The man was terrified out of his wits, and not venturing on a second look, he never stopped running until he reached

his own door, where he fell down in strong convulsions. The old woman, too, who lived in the house to take care of it, was one night about the same time disturbed by the distant flapping of doors; she supposed that she had inadvertently left a window open in the old part of the building, and on going to ascertain, she encountered at the head of the back staircase some dreadful object, the sight of which frightened her almost out of her senses. She could never exactly describe what it was, but she thought it seemed a figure covered with blood. She took shelter that very night at the house of her nearest neighbor, and no entreaty could prevail on her, or on any one else, to stay again in 'the haunted house,' as it has been called from that period."

"And so," interrupted the skeptical dame, "this poor house has been denounced as haunted upon the testimony of a country booby who was probably drunk, and that of a sleepy old woman whose brains, if she had any, were no doubt stuffed with nonsensical stories about witches, and charms, and hobgoblins."

"Have any other persons seen any thing in that house to frighten them?" I asked, in a tone of eager inquiry.

"Yes," said the old lady. "I was going to tell you that last summer a gentleman took the house for six months. He had a large family, and brought his own servants; therefore, as they had no introductions or acquaintances here, it was not likely that they could have heard any of the stories relative to the spirit that haunts it. When they had remained here three months exactly, they suddenly took their departure without assigning any reason for going, and forfeiting the rent of the other three months. They did not complain of any nocturnal visitor, but the washerwoman, who was sent for to receive the amount of her bill, said she heard among the servants that some members of the family had been much alarmed by something they had seen in the dead of night, and that this was the cause of their unexpected removal."

"But," persisted the lady with the black eyes, "the house is occupied at present, and the family do not seem to have been disturbed with ghosts; at least, they take the visitations of the dead man very quietly."

"Wait a little," replied the pertinacious supporter of the ghost-story, "They have not been there long yet, but if they remain there they *will* see him, depend on it. By the by, this is the anniversary of the night on which he committed suicide; it was on a Christmas-eve, like this. I should not wonder if he walks to-night."

Supper was just then announced, and our conversation was broken off; but, urged by a painful curiosity, I seized an opportunity before leaving Dr. Graham's to ask the communicative old lady what particular apartments were said to be haunted by the restless spirit of the unhappy suicide. As I had surmised, she described the very rooms which I myself occupied! It was in one of them that he died, to them his wandering ghost was said thus frequently to return, and that very night I might become the witness of a spectacle terrible to behold! My spirits sank within me, and I returned home in no enviable mood. Persons of vivid imaginations, whether they do or do not believe in ghosts, will understand my sensations as I entered my remote apartment—the scene of a bloody murder, if not the haunt of a damned spirit! I became so nervous that I thought of desiring my waiting-maid, on the plea of indisposition, to sleep on the sofa near me. But how could I pretend to be ill when I had just returned at a late hour from an evening party? I would seem unreasonable, and I never liked to appear whimsical to my servants.

For this night, then, I determined to brave the terrors of the haunted chamber; to-morrow I would return to the smoky room, and no longer expose myself needlessly to uncomfortable feelings. Committing myself to the benign protection of Him who watches over the universe, I trimmed my night-lamp and retired to bed; but, alas! not to sleep. I endeavored to chase from my mind the gloomy subjects which had taken possession of it—to think of cheerful things, or to recall the cherished remembrance of scenes long past; in vain, fancy would have its own way, and, to my distempered imagination, the pale moonbeams, as they glanced from the high arched windows, assumed spectral forms, that flitted in shadowy mockery before my aching sight. I closed my eyes, and lay in that breathless state of vague apprehension which is too

dreadful long to endure. All was stillness around me; the plaintive whistling of the wind had hushed, the very waves of ocean seemed to slumber; there was no sound but the quick throbbing of my own heart. A cold chill crept over me, and I became sensible of an undefinable sensation of solemn awe. Presently I heard the door of the inner room which led to the back staircase open softly; there was a pause of total stillness, and the door of the room I occupied opened gently and slowly as the other. Again all was still; no footfall met my ear—no sound to betray that a living being had entered my lonely chamber. For some moments I lay in an agony of suspense, my face covered with my hands; but a curiosity, too painful to be restrained, overcame my dread, and raising my eyes I beheld an object more fearful than words can describe! Oh! the intense horror of that dreadful moment! There it stood—the unearthly gory figure, with its blood-stained hands lifted in apparent supplication to that distant Heaven whose laws it had violated, whose promised blessings it had forfeited forever! It stood at the identical window at which Mr. Norton had been seen by Doctor Graham the Christmas-eve on which the suicide was committed. I tried to scream—to rise and make my escape from the apartment—but I had no power either to move or to speak, nor had I the power of averting my gaze from the appalling object. It turned, and its hollow eyes fell full upon me; it advanced, slowly extending its right hand, and with a finger (from which drops of blood appeared to fall, although they left no trace on the floor beneath) it pointed to a remote corner of the chamber, in which stood an old-fashioned bureau. Earnestly it pointed, and earnestly was its unearthly look riveted upon me! Cold dews poured down my face, my teeth chattered, and, in the emphatic words of Scripture, my very “flesh quaked.” Human nature could bear no more! my head reeled, and I fell back totally insensible. When I recovered from my long fainting-fit the morning was far advanced—the bright rays of the joyous sun enlivened my gloomy chamber. I heard the dipping of oars, the boatswain’s shrill whistle, and distant rattling of wheels, and I thankfully welcomed the stirring sounds of animated life. I heard, too, and hailed

with transport, the gay voices of my children as they pursued beneath my window the innocent sports of happy infancy.

Blest hours of cheering day! How I rejoiced in their return! How I loathed the sable night—

“When mortals sleep, when specters rise,
And naught is wakeful but the dead!”

To remain in the haunted house was impossible, and I determined to leave it that very day. It was necessary for me to return to the scene of the preceding night, in order to remove some papers I had placed in the old bureau. Whilst I was engaged in searching the different drawers, I felt something give way beneath my finger; surprised at this, I continued the pressure, when a secret-drawer suddenly flew open, and discovered to my amazed view a bundle of old papers, tied with a black cord, and labelled “Certificate of the marriage of Oswald Norton with Matilda Manners.” “Will,” etc., etc. I stood for some moments lost in astonishment, but having no time to spare, I speedily determined on sending for Dr. Graham, and communicating the discovery to him.

I related to him in strict confidence the awful scene of the past night, the apparent anxiety of the unearthly intruder to direct my attention to this bureau, and the chance which had just led to the extraordinary fulfilling of his restless wish. The worthy Doctor heard me with the most profound attention and the deepest awe.

“It was most strange, most startling!” he exclaimed, “even if it had been but a sleeping vision.”

“We will not discuss that subject further at present,” I said. “But I shall leave these papers with you, in the hope that you who were present at Mr. Norton’s awful death will take the necessary steps to restore his injured daughters to the rights which have so long been withheld from them.”

I received his promise to this effect, and that day I quitted S— forever. Circumstances soon after called me abroad; I remained absent some years, and on my return to England I felt a wish to learn if the papers I had found had been instrumental in placing the Miss Nortons in the situation they were born to fill. I dispatched, accordingly, to Dr.

Graham a letter of inquiry, and heard from him in return that the proper legal proceedings had been instituted with success, and that the daughters of the unfortunate Mr. Norton had received, along with the acknowledgment of their legitimacy, the sum of five thousand pounds

each, which had been left to them by their father's will. Dr. Graham added, that the haunted house was haunted no longer, and that the restless dead, its errand on earth accomplished, returned no more from the silent, though populous mansions of the grave!

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS AND THE SLAVE POWER.

BY A PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

It has long been a prevalent notion, that Political Economy is a series of deductions from the principle of selfishness or private interest alone. The common desire of men to grow rich by the shortest and easiest methods—to obtain every gratification with the smallest sacrifice on their own part, has been supposed to be all that the political economist desires to have granted in theory, or to see regulating in practice the transactions of the world, to insure its material prosperity. A late eminent writer has described as follows the doctrine of Adam Smith, in the *Wealth of Nations*; "He every where assumes that the great moving power of all men, all interests, and all classes, in all ages and in all countries, is selfishness. He represents men as pursuing wealth for sordid objects, and for the narrowest personal pleasures. The fundamental assumption of his work is that each man follows his own interest, or what he deems to be his interest. And one of the peculiar features of his book is to show that, considering society as a whole, it nearly always happens that men, in promoting their own, will unintentionally promote the interest of others."*

But, in truth, the acquisitive and selfish propensities of mankind, their anxiety to get as much as possible of every thing they like, and to give as little as possible

in return, are in their very nature principles of aggression and injury instead of mutual benefit: the mode of acquisition to which they immediately prompt, is that of plunder or theft, and the competition which they tend to induce is that of conflict and war. Their first suggestion is not, "I will labor for you," but, "You shall labor for me;" not, "Give me this, and I will give you what will suit you better in exchange, but, "Give it to me, or else I will take it by force." The conqueror rather than the capitalist, the pirate rather than the merchant, the brigand rather than the laborer, the wolf rather than the watch-dog, obey the impulses of nature. The history of the pursuit of gain is far from being the simple history of industry, with growing national prosperity; it is the history also of depredation, tyranny, and rapine. One passage in it is thus given, in the early annals of our own country: "Every rich man built his castle, and they filled the land with castles. They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at their castles, and when they were finished they filled them with evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, seizing both men and women by night and day; and they put them in prisons for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable. . . . The earth bare no corn; you might as well have tilled the sea; for

* Buckle's *History of Civilization*, vol. II.

the land was all ruined by such deeds."* Such deeds ruin at this day some of the fairest lands in this world of good and evil.

But, if misery and desolation are the natural fruits of the natural instincts of mankind, how has the prosperity of Europe steadily advanced in spite of the enemy to it which nature seems to have planted in every man's heart? How has the predatory spirit been transformed into the industrial and commercial spirit? Under what conditions are individual efforts exerted, for the most part, for the general good? These are the chief problems solved in Adam Smith's *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. He has been careful to point out that "the interests of individuals and particular orders of men, far from being always coincident with, are frequently opposed to, the interests of the public;" and he observes that "all for themselves and nothing for other people, seems to have been, in every age, the vile maxim of the masters of mankind." The effort of every man to improve his own condition is, it is true, in Adam Smith's philosophy, a principle of preservation in the body politic; but his aim was to demonstrate that this natural effort is operative for the good of society at large only in proportion to the just liberty secured to every member of it to employ his natural powers as he thinks proper, whether for his own advantage, or for that of others. Every infraction of, and every interference with, individual liberty, he denounced as being as economically impolitic as morally unjust. His systematic purpose was to expose the losses which a nation suffers, not only from permission of the grosser forms of violence and oppression, but from every sort of restriction whatever upon voluntary labor and enterprise. Of laws regulating agriculture and manufactures for the supposed advantage of the public, he said: "Both were evident violations of natural liberty, and therefore unjust, and they were as impolitic as they were unjust." That security, he added, which the laws in Great Britain give to every man, that he shall enjoy the fruits of his own labor, is alone sufficient to make any country flourish. The history of Europe, in so far as it is the history of the progress of

opulence, is not, in his pages, the history of selfishness, but of improving justice; of emancipated industry, and of protection for the poor and weak. It is, accordingly, the history of strengthening restraints upon the selfish disposition of mankind to sacrifice the happiness and good of others to their advantage or immediate pleasure. The fundamental principles on which the increase of the wealth of nations rests are thus summed up, at the end of Adam Smith's Fourth Book: "All systems, either of preference or restraint, being thus completely taken away, the obvious and simple system of natural liberty establishes itself of its own accord. Every man, so long as he does not violate the laws of justice, is left perfectly free to pursue his own interest his own way, and to bring both his industry and his capital into competition with those of any man or order of men."

The treatise on the Wealth of Nations is, therefore, not to be regarded, as it was by Mr. Buckle, as a demonstration of the public benefit of private selfishness. Adam Smith denies neither the existence nor the value of higher motives to exertion. The springs of industry are various. Domestic affection, public spirit, the sense of duty, inherent energy and intellectual tastes, make busy workmen, as well as personal interest. And personal interest is itself a phrase for many different motives and pursuits, deserving the name of selfishness or not, according to their nature and degree; just as wealth under a single term includes many things of very different moral quality, according to their character and use. The aims of men in life may be high or low; they may seek for riches of very different kinds and for very different purposes.* But what

* This paper was written before the publication of M. de Lavergne's essay, *De l'Accord de l'Economie Politique et de la Religion*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the fifteenth of November last. It may not be out of place, however, to notice here a misconception, as the present writer thinks, which runs through that essay. Political economy and religion are, according to M. de Lavergne, though essentially distinct, related to each other as the soul and body are. Wealth, he says, means food, clothes, and houses; and religion, though it treats of higher things, does not teach that men should be left to perish of hunger and cold. Political economy has for its special end the satisfaction of the bodily wants, and religion that of the spiritual wants of man. M. de Lavergne seems to have been led astray by the economic

Adam Smith contended for was, that no class of men, be their motives good or bad, should be suffered, under any pretext, to encroach upon the industrial liberty of other men. The true moving power of the economic world, according to his system, is not individual selfishness, but individual energy and self-control. His fundamental principle is perfect liberty. The *Wealth of Nations* is, in short, an exhaustive argument for free labor and free trade, and a demonstration of the economical policy of justice and equal laws. Arguing against the law of apprenticeship, the philosopher said: "The property which every man has in his own labor, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands, and to hinder him from employing his strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper for his own advantage is a plain violation of that most sacred property. It is a manifest encroachment upon the just liberty both of the workman and of those who might be disposed to employ him. As it hinders the one from working at what he thinks proper, so it hinders the other from employing whom they think proper."

The system, therefore, which is most subversive of the doctrines of political economy, as taught by Adam Smith, is that most selfish of all possible systems—slavery. The political economist must condemn it as loudly as the moralist. It attacks the life of industry, and prevents the existence of exchange. It robs the laborer of his patrimony; it robs those who would hire him in the markets of their lawful profits; and it is a fraudulent abstraction from the general wealth of na-

use of general terms, such as material wealth, material interests, and material progress. For wealth is not really or properly limited in political economy to such things as satisfy the bodily or material wants of humanity. It comprehends many things, the use of which is to minister to man's intellectual and moral life, but which have, notwithstanding, a price or value. Books, for example, as well as bread and meat, are wealth. Spiritual and other instructors are paid for as well as butchers and doctors. Wealth means, in fact, many different things, more or less material or immaterial, in different ages and countries. The highest kinds of wealth will be found where there is most general freedom for the development of the highest powers of humanity, and where no class have a license for the gratification of their selfish passions at the expense of any other class.

tions, the quantity and quality of which depend upon the degree of industrial liberty secured to every individual throughout the world for the exercise of his highest powers. Of the property of the slaveholder in the industry of his slaves, the paradox, *la propriété c'est le vol*, is a literal truth according to political economy as well as common morality, and as regards not only the slaves, but the whole commercial world.* A political economist lately remarked, that "the foundation of economic science is the right of private property and exchange, which is opposed to socialism, which seeks to abolish private property and exchange."† The fundamental principles of the science are still more opposed to slavery, which abolishes the laborer's right of property in the fruits of his own exertion, not with his own consent, but by the violence of others. Yet slavery is a system within the legitimate range of economic inquiry, which is by no means limited, as the writer just referred to has contended, to the phenomena of an imaginary world of free exchanges, but extends to all the economic phenomena of the real world, in which wealth is produced and distributed according to very different systems.‡ Injustice and oppression

* An American apologist for slavery invokes Political Economy on the side of the "domestic institution," in the following terms: "Would it not be better that each—Great Britain and the slave States of America—should go on in the career which they are now following, and (acting upon that fundamental principle of Political Economy which commands nations to develop their own resources at home, to sell where they can realize the greatest profit, and to buy where they can buy the cheapest) content themselves with their present prosperity, instead of seeking a doubtful prosperity from the destruction of the prosperity of others?" (*The South Vindicated*, p. 127.) Great Britain does, undoubtedly, owe her present prosperity to her obedience to that fundamental principle of Political Economy which commands nations to develop their resources at home by freeing domestic industry from every fetter. It would have been happy for the Southern States of America had they been content with a similar prosperity, instead of "seeking a doubtful advantage by the destruction of the prosperity of others."

† Paper read before the British Association at Cambridge, by Mr. H. D. Macleod.

‡ "The definition of Political Economy is the science of exchanges or of values. . . . The general conception of wealth is exchangeability. Hence, if Political Economy is the science of wealth, it must be the science of the exchangeable relation of quantities. . . . Exchanges form the domain of economic science. . . . The whole body of exchanges which take place within a country, and with foreign countries, constitute what the major-

have their natural train of economic consequences as well as liberty and equal laws, and the economist is concerned with both, as the physician studies the laws of disease as well as health. "Writers on political economy," says the chief among them in our time, "propose to investigate the nature of wealth, and the laws of its production and distribution, including, directly or remotely, the operation of all the causes by which the condition of human beings is made prosperous or the reverse."^{*} There is not a country in Europe at this day, not excepting our own, the economic phenomena of which the principle of exchange would be sufficient to interpret. But, even if pure commercial competition now regulated, throughout the whole of Europe, the production and distribution of every article of wealth, the whole domain of history, and the breadths of Asia, Africa, and America would remain for the economist to explore, and to account on other principles for the direction and results of human industry, the use of natural resources, and the division of the produce. The economy of the slave States of America, for example, afforded an opportunity for this inquiry, of which Mr. Cairnes availed himself, in his admirable Essay on the Slave Power. In an earlier Essay, he described political economy as belonging to "the class of studies which includes historical, political, and social investigations," and defined it as "the science which traces the phenomena of the production and distribution of wealth up

to their causes in the principles of human nature, and the laws and events of the external world."^{*} In the later Essay, instead of deducing unreal consequences from the hypothesis of industrial liberty, he has traced the origin and consequences of the opposite order of things. Instead of the theory of wages, profit, and rent, applicable to a free society, he lays bare the structure of a society which excludes wages, for the laborer is fed and flogged like a beast of burden; in which there is no profit, according to the economist's definition, for labor is not hired, but stolen; in which there is little or no rent, for only the best soils can be cultivated, and they are constantly becoming worthless instead of growing in value; in which fear is substituted for the hope of bettering his condition, and torment for reward, as the stimulous to the laborer's exertion; and in which wealth exists only in its rudest forms, because the natural division of employments has no place, and only the rudest instruments of production can be used. Adam Smith had previously examined the milder conditions of feudal servitude, demonstrating that the backwardness of mediæval Europe was attributable to these and similar discouragements to industry, and showing how it was forced into unnatural channels by such obstructions. For, through every part of his philosophy, "Dr. Smith sought," as Dugald Stewart relates, "to trace from the principles of human nature and the circumstances of society, the origin of the positive institutions and conditions of mankind." In the *Wealth of Nations*, † accordingly,

ity of economists now hold to be pure economic science."—Abstract from Mr. Macleod's Paper in the *Parthenon*, November 1st, 1862.

^{*} *Principles of Political Economy*. By J. S. Mill. Fifth edition, 1862, vol. I. p. 1. And, in p. 526, Mr. Mill says: "One eminent writer (Archbishop Whately) has proposed, as a name for Political Economy, *Catallactics*, or the Science of Exchanges; by others, it has been called the Science of Values . . . It is, nevertheless, evident that, of the two great departments of Political Economy, the production of Wealth and its distribution, the consideration of Value has to do with the latter alone, and with that only so far as competition, and not usage or custom, is the distributing agency. Even in the present system of industrial life, in which employments are minutely subdivided, and all concerned in production depend for their remuneration on the price of a particular commodity, Exchange is not the fundamental law of the distribution of the produce—no more than roads and carriages are the essential laws of motion. . . . To confound these ideas seems to me not only a logical, but a practical blunder."

^{*} *Logical Method of Political Economy*. By J. G. Cairnes, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin.

† The *Wealth of Nations* contains the substance of the last division of a complete course of lectures upon moral science, in which Adam Smith expounded in succession, Natural Theology, Ethics, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy. His lectures on Jurisprudence have not survived; but his pupil Dr. Millar states, that "he followed in them the plan suggested by Montesquieu, endeavoring to trace the gradual progress of jurisprudence from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effect of those arts which contribute to subsistence and to the accumulation of property, in producing corresponding improvements or alterations in law and government." From this it is clear that his conception of the true scope and method of jurisprudence agreed with his conception of the true scope and method of economic inquiry.

he traced the operation both of the causes which rescued Europe from barbarism and occasioned its progress in opulence, and of those which impeded the action of the natural principles of preservation and improvement. In short, his treatise included an inquiry into the cause of the poverty as well as of the wealth of nations, and an investigation of the actual constitution and career of industrial society. He showed how rural industry and progress were thwarted in the middle ages by such impediments; that, but for the happier circumstances of its towns, Europe could never have emerged from the calamities which befel it after the dissolution of the Roman Empire. The servile and insecure position of the cultivators of the soil prevented industry from achieving its first triumphs in the country according to the course of nature, which makes agriculture the primary, because the most necessary, business of mankind. "Order and good government, on the other hand, and along with them the liberty and security of individuals, were established in cities at a time when the occupiers of land in the country were exposed to every sort of violence. But men in this defenceless condition naturally content themselves with a bare subsistence, because to acquire more might only tempt the injustice of their oppressors. On the contrary, when they are secure of enjoying the fruits of their industry, they naturally exert it to better their condition, and to acquire, not only the necessities, but the comforts and elegancies of life. That industry, therefore, which aims at something more than necessary subsistence, was established in cities long before it was commonly practiced by the occupiers of land in the country." In this manner, Adam Smith has traced the causes of the actual and, as he calls it, the "unnatural" course of industry in the slow and chequered progress of modern Europe. He investigated the phenomena of what was, happily for us, on the whole, a progressive society. Mr. Cairnes, on the contrary, has investigated those of a retrograde one. For, to begin with the laborer, the ambition of the slave is, as Bentham says, the reverse of the freeman; he seeks to descend in the scale of industry rather than to ascend. "By displaying superior capacity, he would only raise the measure of his ordinary duties." Yet we are

sometimes assured that the negro slave, with this cogent reason for indolence—the more cogent the more reasonable he is—and kept, moreover, in compulsory ignorance by his master, is by nature a stupid and indolent workman. Tocqueville remarks, in his *Tour in Sicily*, that agriculture which had fled from the neighborhood of the owners of the Sicilian soil, flourished around the smouldering fires of Etna, because the chance of occasional ravages by the volcano did not fill the mind of the cultivator with unceasing despair. "Soon," he says, "we left the lava, and found ourselves in the midst of a kind of enchanted country, which anywhere would be striking, but in Sicily it is ravishing. Orchard succeeds orchard, surrounding cottages and pretty villages; no spot is lost; every where there is an appearance of prosperity and plenty. As I went on, I asked myself what was the cause of this great prosperity. It can not be attributed wholly to the richness of the soil, for the whole of Sicily is so fertile as to require less cultivation than most countries. . . . The reason which finally seemed to me to be most conclusive was this: The land round Etna being liable to frightful ravages, the nobles and the monks grew disgusted with it, and the people became the proprietors." But in no age or country of Europe have the owners of the soil ever crushed the energies and intelligence of the cultivators beneath such a cruel yoke as that which the planters of the Slave States of America have laid upon their unhappy negroes;—of whose kinsmen, breathing the air of liberty, the Governor of Tobago was able to assert, "that a more industrious class does not exist in the world."* In Brazil, the children of emancipated negroes are found in every walk of civil life, often distancing their white competitors; and in the youngest colonies of Great Britain, the negro often proves as good a tradesman as the Anglo-American, and more often still a better citizen. †

* "It is a mistake," says another high authority, "to suppose that the African is by nature idle and indolent, less inclined to work than the European. He who has witnessed, as I have, their indefatigable and provident industry, will be disposed to overrate rather than underrate the activity of the negro and his love of labor.—*The West Indies as they Were and as they Are*.—*Edinburgh Review*, April, 1859.

† The following statement, affording evidence as to the character, capacity, and enterprise of

In the Slave States of America Mr. Buckle might have seen the economical results of a society based upon selfishness instead of justice. The negro shows elsewhere, as we have seen, his capacity to take his part in the free division of labor, and the consequent multiplication of the productions of the different arts, which occasions, in the words of Adam Smith, in a well-governed society that universal opulence which extends itself to

the negroes, is contained in a letter to the writer of this paper from one of the principal English residents in Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island. It formed part of a general description of the Colony, furnished without any reference to the question of Slavery:—"Before the gold excitement, but during the same year, (1858,) the Legislature of California passed a law forbidding the immigration of negroes. This caused the latter to appoint a deputation, which visited the British Possession of Vancouver's Island; and so favorable was their report, that it not only caused many colored people to leave California, but also aroused general attention, particularly that of British subjects; for by all who had occasionally heard of the Island before, it was considered a sort of petty Siberia. While people were reading accounts of the climate, soil, and low price of town lots in Victoria, there came rumors of rich gold sands on the banks of the Fraser River in British Columbia. Two or three small coasting vessels had previously sailed with colored passengers; but the demand for passages by white people became so great, that large steamships departed every few days with from three hundred to one thousand. Among them were some colored people, and they have increased in number until, I think, we may safely estimate them at five hundred. The occupations of these colored people in Victoria are, to the best of my recollection, porters, sawyers, draymen, day-laborers, barbers, and bath-keepers; eating-house keepers; one hosiery, as black as a coal, with the best stock in the town; and two or three grocers. Some of them went to the mines, and were moderately successful. Their favorite investment is in a plot of ground, on which they build a neat little cottage and cultivate vegetables, raise poultry, etc. Nearly all had been prosperous, and a few had so judiciously invested that they were in receipt of from ten pounds to forty pounds a month from rent. They are industrious, economical, and intend to make the colony their permanent home; the outskirts of the town are well sprinkled with their humble but neat dwellings, and their land is yearly increasing in value. By this showing they are a quiet, industrious, and law-abiding people; but there is a drawback, taking them altogether as citizens, which arises from their earnest desire to be on a perfect social equality with the whites at church, the theater, concerts, and other public places of assembly. When you consider the strong disinclination for their company, not only of our large American population, but also of Englishmen, who very quickly imbibe the American prejudice, you can readily conceive that a number of disagreeable scenes occur."

the lowest ranks of the people. In the squalid and comfortless homes even of the higher ranks of the people in the American Slave States, we see the consequence of oppressed and degraded industry. "It may be," says Adam Smith again, "that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages." The American slave-owner is, as it were, a petty African king, and in real penury, as well as in power, resembles such a ruler. It is said, indeed, that we owed to slavery the produce which supplied the principal manufacture of Great Britain. But the whole of this production was in truth to be credited to free industry, while all the waste and ruin which accompanied it must be ascribed to slavery. The possibility of the profitable growth of so much cotton was caused by the commerce and invention of liberty, while the barbarism of the poor whites, the brutifying of the negro population, and the exhaustion of the American soil, are the net results of slavery. In truth, to Watt, Hargreaves, Crompton, and Whitney—free citizens of England and the Northern States—the Southern planters owed the whole value of their cotton. What slavery may really claim as its own work is that, by exhausting the soil it occupies by a barbarous agriculture, which sets the laws of chemistry as well as of political economy at defiance, it hastens its own extinction from the day that its area is once definitely and narrowly circumscribed. This, its own advocates admit, but with a singular inference: "Slavery has, by giving to the laws of nature free scope, moved over a thousand miles of territory, leaving not a slave behind. Why should good men attempt to check it in its progress? If the laws of nature pass slavery farther and further south, why not let it go, even though, in process of time it should, by the operation of natural laws, pass away altogether from the territory where it now exists?"* Why, we may ask, should devastation be suffered to spread? Should fires be suffered to burn themselves out by advancing from street to street until not a house remains to check the conflagration? The slave-

* *The South Vindicated.*

holder, as he moves southward or westward, not only carries moral and material destruction with him, but leaves it behind for those who come after him. The rich slave-breeder follows him with his abominable trade, and the poor white sinks back into barbarism in the wilderness the slaveholder has made.* The order of European progress has been reversed. In Europe, justice, liberty, industry, and opulence grew together as Adam Smith described. In the Slave States of America, as Mr. Cairnes has shown, the Slave Power constitutes "the most formidable antagonist to civilized progress which has appeared for many centuries, representing a system of society at once retrograde and aggressive—a system which, containing within it no germ from which improvement can spring, gravitates inevitably toward barbarism, while it is impelled by exigencies inherent in its position and circumstances to a constant extension of its territorial domain."

Once it was the prayer of every planter that slavery might soon cease to degrade his habitation. Now the Governor of a Southern State boldly declares in a message to its Legislature, without perception of the real force of his own argument, that "irrespective of interest, the Act of Congress declaring the slave-trade piracy,

is a brand upon us, which I think it important to remove. If the trade be piracy, the slave must be plunder, and no ingenuity can remove the logical necessity of such a conclusion."† And a Southern journal avows: "We have got to hating every thing with the prefix 'free,' from free negroes down and up through the whole catalogue. Free farms, free labor, free society, free will, and free schools all belong to the same brood of damnable 'isms.' But the worst of all these abominations is the modern system of free schools." For the perpetuation and extension of the system to which is owing this retrogressive movement of the English race in a region endowed with every natural help to progress, the slaveholders are in arms. They have not been slow to point, indeed, at General Butler's misrule in a Southern city, and to ask if the cause of their adversaries in the cause of liberty? But such men as General Butler are living arguments against a Slave Power. General Butler was absolute master at New-Orleans; and, even in the words of an ardent apologist for slavery, "that cruelties may be inflicted by the master upon the slave, that instances of inhumanity have occurred and will occur, are necessary incidents of the relation which subsists between master and slave, power and weakness."‡ There was never a more striking example of the ease with which men are cheated by words, than the generous sympathy given in England to the cause of the slaveholders, as the cause of independence, and therefore of liberty! It is the cause of independence, such as absolute power enjoys, of every restraint of justice upon pride and selfish passions. The power of England is in a great measure a moral power, founded on the respect of the civilized world for the courageous opposition of her people for centuries to such independence both at home and abroad.

* Mr. Hopkins, in his introduction to *The South Vindicated*, puts the total free population of the Southern States at six millions three hundred thousand. The number of free "families" he puts at one million one hundred and fourteen thousand six hundred and eighty-seven, of which three hundred and forty-five thousand two hundred and thirty-nine own slaves. He then asks what becomes of the five million whites referred to by Mr. Cairnes as "too poor to own slaves"? Mr. Hopkins, however, has taken his figures from the census of 1850, the census of 1860, he says, not being completed or published. By a reference, however, to the statistics given in Mr. Ellison's excellent work on *Slavery and Secession*, 2d Ed. p. 363, it will be seen that the total free population of the States enumerated as Slave States by Mr. Hopkins was, in 1860, considerably above eight millions. Taking the same proportion of non-slaveowning to slaveowning families, it would follow that more than five millions of the population belong to the former.

* *Slavery and Secession*, by T. Ellison, 2d Ed., pp. 16, 18.

† *The South Vindicated*, p. 82.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

PERUVIAN-BARK TREES AND THEIR TRANSPLANTATION.

BY BERTHOLD SEEMANN, F.L.S., F.R.G.S.

MANY years before the Irish famine, William Cobbett predicted that calamity, and many years before the present cotton distress, far-seeing minds foretold that catastrophe. Nothing could be more sound than the principles upon which these unheeded warnings were based—the uncertainty always attendant on a *single source of supply*. Cobbett knew that potatoes, like all other organisms, are subject to occasional attacks of diseases and wide-spread epidemics; and that a whole people, like the Irish, relying for their staple food upon these roots, must sooner or later share the fate of the product upon which they have placed their main dependence, and with the fortunes of which they have intimately associated themselves. It was the same with cotton. Far-seeing men could perceive the political thunderstorm gathering in the United States; and knowing that all Lancashire, all England—in fact, all the world—relied upon this one source of supply for cotton, they denounced the recklessness of such improvidence in the strongest terms, formed associations for obtaining the raw material from other countries than the United States, and in speech and print did all in their power to arouse public attention. Yet as long as the mills were busy, and millions of bales were coming in without interruption, no notice was taken of their endeavors to stave off the fearful doom to which our manufacturing population was drifting. Now that the calamity has at length overtaken us, and thousands upon thousands of pounds are spent in keeping the workpeople from actual starvation, every body remembers hearing Cassandra's voice. If but a hundredth part of what is now required to feed the hungry spinners had been devoted to encouraging the growth of cotton in the various tropical and subtropical possessions of Great Britain, Lancashire distress would

never have been heard of, and manufacturers would have gradually relied upon the produce of free labor instead of paying a premium to slavery.

Mankind is threatened by a third danger, which may prove equally great, equally fatal in its consequences. Most men are probably not aware of the vast benefits they owe to the discovery of the Peruvian bark, the produce of various species of *Chinchona*, and the alkaloids, quinine and chichonine, embedded in it. History takes no notice of the death of countless mediocrities from fever and ague, but fails not to record that Alexander the Great died of the common remittent fever at Babylon, and that Oliver Cromwell was carried off by ague. A few doses of quinine might have saved their lives, and compelled Clio to make very different entries in her diary than she has done. The whole Walcheren expedition was saved from destruction by a Yankee skipper arriving just in the nick of time with a supply of this medicine. In order to hold many important tropical possessions it is not only necessary for our race to keep the powder dry, but also take care not to let the quinine run too low. In fact the drug is almost as indispensable to mankind as air itself, and aided by this silent agent Europeans have been able to establish happy homes, busy factories, and flourishing colonies in districts which, without this invaluable aid, would have simply become their graveyards. Our only wonder is how we could ever have done without it, and what would become of us if the supply should ever fail. And the supply does begin to fail, fail rapidly. It is known that one million two hundred thousand pounds of Peruvian bark (meaning by that term all medicinal barks produced by *Chinchona* trees) are annually imported into England; and it is estimated that no less than three million pounds, and

probably a much greater quantity, are consumed every year throughout the world. The demand is daily increasing, and the drain upon the South-American forests, including those of New-Granada, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, has now been going on for more than two centuries, though not to such an extent as at present. The better kinds, those yielding the largest quantity of alkaloids, are very local in their geographical range at present, often limited to very circumscribed districts; and though we speak of Chinchona forests, it is absolute delusion to fancy that these trees, like our own pines and oaks, form entire woods by themselves. On the contrary, they are intermingled with other trees, and generally occur in isolated specimens. The bark is collected by ignorant Indians, who, improvident of the future, strip the tree anyhow, and in most instances without properly felling it, so that it begins to rot after being robbed of its produce, and has no power to put forth new shoots from the root. Thus, what with the excessive and unceasing demand for bark, and the reckless manner of collecting it, large tracts of country, formerly famous for their abundant yield, are now entirely denuded of almost every trace of Chinchona vegetation. The neighborhood of Loxa in Ecuador was at no very remote period one of the principal localities for several of our best barks, but when, in 1847, Captain Pim and I visited the place, we had to go a considerable distance from the town before we obtained even the sight of a single specimen. Stimulated by the present high prices the bark collectors have penetrated the remotest districts, explored wilds probably never trodden by the foot of the white man; and if by any chance they are lost, or their provisions fall short, death is their inevitable doom. Dr. Weddell describes a poor fellow who thus had ended his days, far away from home and friends. His corpse was nearly naked, and covered with myriads of insects, the stings of which had tormented his last moments. Close by was a hastily-constructed hut, his clothes, his knife, and an earthen pot, showing the remnants of the last meal of a man in search of medicine which was to save the life of others.

The Indians, though at present the best *cascarilleros*, or bark-collectors, and

intimately acquainted with the names and commercial value of the different sorts, are supposed by some to have been formerly ignorant of the great therapeutic qualities of these drugs. They called the Loxa bark "*Quinaquina*" (bark of barks,) and Markham has well shown that in the Quichua language, to which the term belongs, a doubling of a name is an indication that the plant to which it applies possesses, in the estimation of the Indians, some medicinal virtue. Now, we know of no other use of the Loxa bark except that derived from its febrifuge properties, and in my mind there is little doubt that it was to this the doubling of the name must be attributed. Those who have had practical experience in gathering information about medicinal plants from the lips of barbarous people, as I have had, will not be surprised at the secrecy with which the knowledge of the use of *Quinaquina* was preserved. As a rule, the most sovereign remedies are never revealed to a stranger, nor known to the people at large, and no bribe will induce the "medical profession" amongst the Indians to be otherwise than reserved when questioned by Europeans. Madame de Genlis, in her *Zuma*, builds the plot of her charming little story on a conspiracy of the Indians, the object of which was to allow the climate to destroy their Spanish enemy by withholding the knowledge of the bark when fever attacked them. I am aware that this is not history, but I have always thought, considering the Indian character, and the strong desire of the aboriginal population to get rid of their foreign oppressors, that Madame de Genlis had here hit upon the true solution of the question why so many years elapsed before Europeans became acquainted with this bark of barks.

It is not until the year 1630, that Don Juan Lopez de Canizares, the Spanish Corregidor of Loxa, being ill of intermittent fever, an Indian is said to have revealed to him the virtues of the bark, and instructed him in the proper way of administering it. About eight years later the wife of the fourth Count of Chinchon, Viceroy of Peru, was suffering from the same complaint, when the Loxa Corregidor forwarded a parcel of powdered quinaquina as a sovereign and never-failing remedy for "tertiana." It effected a complete cure, and the particular plant which had this honor, and yields the true

and original Peruvian bark is, as Howard justly concludes, the *Chahuarguera* variety of *Chinchona Condaminea*, a kind containing a large percentage of *Chinchonidine* (the importance of which is just beginning to be recognized.) It is therefore not to quinine, but to *Chinchonidine* that the Countess's cure was due. That lady on returning to Spain in 1640, took with her a quantity of the healing bark, and was thus the first to introduce this invaluable medicine into Europe. Hence it was sometimes called Countess's bark, or Countess's powder; and hence, to commemorate the event, Linnæus named the genus of plants producing these barks, *Chinchona*. By some accident, not isolated in his nomenclature, he misspelt the name, writing *Cinchona*, and until a recent period no attempt was made to correct it.

The Jesuits in their wanderings through South-America became well acquainted with the bark, and in 1680 sent parcels of it to Rome, whence it was distributed by Cardinal de Lugo amongst the members of their society throughout Europe, and obtained the name of Jesuit's bark, or Cardinal's bark. It was in consequence of this patronage that bigoted Protestants refused to avail themselves of a medicine favored by the Roman Catholics, just as staunch Catholics objected to the use of beer, an infusion of barley flavored with hop, instead of sweet gale, and other herbs, as in the case of *ale*, because as an old song has it, "with this same beer came in heresy here." At the time of Cromwell's death from ague, the use of Peruvian bark was actually known in London. In 1678 Louis XIV. bought the secret of preparing quinaquina from Sir Robert Talbot, an English physician, for two thousand louis d'ors, a title, and a large pension, and from that time downward, the use of this medicine, though often and violently opposed by practitioners, gradually made its way into every country and all circles of society. The only people who now entertain any prejudice against its administration are the natives of those very countries from which we obtain our supplies. The medical men of Guayaquil, for instance, must call it by some other name in their prescriptions, or else patients object to taking it. The Spanish people throughout America have a deeply-rooted theory that all diseases are referable to the influence of either

heat or cold, and, confounding cause and effect, they pronounce all fevers to proceed from heat. Bark they justly believe to be very heating, and hence their prejudice against its application in fever—a prejudice which seems to have communicated itself even to the Indians.

Until the present century Peruvian bark was administered in its crude state; and it was not until 1816 that a Portuguese surgeon, Dr. Gomez, succeeded in isolating the febrifugal principle, hinted at by Dr. Duncan at Edinburgh, and named by the former Chinchonine. But the final discovery of quinine is due to two French chemists, Pelletier and Caventou, in 1820, who considered it a vegetable alkaloid analogous to morphine and strychnine, and they afterward found that the febrifugal principle was seated in two alkaloids, quinine and chinchonine, separate or together. In 1829 Pelletier discovered a third alkaloid, aricine, derived from *Chinchona pubescens*, and at present of no known medicinal value.

Quinine is a white substance, without smell, bitter, fusible, crystalized, with the property of left-handed rotatory polarization. The salts of quinine are soluble in water, alcohol, and ether. Chinchonidine differs from quinine in being less soluble in water, altogether insoluble in ether, and having the property of right-handed rotatory polarization, agreeing in the latter respect with quinine, a substance which forms salts like those of quinine, and becomes green by successive additions of chlorine and ammonia. In this changing of color it differs essentially from chinchonidine, which has not the property of turning green, and forms a sulphate almost exactly like that of quinine.

In many distant parts quinine is equal in value to gold, and there is hardly a chemist of eminence who has not tried his hand at producing these alkaloids artificially. We have of late years obtained so many wonderful results in the laboratory, that we should not treat their endeavors as aiming at anything beyond their reach. There is just a possibility that one day the dreams of alchemists may be realized by the baser metals being converted into gold, and the artificial production of quinine ranks in the same category. But these alkaloids are such complex atoms, that there is very little probability of their ever being obtained from any sources save Nature's own workshop. Such being the

present aspect of this question, it becomes a matter of the highest interest to mankind that the even flow of their source should not be interrupted.

The genus *Chinchona* of Linnæus belongs to the Chinchonaceæ, the same natural order which embraces the Coffee, Ipecacuanha, and many other important productions. All the species, and there are a great number, are either trees or large shrubs, and the general aspect may be compared to our beech, whilst a flowering branch might be likened to that of a lilac. The bark is smooth, or in the older trees more or less rugged, often covered with various lichens, which at one time were thought to be excellent marks for distinguishing the different sorts of barks, but which are now accounted of little value in pharmacological determination. The wood is at first white, but afterward assumes a yellowish tinge; it is of beautiful grain, and takes a ready polish. The leaves are opposite, entire, either glabrous, or more or less covered with hair, and on the under side, in the axils of the veins, either covered with *scrobiculæ* or destitute of them. A theory had gained ground that the absence of these *scrobiculæ* proved the worthlessness of a species for all febrifugal purposes, but this theory has of late been demolished, some utterly worthless species having *scrobiculæ*, and some really valuable ones, for instance *Chinchona succirubra*, the Red bark, not having them. The petiole is rather long, and supported by stipules. The flowers, arranged in cymose panicles, are white, pink, or purple, and often sweetly scented. The calyx is five-toothed. The corolla hypocrateriform, five-lobed, and having inside five stamens. The capsule is ovate, oblong, or linear-lanceolate, crowned with the remnant of the calyx—two-celled, many-seeded, and opening from the base to the apex. This latter technicality was first pointed out by Linnæus in his tenth edition of his *Genera Plantarum*; but in consequence of information, probably received from Mutis of Bogota, that the capsules opened sometimes from the top to the base, as well as from the base to the top, the character was disregarded until restored by Endlicher and Klotzsch; Dr. Karsten has called its validity once more in question, but many botanists are inclined to think that the exceptional cases brought forward in support of his opinion may be explained away by regarding them as the result of

mechanical, rather than organic dehiscence. Commercially, this technical point (by which Chinchonas principally differ from Ladenbergias) is of the utmost value, as all the Chinchonaceous plants, the capsules of which open from the apex to the base, may, in a practical point of view, according to Howard's investigation, be considered as not producing alkaloids. The seeds are flat, winged, and so light that one would fancy that a breath of wind could disperse them over large tracts of country, and that by means of these peculiarities the different species of *Chinchona* enjoyed a very wide geographical range, while exactly the contrary is the case, all the species being extremely local.

The Chinchona trees range from the nineteenth degree of South to the tenth degree of North latitude, following the almost semicircular curve of the Cordillera of the Andes over seventeen hundred and forty miles of latitude. The most favorable conditions of their growth are, as Markham has summed them up, a continuous vegetation, a mean temperature, varying according to species, from sixty to seventy degrees Fahrenheit, an almost constant supply of moisture, and an elevation of from five thousand to eight thousand feet; some species, however, descending below twenty-five hundred, and some ascending to nine thousand feet. Their favorite haunts are ravines and valleys, or slopes of mountains. There they grow, surrounded by the most magnificent scenery in the world, midst tree-ferns, arboresecent passion flowers, *Melastomaceæ*, and allied Chinchonaceous genera.

There are five principal regions from which our present supply of bark is derived, namely, the New-Granada region, the Red-bark region on the western slopes of Chimborazo, the Crown-bark region in the province of Loxa (Ecuador,) the Gray-bark region of Huanuco in Northern Peru, and the Calisaya region in Southern Peru and Bolivia. The species inhabiting most of these regions have lately been studied with more than usual accuracy and minuteness. Those of New-Granada have been investigated for many years by Mr. Lindig, and the results have been made known by Dr. Karsten in his *Flora Columbiana*. The Red-bark region has visited by Messrs. Spruce and Cross, both of whom wrote excellent reports on it. Southern Ecuador and Northern Peru have been most ably handled by Mr. J. E.

Howard in his *Illustrations of the Nueva Quinologia of Pavon*, a work originally embracing some of the results of the Spanish expedition to South-America under Ruiz, Pavon, and Tafalla, but left unpublished until Mr. Howard took them in hand, embellished them with splendid plates, and gave them to the world with a long series of annotations such as only a perfect master of the subject could supply. The Caravaya region in Bolivia and Southern Peru, first explored by Hænke, has lately been visited by Mr. Markham, whose investigations have been published in his *Travels in Peru and India*, a volume full of the latest and soundest information on every thing connected with the history, conditions of growth, and cultivation of Chinchonas. Dr. Weddell, an English botanist, residing in France, had previously given us a monograph, principally on the Bolivian species, which he has studied during his extensive travels in their native country. The literature relating to Chinchonas is an extremely rich one; even when, in 1826, Bergen published his monograph, his catalogue of all written on the subject extended over seventy-two pages, and included six hundred and seventy different publications. Since then numberless additions have been made, but none of them exceed in value those of Karsten, Markham, Howard, and Weddell.

The constant drain for Chinchona bark upon South-America has already been pointed out, and the exhaustion of the forests is proceeding at so rapid a rate that the utter annihilation of the trees, local as many species are, is merely a matter of time. Indeed, the days are fast approaching when the poor fever-stricken patient will sigh in vain for the only remedy that can afford a speedy and certain relief. The Republics in whose dominion Nature has placed these invaluable forests are too weak and ignorant to pass or enforce laws for their proper protection and administration, and too indolent to make plantations which would insure our future supplies of bark. Under such circumstances German, Dutch, and English men of science—I shall not discuss the question of who was the first—have for years advocated the necessity of introducing the bark trees into the higher mountains of the East and West Indies, but for a long time their memoirs were shelved by men in office. In 1852, how-

ever, the Dutch Government was induced by Mr. Pahud, then Minister of the Colonies, to send Dr. Hasskarl, a German botanist, to Peru in order to obtain seeds and plants of the Chinchonas for transplantation to the Upper mountains of Java. Unfortunately Dr. Hasskarl got hold of a species which he believed to be a valuable one, but which, after millions of it had been raised in Java, proved to be *Chinchona Pahudiana*, utterly useless for all practical purposes. The really valuable species the Dutch did not succeed, and have not succeeded to this day, in propagating to any extent, though under skillful treatment they may be multiplied rapidly, even the leaf-buds striking readily. But considering that the whole cultivation was necessarily an experiment, their progress was sufficiently encouraging to back the proposal which first Dr. Royle, and afterward with better success of being accepted, Mr. Markham, made to the British Government to introduce the Chinchona trees to India, Ceylon, and Jamaica. In 1859 the Secretary of State for India charged Mr. Markham, who was thoroughly familiar with South-America and the Spanish and Quichua languages, with the duty of superintending the introduction. The latter at once submitted a plan which, if carried out in its integrity, would have been productive of the best results. It was to send a competent botanist to every one of the five great Chinchona regions, and have a swift steamer on the coast of South-America to receive the seeds and plants collected, and convey them direct to the East Indies, where about forty thousand pounds are annually spent to purchase quinine for the troops and officials. A false system of economy induced the India office to withhold its sanction, not only to the exploration of the New-Granada and Loxa regions, but also to the use of a steamer, the most important part of the whole plan. Messrs. Spruce and Cross undertook to forward the product of the Red-bark region, Mr. Pritchett those of the Huanuco district, whilst Mr. Markham himself penetrated into Caravaya, far beyond the boundaries of even Spanish civilization. Though the utmost secrecy was observed, the real object of these explorations soon spread about, and the narrow-minded South-American governments passed laws prohibiting the exportation of seeds or plants. Mr. Markham had just collected a sufficient number of the *Chin-*

chona Calisaya and other valuable species, when the jealousy of the municipal Juntas compelled him to beat a hasty retreat, and avoiding the regular roads, make the best of his way over the frozen summits of the Cordilleras to the port of Islay.

Though Mr. Markham's well-conceived plan was but partially carried out, there are now fine plantations of Chinchonas, including the most valuable species, in the East Indies, Ceylon, and Jamaica, and so rapid is their extension that, in all human probability, there will be a supply of Peruvian bark from these sources at the very time South-American forests are approaching exhaustion. Other countries with

climates suitable might try the cultivation, which, in order to be of real benefit to mankind, ought to be as general as that of the spices, and conducted by private enterprise. The first plantations in Java were made in the open clearings, but afterward this system was given up, and avenues were cut through the virgin forest, in which the Chinchonas were set, thus going to the other extreme, and allowing them no sun whatever. The latter is the system still pursued in Java, whilst the former, with some modification, has been adopted on some of the most important plantations in India, and is expected to lead to more speedy and profitable results.

From Chambers's Journal.

H A P P Y O L D A G E .

I FEEL that age has overta'en
My steps on life's descending way,
But time has left no lingering pain,
No shadow of an evil day;
And you, my children, gather near
To smooth and solace my decline,
And I have hope that your career
Will be as blest as mine.

Not all exempt has been my sky
From threatening storm and lowering
cloud,
But sunbursts shed from source on high
Have cheered my spirit when it bowed.
Not all without the shard and thorn
Has been my path from first to last;
But springs and flowers, of Mercy born,
Have soothed me as I passed.

And now my mind, all clear and cool—
As I serenely talk or muse—
Is tranquil as yon glassy pool,
Reflecting Autumn's sunset hues.
Time has not dulled my moral sense,
Nor has it dimmed my mental sight;
No passions weaken my defense,
No doubts and cares affright.

But Retrospection, even yet,
Will lead me through past trodden ways,
And I remember—why forget?—
The magic of my early days;

All nature so divinely wrought,
The unraveled mystery of things,
Awoke me to exalted thought,
And lent my spirit wings.

And I remember how I grew
Up to the sunny noon of youth,
From youth to manhood, till I knew
That love was near akin to truth.
My trials, bravely overcome;
My triumphs, not of purpose vain—
All these, with vague but pleasant
hum,
Still murmur through my brain.

My children, offspring of a tree
Whose top is hoary with decay,
Whose trunk is shaken as may be
Before it falls and fades away—
Receive what faithful men unfold,
Revere what truthful men proclaim,
And before Heaven and man uphold
The honor of my name.

For me, I have no mortal fear,
No tremblings as I hurry down;
My way is clear, the end is near,
The goal, the glory, and the crown.
Then shed no bitter tears for me,
As ye consign me to the dust;
Rather rejoice that I shall be
With God, my strength and trust.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING CUTTING AND CARVING:

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON TAMPERING WITH THE COIN OF THE REALM.

I BEHELD, as in a vision, the following remarkable circumstances:

There was a large picture, by that great artist Mr. Q. R. Smith, hung up in a certain public place. It appeared to me that the locality partook of the nature of a market-place in a populous city; and numbers of human beings beheld the picture. A little vulgar boy passed, and looked at it; his words were these: "My eye! Ain't it spiczy? Rather!" A blooming maiden gazed upon it; and her remark was as follows: "Sweetly pretty!" But a man who had long painted wagons for agricultural purposes, and who had recently painted a signboard, after looking at the picture a little, began to improve it with a large brush, heavily loaded with coarse red and blue, such as are used for painting wagons. Another man came, a house-painter; and he touched the picture, in several parts, with a brush filled with that white material which is employed for finishing the ceiling of rooms which are not very carefully finished. These persons, though horribly spoiling the picture, did honestly intend to improve it; and they fancied they had much improved it. Finally there came a malicious person, who was himself an artist; and who envied and hated the first artist for painting so well. As for this man, he busied himself upon the principal figure in the picture. He made its eyes horribly to squint. He put a great excrescence on its nose. He painted its hair a lively scarlet. And having hideously disfigured the picture, he wrote beneath it, *Q. R. Smith pinxit*. And he pointed out the canvas to all his friends, saying: "That's Smith's picture: isn't it beautiful?"

Into this vision I fell, sitting by the evening fire. The immediate occasion of this vision was, that I had been reading a little volume, prettily printed and nicely bound, purporting to be *The Children's Garland from the Best Poets, selected and ar-*

ranged by Coventry Patmore. There I had been pleasantly reviving my recollection of many of the pieces, which I had been taught to read and repeat as a boy at school. And as I read, a sense of wonder grew, gradually changing to a feeling of indignation. I said to myself: Surely Mr. Coventry Patmore's modesty has led him to take credit on his title-page for much less than he deserves. He has not merely selected and arranged these pieces from the best poets; he has also (according to his own ideas) *improved* them. We have (I thought) in this volume, the picture of Q. R. Smith touched up with red and whitewash, and having the eyes and nose altered by the painter of signboards. Or to speak more accurately, in reading this volume, we are requested to walk through a gallery of paintings by great masters, almost all improved, in many places, by the same painter of wagon-wheels, with the same large brush filled with coarse red. As we go on with the book, we come upon some poem which we have known all our lives, and every word of which is treasured and sacred in our memory. But we are made to feel that this is indeed our old friend; but his nose is cut off, and one of his eyes is put out. Such was my first hasty and unjust impression. Every poem of those I remembered from childhood, had a host of verbal variations from the version in which I knew it. In Southey's well-known verses about *The Bell on the Inchcape Rock*, I counted thirty-seven. There were a good many in Campbell's two poems; one called *The Parrot*, and the other about Napoleon and the British sailor. So with Cowper's *Royal George*; so with Macaulay's *Armada*. So with Scott's *Young Lochinvar*; so with Byron's *Destruction of Sennacherib*; so with Wordsworth's poem as to the dog that watched many weeks by his dead master on Helvellyn; so with Goldsmith's *Good*

people all, of every sort; so with Mrs. Hemans's *Graves of a Household*. Mr. Patmore tells us in his Preface, that, "in a very few instances he has ventured to substitute a word or phrase, where that of the author has made the piece in which it occurs unfit for children's reading." But on my first reading of his book, it appeared that he had made alterations by scores, most of them so trivial as to be very irritating. But I proceeded to investigate. I compared Mr. Patmore's version of each poem, with the version of each poem contained in the last edition of its author's works, and though I found a few variations, made apparently through careless transcribing, and though I was annoyed by considerable disregard of the author's punctuation and capitals, still it appeared that in the main Mr. Patmore gives us the pieces as their authors left them; while the versions of them, given in those books which are put into the hands of children, have in almost every case, been touched up by nobody knows whom. So that when Mr. Patmore's book falls into the hands of men who made their first acquaintance with many of the pieces it contains, in their schoolboy days, and who naturally prefer the version of them which is surrounded by the associations of that season, Mr. Patmore will be unjustly accused of having cut and carved upon the dear old words. Whereas, in truth, the present generation has reason to complain of having been introduced to the wrong things in youth; so that now we can not rightly appreciate the right things. And for myself, my first unjust suspicion of Mr. Patmore, speedily dispelled by investigation, led me to many thoughts upon the whole subject of literary honesty and dishonesty in this matter.

It seems to me quite essential that a plain principle of common faithfulness should be driven into those persons who edit and publish the writings of other men. If you pretend to show us Raphael's picture, let it be exactly as Raphael left it. But if your purpose be to exhibit the picture as touched up by yourself, do not mendaciously call the picture a Raphael. Call it what it is; to wit, Raphael altered and improved by Snooks. If you take a sovereign, and drill several holes in it, and fill them up with lead, you will be made to feel, should you endeavor to convey that coin into circulation, that though you may sell it for what it is worth as a sove-

reign plugged with lead, you had better not try to pass it off upon people as a genuine sovereign. All this is as plain as may be. But there are many collectors and editors of little poems, who take a golden piece by Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Campbell, or Moore, and punch out a word here and there, and stick in their own miserable little plug of pinchbeck. And then, having thus debased the coin, they have the impudence to palm it off upon the world with the superscription of Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Campbell, or Moore. It is needful, I think, that some plain principles of literary honesty should be instilled into cutting and carving editors. Even Mr. Palgrave, in his *Golden Treasury*, is not free from some measure of blame; though his sins are as nothing compared with those of the editors of school collections and volumes of sacred poetry. Mr. Palgrave has not punched out gold to stick in pinchbeck; but in one or two glaring instances, he has punched out gold and left the vacant space. Every one knows that exquisite little poem of Hood's, *The Death Bed*. That poem consists of four stanzas. Mr. Palgrave gives us in his book a poem which he calls *The Death Bed*; and puts at the end of it the honored name of Hood. But it is not Hood's *Death Bed*; any more than a sovereign with one half of it cut off would be a true sovereign. Mr. Palgrave gives us just two stanzas; Hood's first and last; leaving out the two intermediate ones. In a note, whose tone is much too confident for my taste, Mr. Palgrave attempts to justify this tampering with the coin of the realm. He says that the omitted stanzas are very ingenious, but that ingenuity is not in accordance with pathos. But what we want is Hood with his own peculiar characteristics; not Hood with the corners rubbed off to please even so competent a critic as Mr. Palgrave. In my judgment, the two omitted stanzas are eminently characteristic of Hood. I do not think they are very ingenious; they express simple and natural feelings; and they are expressed with a most touching and pathetic beauty. And on the whole, if you are to give the poem to the world as Hood's, they seem to have an especial right to stand in it. If you give a picture of a bison, surely you should give the hump; even though you may think the animal would be more graceful without it. We want to have

the creature as God made it; with the peculiarities God gave it.

The poems which are cut and carved to the extremest degree, are hymns. There is indeed some pretext of reason here; for it is necessary that hymns should be made, in respect to the doctrines they set forth, to fit the views of the people who are to sing them. Not that I think that this justifies the practice of adulterating the text. But in the few cases where a hymn has been altered so completely as to become virtually a new composition; and a much better composition than it was originally, and where the authorship is a matter really never thought of by the people who devoutly use the hymn, something is to be said for this tampering. For the hymn is not set forth as a poem written by this man or that, but merely as a piece which many hands may have brought into its present shape; and which in its present shape suits a specific purpose. You don't daub Raphael's picture with wagon paint; and still exhibit it as a Raphael. You touch it up according to your peculiar views; and then exhibit it saying merely, Is not that a nice picture? It is nobody's in particular. It is the joint doing of many men, and perhaps of many years. But where hymns are presented in a literary shape, and as the productions of the men who wrote them, the same law of honesty applies as in the case of all other literary work. I observe, with very great satisfaction, that in the admirable *Book of Praise* lately published by Sir Roundell Palmer, that eminent lawyer has made it his rule "to adhere strictly in all cases in which it could be ascertained, to the genuine uncorrupted text of the authors themselves." And Sir Roundell Palmer speaks with just severity of the censurable, but almost universal practice of tampering with the text.

I confess that till I examined Mr. Patmore's volume, I had no idea to what an extent this literary clipping of the coin had gone, even in the matter of poetry, for clipping and altering which there is no pretext of reason. It appears to me a duty, in the interest of truth, to protest against this discreditable cutting and carving. There are various editors of school-books, and other collections of poetry for the young, who seem incapable of giving the shortest poem by the greatest poet, without improving it here

and there with their red brush. No statue is presented to us without first having its nose knocked off. And of course there is no necessity here for squaring the poems to some doctrinal standard. It is a pure matter of the editor's thinking that he can improve the compositions of Campbell, Wordsworth, Moore, Goldsmith, Southey, Scott, Byron, Macaulay, or Poe. So that in the case of every one of these manifold alterations the question is just this simple one: Whether Wordsworth or some pushing teacher of elocution is the best judge of what Wordsworth should say; whether we are to hold by these great poets, believing that they most carefully considered their most careful pieces; or to hold by any body who chooses to alter them. There is something intensely irritating in the idea of Mr. Smith, with his pencil in his hand, sitting down with a volume of Wordsworth, every word in every line of which was carefully considered by the great poet, and stands there because the great poet thought it the right word; and jauntily altering a word here and there. The vision still returns to me of the sign-painter touching up Raphael. But I have no doubt whatsoever that Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown thinks himself quite equal to improving Wordsworth. The self-sufficiency of human beings is wonderful. I have heard of a man who thought he could improve things better than any thing of Wordsworth's. Probably you never heard of the youthful Scotch divine who lived in days when stupid bigotry forbade the use of the Lord's Prayer in the pulpits of the Scotch Church. That young divine went to preach for an aged clergyman who was somewhat wiser than his generation; and who accordingly told the young divine in the vestry before service that the Lord's Prayer was habitually used in that church. "Is it necessary," said the young divine, "that I should use the Lord's Prayer?" "Not at all," replied the aged clergyman, "if you can use any thing better." But the young divine was true to his party; and he used certain petitions of his own, which he esteemed as improvements on the Lord's Prayer.

You may be quite sure that in the compositions of any careful writer you could not alter many words without injury to the writer's style. You could make few alterations which the writer would approve. In a careful style, rely on it there

was some appreciable reason present to the author's mind for the employment of almost every word; and for each word's coming in just where it does. This is true even of prose. And I should fancy that few men would long continue to write for any periodical the editor of which was wont to cut and carve upon their articles. You remember how bitterly Southey used to complain of the way in which Lockhart altered his. But all this holds good with infinitely greater force in the case of poetry; especially in the case of such short gems as many of those in Mr. Patmore's volume. The prose writer, however accurate, covers his pages a day; each sentence is carefully weighed; but weighed rapidly. But the poet has lingered long over every word in his happiest verse. How carefully each phrase has been considered; how each phrase is fitted to all the rest! I declare it seems to me there is something sacred in the best stanzas of a great poet. It is profanation to alter a word. And you know, how, to the sensitively strong mind and ear of the author a single wrong note makes discord of the whole; the alteration of a word here and there may turn the sublime to the ridiculous. And such alterations may be made in all good faith by people whose discernment is not sharpened to this particular use. There was a pretty song, popular some years ago, which was called *What are the wild waves saying?* The writer had many times heard that song; but he hardly recognized its name when he heard it once asked for by the title of *What are the mad waves roaring?* Let us have the poet's work as he left it. You do not know how painfully the least verbal alteration may jar upon a sensitive ear. I hold that so sacred is the genuine text of a great poet, that even to the punctuation, and the capital letters, however eccentric their use may be, it should be esteemed as sacrilege to touch it. Let me say here that no man who does not know the effect upon poetry of little typographical features is fit to edit any poet. It seems to me that Mr. Coventry Patmore fails here. It is plain that he does not perceive, with the sensitiveness proper to the editor of another man's poetry, what an effect upon the expression of a stanza or a line is produced by typographical details. Mr. Patmore not unfrequently alters the punctuation which the authors (we may suppose) adopted

after consideration; and which has grown, to every true reader of poetry, as much a part of the stanza as its words are. Every one knows how much importance Wordsworth attached to the use of capital letters. Now, in the poem entitled *Fidelity*, (*Children's Garland*, p. 248,) Mr. Patmore has at *nine* different places substituted a small letter for Wordsworth's capital; considerably to the destruction of the expression of the piece; and at any rate, to the clipping of the coin Wordsworth left us. In the last verse of Poe's grand poem, *The Raven*, Mr. Patmore has, in six lines, made *five* alterations; one quite uncalled for; *four* for the worse. Poe wrote *demon*; Mr. Patmore chooses to make it *daemon*. Poe wrote "the shadow that *lies* floating on the floor;" Mr. Patmore substitutes *is* for *lies*, to the detriment of the sense. And Poe ends the stanza thus:

"And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

It is extraordinary how many variations for the worse Mr. Patmore introduces into the last line. He makes it

"Shall be lifted 'Nevermore.'"

First. The dash before the *nevermore* is omitted: a loss.

Second. The *Nevermore* is made to begin with a capital: which though very right in preceding stanzas, is here absurd.

Third. The *Nevermore* is marked as a quotation; which it is not. It is one in the preceding stanzas, and is properly marked as one; but here the mark of quotation is wrong.

Fourth. Poe puts, most fitly, a mark of exclamation after the *nevermore*! If ever there was a stanza which should end with that point, it is here. But Mr. Patmore, for no earthly reason, leaves it out.

Now, some folk may say these are small matters. I beg to say that they are *not* small matters to any accurate reader; and above all, to any reader with an eye for the *expression* of poetry. And no man who has not an eye for these minute points, and who does not feel their force, is fit for an editor of poetry. I am quite sure that no mortal, with an eye for such niceties, will deny, that each of Mr. Patmore's *four* alterations of one line of

Poe, is an alteration for the worse. I have taken as the proper representation of Poe, the best American edition of his whole works, in four volumes. But if you look at the beautiful little edition of his poems, edited by Mr. Hannay, you will find that the accurate scholar has given that stanza exactly as the American edition gives it; and of course, exactly right. If Mr. Patmore does not understand how indescribably irritating these little cuttings and carvings are to a careful reader or writer, he is not the man to edit the *Children's Garland*, or any other collection of poetry. Every one can imagine the indignation with which Wordsworth the scrupulous, and Poe the minutely accurate, would have learned that their best poems were, either through carelessness, or with the design of making them better, altered by Mr. Patmore, even in the matter of capital letters and points; and that finally the result was to be exhibited to the world, not as Raphael touched up by Smith the sign-painter, but as Raphael pure and genuine.

And while thus fault-finding at any rate, I am obliged to say that though acquitting Mr. Patmore of any vain-glorious purpose of improving those *Best Poets* from whom he has selected his *Garland*, I can not acquit him of culpable carelessness in a good many instances. Though he may not have smeared the great master's picture with red paint, he has not been sufficiently careful to present the picture to us unsmeared by any body else. Except in those "very few instances" in which he has changed a word or phrase "unfit for children's reading," we have a right to expect an accurate version of the text. But it is quite easy to point out instances in which Mr. Patmore's reading could not have been derived from any edition of the poet, however bad; nor can any one say that Mr. Patmore's reading is an improvement upon the *textus receptus*. The third and fourth lines of Macaulay's poem, *The Armada*, runs as follows:

"When that great fleet invincible against her
bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest
hearts of Spain."

Mr. Patmore makes two alterations in these lines. For *that great fleet* he reads *the great fleet*, to the detriment alike of rhythm and meaning. And for *the richest spoils of Mexico*, he reads *the richest*

stores. It is extremely plain that *spoils* is a much better word than *stores*. It was not the *stores* of Mexico; that is, the wealth stored up in Mexico, that the Armada bore. It was the *spoils* of Mexico; that is, the wealth which the Spaniards had taken away from Mexico, that the Armada bore. It is possible that the Spaniards may have taken away *all* the wealth of Mexico; in which case the *spoils* and the *stores* would coincide in fact. But they would still be totally different in conception; and so exact a writer as Macaulay would never confound the two things.

Next, let us turn to Campbell's touching verses entitled *The Parrot*. Campbell put at the top of his verses the words, *The Parrot: a Domestic Anecdote*. Mr. Patmore puts the words, *The Parrot: a true Story*. The poem tells us, very simply and beautifully, how a certain parrot, which in its early days had been accustomed to hear the Spanish language spoken, was brought to the island of Mull; where, we may well suppose, it heard no Spanish. It lived in Mull for many years till its green and gold changed to gray; till it grew blind and apparently dumb. But let the story be told in the poet's words:

"At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;
He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down, and died."

In glancing over Mr. Patmore's reading of this little piece, I am annoyed by observing several alterations in Campbell's punctuation; every alteration manifestly for the worse. But there is a more serious tampering with the text. The moral of the poem, of course, is that parrots have hearts and memories as well as we. And the poem sets out by stating that great principle. The first verse is:

"The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts."

Mr. Patmore has the bad taste, not to say more, to leave that verse out. I can not see any good reason why. The principle it states is one which a word or two would render quite intelligible to any

child. Indeed, to any child who could not take in that principle, the entire story would be quite unintelligible. And I can not recognize Mr. Patmore's treatment of this poem as other than an unjustifiable tampering with the coin of the realm.

There is another poem of Campbell's which fares as badly. Campbell calls it *Napoleon and the British Sailor*. Mr. Patmore in his zeal for cutting and carving, calls it *Napoleon and the Sailor: a true Story*. This poem, like the last, sets out with a principle or sentiment; and then goes on with the facts. Mr. Patmore takes it upon himself to leave out that first verse; and then to daub the second verse in order to make it intelligible in the absence of the first. I hold this to be utterly unpardonable. It is emphatically Raphael improved by the sign-painter. And the pretext of any thing "unfit for children's reading" will not hold here. Any child that could understand the story would understand this first verse:

"I love contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
• Napoleon's story!"

Then Campbell's second verse runs thus:

"'Twas while his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman."

Thus simply and naturally does the story which follows rise out of the sentiment which the poet has expressed. But as Mr. Patmore has cut out the sentiment, he finds it necessary to tamper with the second verse, and accordingly he starts in this abrupt, awkward, and ugly fashion; which no true reader of Campbell will behold without much indignation, and which would have roused the sensitive poet himself to still greater wrath:

"Napoleon's banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced,

And so on. Here, you see, in the verse as improved by Mr. Patmore, we have two distinct propositions, separated by a comma. Mr. Patmore not merely has no eye for punctuation, but is plainly ignorant of its first principles. If any school-boy, after having had the use of the colon

and semicolon explained to him, were to use a comma in such fashion in an English theme, he would richly deserve a black mark for stupidity; and he would doubtless receive one. But apart from this lesser matter, which will not seem small to any one with a sense of grammatical accuracy, I ask whether it be not too bad that Campbell's natural and beautiful verse should be adulterated into this irritating caricature of it?

Let us next test Mr. Patmore's accuracy in exhibiting Sir Walter Scott. Every body knows *Lady Heron's Song*, which Sir Walter himself called *Lochinvar*; but which Mr. Patmore, eager for change, calls *Young Lochinvar*. Sir Walter's first two lines are these:

"O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was
the best."

Mr. Patmore can not render these simple lines accurately. He begins *West* with a capital letter; which, right or wrong, Sir Walter did not. Then he puts a point of exclamation after *West*, where Sir Walter has a comma. Sir Walter tells us that *Lochinvar's steed was the best*; Mr. Patmore improves the statement into *his steed is the best*. The very piddiness of these changes makes them the more irritating. Granting that Mr. Patmore's reading is neither better nor worse than the original, why not leave us the poem as the great man gave it us? Through all that well-known song, one is worried by Mr. Patmore's wretched little smears of red paint. The punctuation throughout is no longer matter for an imposition; it is matter for a flogging. Sir Walter says,

"So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall;"

Mr. Patmore with his brush makes it so *bravely*. And, eager for change at any price, Mr. Patmore gives us a new spelling of the name of the river Esk. Sir Walter, like every body else, spells that word *Esk*. Mr. Patmore is not content with this, but develops the word into *Eske*. Sir Walter describes a certain locality as *Cannobie Lee*; Mr. Patmore improves the name into *Cannobie LEA*. And finally, the song ending with a question, Sir Walter ends it with a point of interrogation. But Mr. Patmore, impa-

tient of the restraints of grammar, concludes with a point of exclamation.

All this is really too bad. Byron fares no better; and Mr. Patmore's alterations are of the same irritating and contemptible kind. Byron wrote

"And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;"

Mr. Patmore can not leave this alone. In the first line he reads *nostrils* for *nostril*; in the second, *them* for *it*. Now, not only are Byron's words the best, just because Byron chose them, but Byron's description is strikingly true to fact. Every one who has seen a horse fallen, or a horse dead, knows how remarkably *flat* the creature lies upon the ground. It is startling to find the sixteen hands of hight, when the animal was upon his legs, turned to something that hardly surpasses your knee when the creature is lying upon his side. And the head of a dead horse, lying upon the ground, would show *one* nostril and not *two*. You would see only the upper one, and remark that the warm breath of the creature was no longer rolling through *that*. These little matters make just the difference between being accurate and being inaccurate; between being right and being wrong.

I do not know whether it be from a desire to improve Mr. Keble's name, that Mr. Patmore, in his *Index of Writers*, alters it to *Keble*. I object likewise to Mr. Patmore's improving Barnfield's couplet

"She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up till a thorn:"

by substituting *against* for *up till*. The very stupidest child would know, after one telling, the meaning of *up till*; and Mr. Patmore's alteration is a destruction of the antique flavor of the piece.

The thoughtful reader, who has had some experience of life, must have arrived at this conviction; that if two or three slices of a leg of mutton are extremely bad, all the rest of the leg is probably bad too. I have not examined the whole of Mr. Patmore's volume; but I am obliged to conclude, from the absence of minute accuracy in the pieces which I have examined, that the entire volume is deficient in minute accuracy. Now, in a book like this, accuracy is the first thing. If

any scholar were to take up a play of Æschylus or Aristophanes, and find it as carelessly edited as several of the poems which we have considered, I think the scholar would be disposed to throw that play into the fire. And I can not for my life see why perfect accuracy should be less sought after by an editor of English poems than by an editor of Greek plays.

But on the general question of cutting and carving I would almost go so far as to say, that after a poem has been current for years, and has found a place in many memories, not even its author has a right to alter it. Nothing, at least, but an improvement the most extraordinary can justify such a breaking in upon a host of old associations. It is a mortifying thing when a man looks, in later life, into the volume of his favorite author, to find that the things he best remembers are no longer there. Even manifest improvement can not reconcile us to the change. When the present writer was a youth at college, he cherished an enthusiastic admiration for John Foster's *Essays*. Let it be said, his admiration is hardly less now. I read and re-read them in a large octavo volume; one of the earlier editions, which had not received the author's latest corrections. Yet I valued every phrase; and I well remember how aggrieved I felt when I got an edition with Foster's final emendations, and found that Foster had cut out, and toned down, and varied, just the things of which my memory kept the firmest hold. One feels as though one had a vested interest in what had been so prized and lingered over. You know how Wordsworth and Moore kept touching up their verses; generally for the worse. I do not think the last edition, which Wordsworth himself corrected, is the best edition of his poetry. In that poem of his which has already been named, concerning the faithful dog on Helvellyn, he made, late in life, various little changes; which not being decidedly for the better, must be held as for the worse. For any change from the dear old way is for the worse, unless it be very markedly for the better. And surely, after describing the finding of the poor tourist's body, the old way, which was this:

"Sad sight! the shepherd, with a sigh,
Looks round, to learn the history;"

is quite as good as the new way, which is this:

"The appalled Discoverer with a sigh,
Looks round, to learn the history."

No rule, indeed, can be laid down here. No great poet cuts and carves upon his own productions so much as Mr. Tennyson. You remember how

"Revered Victoria, you that hold—"

has changed into

"Revered, beloved, oh you that hold."

You remember how in the story of the schoolboys who stole a litter of pigs, the passage,

"We paid in person, scored upon that part
Which cherubs want."

has now dropped all reference to the scoring. And *Locksley Hall* bristles with verbal alterations, which every careful reader of Tennyson knows. One bows, of course, in the presence of Mr. Tennyson; and does not venture to set up one's own taste as against his. Yet, let me confess it, I miss and I regret some of the old things. Doubtless there are passages which at the first were open to hostile criticism, and which met it; which now have been raised above all cavil. There is that passage in the *Dream of Fair Women*, which describes the death of Iphigenia. She tells of it herself. Here is the verse as it stands even in the seventh edition:

"The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat,
The temples and the people and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife through my tender
throat
Slowly—and nothing more."

Every one feels how unpleasant is the picture conveyed by the last two lines. It passes the limits of tragedy, and approaches the physically revolting. It is, likewise, suggestive rather of the killing of a sheep or pig, than of the solemn sacrifice of a human being. I confess, I incomparably prefer the simplicity of the inspired statement: "And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son." We don't want any details as to how the knife was to be used; or as to the precise point at which it was to let out life. It would jar, were we to read, "Abraham stretched forth his hand, and was just going to cut

Isaac's throat." Now Mr. Tennyson is worse than that; for he gives us, doubtless with painful accuracy, the account of the actual cutting of the throat. Then, beside this, Mr. Tennyson's verse, as it used to stand, was susceptible of a wrong interpretation. I do not mean that any candid reader would be likely to mistake the poet's sense; but I mean that an ill-set critic would have occasion for misrepresenting it. You may remember that a severe critic *did* misrepresent it. In an ancient Review, you may see the verse printed as I have given it above; and then the critic goes on to say something like this: "What an unreasonable person Iphigenia must have been! 'He cut my throat; nothing more;' what more could the woman possibly want?" Of course, we know what the poet meant; but, in strictness, what he meant he did not say. But look to the latest edition of Mr. Tennyson's poems; and you will be content. Here is the verse now. You will see that it has been most severely cut and carved; but to a most admirable result:

"The high masts trembled as they lay afloat;
The towers, the temples wavered, and the
shore;
The bright death quivered at the victim's
throat,
Touched, and I knew no more."

I should fancy, my friend, that you have nothing to say against such tampering with the coin. This is as though a piece of baser metal were touched with the philosopher's stone, and turned to gold. And there have been cases in which a very felicitous change has been made by one man upon the writing of another. A single touch has sometimes done it. I wonder whether Mr. Palgrave was aware that in giving in his book those well-known verses *To Althea from Prison*, which he rather absurdly describes as by Colonel Lovelace, (why does he not tell us that his extracts from a greater poet are by William Shakspeare, *Esquire*?), there is one verse which he has not given as Lovelace wrote it,

"When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty."

Lovelace wrote "the *gods* that wanton in the air;" and *birds* was substituted by

Bishop Percy. It is a simple and obvious substitution; and the change is so greatly and so unquestionably for the better, that it may well be accepted; as indeed it has universally been.

The mention of a happy substitution naturally suggests the most unhappy substitution on record. You may remember how the great scholar, Bentley, puffed up by his success in making emendations on Horace and Terence, unluckily took it upon himself to edit Milton. And here indeed, we have, with a vengeance, Raphael improved by the painter of wagons. Milton wrote, as every body knows:

"No light, but rather darkness visible."

but Bentley, eager to improve the line, turns it to

"No light, but rather a *transpicuous gloom*."

There is another passage in which the contrast between the master and the wagon painter is hardly less marked. Where Milton wrote,

"Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements."

Bentley, as an improvement, substituted the following remarkable passage:

"Then, as 'twas well observed, our torments
may,
Become our elements."

It is to be admitted that the stupidity of Bentley's reading, is even surpassed by its impudence. Of course, the principle taken for granted at the beginning of such a work is, that Bentley's taste and judgment were better than Milton's. For, you observe, there was no pretext here of restoring a more accurate reading, lost through time; there was no pretext of giving more exactly what Milton wrote. There was no question as to Milton's precise words; but Bentley thought to make them better. And there is something insufferable in the picture of the self-satisfied old Don, sitting down in his easy-chair with *Paradise Lost*; and, pencil in hand, proceeding to improve it. Doubtless he was a very great classical scholar; but unless his wits had mainly forsaken him when he set himself to edit Milton, it is very plain that he never could have been more than an acute verbal critic.

Thinking of Bentley's *Milton*, one imagines the Apollo Belvedere put in a hair-dresser's window, with a magnificent wig; and dressed in a suit of clothes of the very latest fashion. I think likewise of an incident in the life of Mr. N. P. Willis, the American author. When he was at college in his youth, the head of his college kept a white horse, which he was accustomed to drive in a vehicle of some kind or other. Mr. N. P. Willis and his companions surreptitiously obtained temporary possession of the horse; and painted it crimson, with a blue mane and tail. I confess that I like Mr. N. P. Willis better for that deed, than for any thing else I ever heard of his doing; and I may mention, for the satisfaction of my younger readers, that the colors used in painting the horse were of such a nature, that they adhered to the animal for a lengthened period, notwithstanding all endeavors to remove them. Now Dr. Bentley, in editing Milton, did as it were paint the white horse crimson and blue; and then exhibit it to the world, saying: "That is Smith's fine horse!" Nor should it be accepted as any apology for like conduct on the part of any editor, that the editor in good faith has such a liking for these colors, that he thinks a horse looks best when it looks blue and crimson. And though the change made by an editor be not of such a comprehensive nature as the painting of an entire horse anew, but rather consist of a multitude of little touches here and there; as points changed, capitals left out, and *whiches* for *thats*; still the result is very irritating. You know that a very small infusion of a foreign substance can vitiate a thing. Two drops of prussic acid in a cup of water; two smears of red paint across the Raphael; affect the whole. I know hardly any offense, short of great crime, which seems to me deserving of so severe punishment, as this of clipping the coin of the realm of literature.

There is something, too, which irritates one, in the self-sufficient attitude which is naturally assumed by a man who is cutting and carving the composition of another. It is an evil which attends all reviewing, and which a modest and conscientious reviewer must feel keenly, that in reviewing another man's book, you seem to assume a certain superiority to him. For in every case in which you find fault with him, you are aware that the question comes just to *this*; whether your opinion

or his is worth most. To which may be added the further question; whether you or he have devoted most time and thought to forming a just opinion on this particular point. But when a man sits down not merely to point out an author's faults, but to correct them, the assumption of superiority is more marked still. And every body knows that the writings of great geniuses have been unsparingly cut and carved by very inferior men. You know how Byron sent *The Siege of Corinth* to Mr. Gifford, giving him full power to alter it to any extent he pleased. And you know how Mr. Gifford did alter it; by cutting out all the good passages and leaving all the bad. The present writer has seen a man in the very act of cutting and carving. Once upon a time, I entered a steamer which was wont to ply upon the waters of a certain noble river, that winds between Highland hills. And entering that bark, I beheld a certain friend, seated on the quarter deck, with a little volume in his hand. I never saw a man look more entirely satisfied with himself than did my friend, as he turned over the leaves of the little volume in a hasty, skipping fashion, and jauntily scribbled here and there with a pencil. I beheld him in silence for a time, and then asked what on earth he was doing. "Oh!" said he, "I am a member of the committee appointed by the Great Council to prepare a new book of hymns to be sung throughout the churches of this country. And this little volume is a proof copy of the hymns suggested; and a copy of it is sent to each member of the committee to receive his emendations. And as you see, I am beguiling my time in sailing down the river, by improving these hymns." In this easy manner did my friend scribble whatever alterations might casually suggest themselves, upon the best compositions of the best hymn writers. Slowly and laboriously had the authors written those hymns, carefully weighing each word; and weighing each word perhaps for a very long time. But in the pauses of conversation, with no serious thought whatsoever, but willing to testify how much better he knew what a hymn should be than the best authors of that kind of literature, did my friend set down his random thoughts. Give me that volume, said I, with no small indignation. He gave it to me, and I proceeded to examine his improvements. And I can honestly

say that not merely was every alteration for the worse, but that many of the alterations testified my friend's utter ignorance of the very first principles of metrical composition; and that all of them testified the extreme narrowness of his acquaintance with that species of literature. Some of the verses, as altered by him, were astounding specimens of rhythm. The only thing I ever saw which equalled them was a stanza by a local poet, very zealous for the observance of the Lord's day. Here is the stanza:

"Ye that keep horses, read psalm 50:
To win money on the Sabbath day, see
that ye never be so thrifty!"

In Scotland, we have a psalter and a hymnal imposed by ecclesiastical authority; so that in all parish churches there is entire uniformity in the words of praise. But it worries one to enter a church in England, and to find, as one finds so often, that the incumbent has published a hymnal the sale of which he insures by using it in his church; and all the hymns in which are cut and carved to suit his peculiar doctrinal and æsthetical views. The execrable taste and the remarkable ignorance evinced in some of these compilations, have on myself, I confess, the very reverse of a devotional effect. And the inexpressible badness of certain of the hymns I have seen in such volumes, leads me to the belief that they must be the original compositions of the editor himself. There is an excellent little volume of psalms and hymns collected by Mr. Henry Herbert Wyatt, of Trinity Chapel, Brighton; but even in it, one is annoyed by occasional needless changes. In Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn, which begins "From Greenland's icy mountains," Mr. Wyatt has smeared the third verse. The Bishop wrote, as every one knows:

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

But Mr. Wyatt substitutes *can* for the *shall* with which the first and third lines begin, a change which no man of sense can call an improvement. A hymn to which I always turn, as one that tests an editor, is Bishop Ken's incomparable one, commonly called the *Evening Hymn*. I find, with pleasure, that Mr. Wyatt has not tried to

improve it, save that he has adopted an alteration which has been all but universally accepted. Bishop Ken wrote :

"All praise to Thee, my God, this night :"

while most of us, from childhood, have been taught to substitute *Glory* for *All Praise*. And this is certainly an improvement. *Glory, gloria*, is certainly the right word with which to begin an ascription of praise to the Almighty. If not in itself the fittest word, the most ancient and revered associations of the Christian Church give it a prescriptive right to preference. A hymn which no man seems able to keep his sacrilegious hands off, is Charles Wesley's hymn :

"Jesu, lover of my soul."

I observe Mr. Wyatt makes three alterations in the first three lines of it ; each alteration for the worse. But I begin to be aware that no human being can be trusted to sit down with a hymn-book and a pencil, with leave to cut and carve. There is a fascination about the work of tampering, and a man comes to change for what is bad, rather than not change at all. There are analogous cases. When I dwelt in the country, I was once cutting a little path through a dense thicket of evergreens and a friend from the city, who was staying with us, went out with me to superintend the proceedings. Weakly, I put into my friend's hands a large and sharp weapon called in Scotland a *scutching-knife*, and told him he might smooth off certain twigs which projected unduly on the path. My friend speedily felt the fascination of cutting and carving. And after having done considerable damage, he restored me the weapon, saying he felt its possession was a temptation too strong for him to resist. When walking about with the keen sharp steel in his hand it was really impossible to help snipping off any projecting branch which obtruded itself upon the attention. And the writer's servant (dead, poor fellow, one of the worthiest though most unbending of men) declared with much solemnity and considerable indignation, that in forming a walk he would never again suffer the scutching-knife to be in any other hands than his own. Now, it is a like temptation that assails the editor of hymns ; and even if the editor is a com-

petent man, (and in most cases he is not,) I don't think it safe to trust him with the scutching-knife. The only editor of hymns whom the writer esteems as a perfect editor, is Sir Roundell Palmer. For Sir Roundell starts with the determination to give us each hymn exactly as its author left it. It is delightful to read "All praise to thee, my God, this night ;" and to come upon

"Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly ;"

after "Jesu, *Saviour* of my soul," and "Jesus, *refuge* of my soul." I remark, in Sir Roundell's book, occasional signs of having taken a hymn from an early edition of the author's works ; which in later editions was retouched by the author himself. Thus James Montgomery's "Friend after friend departs" is given as first published, not as the author left it. In the four verses Montgomery made *five* alterations, which are not shown in Sir Roundell's work. But, as one who feels much interest in hymnal literature, and who has given some attention to it, I can not refrain from saying that, in the matter of faithfulness, Sir Roundell Palmer's book is beyond question or comparison the best. There is nothing second, third, or tenth to it. It is first, and the rest are nowhere.

Having mentioned the best hymnal that I know, one naturally thinks of the worst. There is a little volume purporting to be *Hymns collected by the Committee of the General Assembly on Psalmody*, published at Edinburgh in 1860. It is to be remembered that the Church of Scotland has never approved this little volume ; the committee have published it on their own responsibility. Mr. Wyatt, in making his collection, tells us he examined thirty thousand hymns, and took the best of them. Sir Roundell Palmer also gives us in his volume the best hymns in the language. But neither Mr. Wyatt nor Sir Roundell (both most competent judges) have seen fit to admit much of the matter contained in this little compilation. So we may conclude either that Mr. Wyatt did not find some of these compositions among his thirty thousand, or that, having examined them, he did not think them worthy of admission to his collection of about two hundred and fifty hymns. Sir Roundell Palmer's hymns number four hundred

and twelve, and he has not erred on the side of exclusion; yet he has excluded a good many of the Scotch eighty-five. Out of the first fifteen of the Scotch book, fourteen are unknown to him. And I do not think cutting and carving ever went to a length so reprehensible as in this volume. As to the fitness of the hymns for use in church, opinions may possibly differ; but I am obliged to say that I never saw any collection of such pieces so filled with passages in execrable taste, and utterly unfit for Christian worship.

It may amuse my readers to show them George Herbert improved. Every body knows the famous poem, *The Elixir*. It consists of six verses. The Scotch reading consists of four. In the first verse, three verbal alterations, intended as improvements, are made on Herbert. "Teach me, my God and king," becomes "Teach us, our God and king." The second verse in the Scotch reading is unknown to Herbert. It is the doing of some member of the committee. The gold has been punched out, and a piece of pinchbeck has been put in. Herbert's third verse is omitted. Then comes the well-known verse:

"All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, for THY SAKE,
Will not grow bright and clean."

This is improved as follows:

"All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when ACTED for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee."

You will doubtless think that Herbert pure is better than Herbert improved by the sign-painter. But the next verse is smeared even worse. Who does not remember the saintly man's words:

"A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that, and the action, fine."

But, as Sam Weller remarked of Mr. Pickwick in a certain contingency, "his most familiar friend voodn't know him," as thus disguised:

"If done beneath thy laws,
Even humblest labors shine;

Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine."

Herbert's temper, we know, was angelic; but I wonder what he would have looked like, had he seen himself thus docked, and painted crimson and blue. No doubt, *The Elixir*, as the master left it, is not fitted for congregational singing. But that is a reason for leaving it alone; it is no reason for thus unpardonably tampering with the coin of the realm.

There are various pieces in this unfortunate work, whose appearance in it I can explain only on this theory: Probably, some day when the committee met, a member of committee produced a manuscript, and said that here was a hymn of his own composition, and begged that it might be put in the book. The other members read it, and saw it was rubbish, but their kindly feeling prevented them saying so; and in it went. One of the last things many people learn is not to take offense when a friend declines to admire their literary doings. I have not the faintest idea who are the members of the committee which issued this compilation. Likely enough, there are in it some acquaintances of my own. But that fact shall not prevent my saying what I honestly believe—that it is the very worst hymn-book I ever saw. I can not believe that the persons who produced it could ever have paid any attention to hymnal literature, they have so thoroughly missed the tone of all good hymns. Indeed, many of the hymns seem to be formed on the model of what may be called the Scotch *Preaching Prayer*—the most offensive form of devotion known, and one entirely abandoned by all the more cultivated of the Scotch clergy. I heard, indeed, lately, an individual pray at a meeting about the Lord's day. In his prayer, he alluded to the Lancashire distress, and informed the Almighty that the patience with which the Lancashire people bore it was very much the result of their being trained in Sunday-schools. But, leaving this volume, which is really not worth further notice, let me mention that in the first twelve lines of "Jesu, lover of my soul," there are *ten* improvements made on Wesley. "While the tempest still is high," has *nigh* substituted for *high*. "Till the storm of life is past," is made "Till the *storms* of life *are* past." "Oh receive my soul at last," has *And* substi-

tuted for *Oh*, for no conceivable reason. And the familiar line, "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee," has been turned by the wagon-painter into "*Clings* my helpless soul to Thee." I ask any intelligent reader, Is not this too bad? All my readers know that I am a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, for whose use these hymns have been so debased and tampered with. They never shall be sung in my church, you may rely on it. And the fact that this cutting and carving has been done so near home serves only to make me the more strongly to protest against it.

If it were not far too large a subject to take up now, I should say something in reprobation of the fashion in which many people venture to cut and carve upon words far more sacred than those of any poet—I mean upon the words of Holy Scripture. Many people improve a scriptural text or phrase when they quote it; the improvement generally consisting in giving it a slight twist in the direction of their own peculiar theological views. I have heard of a man who quoted as from

Scripture the following words: "It is appointed unto all men once to die; and after death *Hell*." It was pointed out to him that no such statement exists in Scripture; the words which follow the mention of death being, "and after this the judgment." But the misquoter of Scripture declined to accept the correction, declaring that he thought his own reading was the better. I have heard of a revival preacher who gave out as his text the words, "Ye shall all likewise perish." Every one will know what a wicked distortion he made of our Saviour's warning in thus clipping it. And I have heard texts of Scripture pieced together in a way that made them convey a meaning just as far from that of the inspired writers as that conveyed by the well-known mosaic, "And Judas departed, and went and hanged himself;" "Go thou and do likewise."

Probably the reader is tired of the subject. I thank him for his patience in following me so far, and I shall keep him no longer from something more interesting.

A. K. H. B.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.

I HAD been away from England three years. In that time I had eaten oyster-suppers in New-York, polked at Saratoga, taken lonely and romantic walks at Niagara, caught delicious white fish in the translucent waters of Mackinaw, and shot a buffalo on the prairies of Nebraska. I might have dug for gold in California or Columbia, had I not been taken suddenly with a great and inexplicable longing to see again the white cliffs, the green fields and hedges, and the quaint, pretty, and most comfortable villages of dear old England.

The feeling that had driven and kept me away was gone. When the force that had sent me off had ceased to act, I felt

and obeyed the attraction which drew me to the land that to the Englishman, wherever he may wander, must always be his *home*.

I can speak now of the reason of this long absence. My father, who had saved for me a small property, which he hoped I would increase, had educated me for the noble profession of the law. I was reading through my terms with the usual industry, and was not quite insensible to the blandishments of society, when it was my misfortune to fall in love. The expression seems to me an appropriate one.

Isabel Goodwin was certainly one of the most beautiful of those who are, in their own right, queens of society. To the

fairest type of English beauty she added graces, accomplishments, and a boundless ambition. Without rank or wealth she held her place, and aspired to rival those who had both. I was dazzled by her beauty; I admired her queenly bearing; and I became her passionate worshiper.

She was fond of admiration. If I was sometimes grieved, jealous, and maddened at the encouragement she gave to one or another of the crowd that fluttered about her, and burned the incense of flattery to her charms, I still had a sort of pride in her attractiveness; and a tender look, a word of fondness, a sigh, or the soft pressure of her hand, would send me home intoxicated with delight. I believed myself to be the favored lover; the admiration she received was my triumph.

The best friend I had was Arthur Mellon. He was two years older than I; was in a good position in a government office, with fair prospects of advancement, and some expectations beside. We were true friends. Arthur had saved my life when we were at school together. I lay cramped and paralyzed on the bottom of a deep pool in the river where we were bathing. We had been trying our skill with other boys in diving to see which could remain under the longest; so, when I had disappeared, and remained for a long period, no one was surprised. They waited to see my head shoot above the surface. I lay on the bottom, sensible, but powerless. I could see my comrades on the bank; I could even hear them talk. The sounds of their voices grew fainter and fainter, but I was not afraid. I knew that, as soon as they understood what was the matter, Arthur, if no other, would come and save me.

He was already dressing on the bank, when he exclaimed, "Where is Harry?" His voice sent a thrill to my heart, as I lay, paralyzed in every limb, drowning. In a moment more he had stripped off his clothes, and plunged into the pool. He was cool and cautious in his haste to save me. He swam round, and took me by one of my ankles. I felt an impulse to grasp him, so strong that it might have given me the power; but with an effort of self-control, I did not even try to help myself. I was drawn into shallow water, and quickly taken out; and after a struggle, far more painful than the half-drowning had been, recovered.

Need I say that Arthur was, henceforth,

more my friend than ever? In London he spent half his leisure hours in my chambers, or in the excursions we took together to the mountains or the sea. He had been away on public business when I first became acquainted with Isabel. I wrote to him about her, raved about her. I was impatient to have him see her at the earliest moment after his return. Not less had I told her of Arthur; and I had excited the expectations of both.

There was a party on the very night of his return to London, and I insisted that he should go, tired as he was with the journey from Dublin since morning, and be presented to her whom I now dared to call *my* Isabel.

I saw, with a twinge of jealousy, which I felt to be inexpressibly mean and contemptible, that Arthur and Isabel were much impressed with each other. They polked and waltzed together. How narrowly I watched them! Arthur was excited, brilliant, fascinating; Isabel danced as I had never seen her dance before, and showed, in her nervous manner and heightened color, how much she was interested and flattered by his attentions.

Arthur congratulated me; but he was embarrassed. Isabel was far more self-possessed; she said he was a splendid fellow—she had no idea she should like him so well; and she did her best to blind me with her tenderness; but I had watched them with too jealous an eye not to see that my position was in danger.

Why go on with the miserable story? Isabel was, I can not say false to me, for we were under no engagement. I see now that she would have dropped me at any moment for a more desirable *parti*. I was her bird in hand; but she knew that there were better in the bush, and she threw me away the moment she felt sure of one of them.

It is true that Arthur was a better match than I. His position, already good, was assured for the future, with a prospect of more than I was ever likely to gain by any eminence in my profession. He was my superior, also, as a society-man; more ready, more brilliant and distinguished. I forgave Arthur; but I could not be a witness to his happiness. I could not forgive Isabel. A month before their marriage, I was on the steamer, bound for New-York.

I heard from home sometimes during my absence. Arthur did not write. He

would have been glad to have done so; but he could not intrude even the offices of friendship upon the misery that had driven me to the wild solitudes beyond the Mississippi. A lady, who knew and pitied my sufferings, wrote to me. At first she said very little of Arthur and his wife. Then there came stories—idle gossip, I hoped—of indiscretions, jealousies, estrangements, and even of scandal. I could not believe that Isabel, false as she had been to me—heartless and worldly as I thought her—could ever be guilty of worse than vanity and ambition. Admiration was, no doubt, a necessary of life to her. She might annoy Arthur; but I could not believe that she could injure him more deeply. But the stories grew worse and worse; and I could not but confess that I had been saved from a greater misery than I had endured, and that, if Arthur had wronged me, he had been sufficiently punished. I confess also that I sometimes thought that, had Isabel not yielded to the temptations of ambition, and had married one she truly loved, all might have been well; but this was a momentary vanity. Arthur was a man to make any good woman happy. He would never have married Isabel had he not felt certain that her heart was irretrievably his own. He could not rob me of what I did not possess.

Suddenly I was taken, as I have said, with a great longing to return to England. It did not seem a home-sickness, such as attacks the Swiss in foreign lands. The English, love home as they may, can stay away from it. They have the power of colonizing the world, and may yet cover it all over with their conquering races. But I felt in a hurry to return. I took the shortest route, first to St. Paul's, on the Upper Mississippi; then down the river, to the first line of railway which would take me to the Atlantic. I looked for the fastest boat and the most rapid trains. I made no stop in strange cities. My curiosity to see American life was gone, and I dashed along the southern shore of the great Lakes, and through the mountains to New-York, just in time to embark on one of the fleetest steamers of the Cunard line, which, in less than ten days, landed me safely in Liverpool. With the same feeling of hurry I took the first express-train to London, and did not lose an hour before driving to Brompton and calling on the lady, a dis-

tant relative and old friend, who had been my correspondent.

When my name was announced, she sprang toward me, kissed my cheek, and exclaimed: "Then you got my letter?"

"No; I have had no letter from you for months. I have been away in the wilderness, where they could not reach me; and I did not stop for them on my way. But what is it? Has any thing happened?"

"You have not heard about poor Arthur?"

"Not a word. Isabel has not run off with a Russian prince?"

"Oh, worse than that—that is—but no matter. Harry, Isabel is dead!"

I felt the blood settle back upon my heart—my eyes were dim—the room turned round. I believe I should have fallen, had not my friend helped me to the sofa. I am not a woman to faint away; but the shock was sudden, and it hurt me more than I should have thought it could. A glass of wine was brought, and I was myself again.

"Poor Arthur!" said I; "how does he bear it?"

"Poor Arthur, indeed! You may well say, poor Arthur! What has not that woman made him suffer? And now he is charged with her murder."

"Murder!"

"Murder. She died suddenly with symptoms of poison. There was an inquest, and the chemists who examined the body discovered arsenic. They proved that Arthur had often quarreled with her, and was jealous. Well he might be, poor fellow! Somehow he had bought arsenic just before her death. They found some in his desk. When she was first taken ill, he insisted on nursing her. He was devoted to her, in spite of his jealousy and annoyances. Every thing told against him, and he was committed to Newgate and is to be tried for his life."

I need not say that, at the earliest moment when it was possible to get admission, I hastened to Newgate. I found Arthur, pale and sad enough, but resigned to his fate. He fell upon my bosom. We were boys again. The past, that had sent its black cloud between us, was gone. We were clasped in each other's arms, as in the lighter griefs of our boyhood. All jealousy, all hard feeling, had vanished from my mind. My noble Arthur was in trouble—ay, in peril—and I had come to

save him. So it seemed at the moment. That he was as innocent as I myself of the hideous crime with which he was charged, I could not doubt for a moment.

He told me all—the little that he knew. He spoke carefully, and even tenderly of the dead.

"I know you have forgiven me, Harry," he said; "so I do not ask it. I thought I was doing right. We are all egotists in our affections. I have been greatly tried."

"How was it, Arthur," I asked, "that you chanced to have poison in your desk?"

"It was left there with other chemicals, by my predecessor, who amused himself with chemical experiments. When I took the desk, I allowed it to remain, with some vague idea that it might be useful some time to kill the rats or other vermin."

"Well, we will get this fellow, and prove that he left it."

"He went to India, and died there a year after."

That hope was gone; but I did not despair.

"Who are the witnesses against you?" I asked.

"Only the servants, poor things! They testified to what they had seen and heard. My temper is not so good as it was, and—she—was sometimes very trying. When she became ill, I reproached myself, and wished to do all I could for her. Her maid was new and unused to her ways, and I took care of her. The woman, perhaps, did not like my interference. The fact, at any rate, made a strong impression against me."

"The maid was new; how long had she been with you?"

"Only a month. Her old favorite, Norah, went home to Ireland to be married, and has gone with her husband, I suppose, to America."

"Had she—had Isabel ever given you any reason to fear that she would kill herself?"

"No; assuredly not. She enjoyed the pleasures of existence too keenly. I am sure that she was never purposely the cause of her own death."

I sifted the ground all over. There was no clue any where, and the only hope I saw was in finding Norah. But what could she, who had been a month away, know about the death of her mistress? The lawyers engaged for the defense

saw no use in her testimony, except to prove what every body knew, that Arthur was very much attached to her mistress, and sometimes jealous and irritable. Was it likely that she could prove any thing more? Beside, she was probably on the Atlantic.

Not a moment was to be lost. The trial would come on in a week; and little as others hoped from Norah's evidence, I determined that, if still in the country, she should come and testify, at least, to her master's kindness and love of her late mistress.

But Arthur had not got Norah's address. He did not even know, or could not remember, her surname.

"Give it up, my dear fellow," said he; "it is of no use. What good can Norah be, if you could find her? She has gone by this time."

But I would not give it up. I clung desperately to the idea of this Irish girl—because, perhaps, there was nothing else to cling to. I set off for the Catholic chapel nearest Arthur's residence. I found the priest, and, after thinking a moment, he remembered Norah. He took me into the chapel, and there, on one of the best seats, was still a little card inscribed with the name of Norah O'Regan. I copied the name in my note-book.

"Can your reverence tell me where she lived in Ireland?" said I.

"Indeed, I can not," said he; "but I remember, now, writing a letter for her to send to some relatives of hers at Enniscorthy, county Wexford."

Here was a clue; and a few hours more saw me dashing along the North-Western Railway, through Rugby, the Trent valley, and Chester, and so along the feet of the Welsh mountains, and across the Menai Straits to Holyhead, and thence by steamer to Kingstown. Here, too much in haste to make the proper inquiries, I took the railway to Rathdrum, and so missed the stage-coach at Wicklow. But I lost no time. A jaunting-car took me down the sweet vale of Avoca, and I was soon in Enniscorthy.

The parish priest was my first resource. He knew the O'Regans, of course, and went with me to find them. They lived in a respectable mud walled cottage, with a roof of thatch and a floor of clay; and the pig very politely stepped out of the doorway as soon as he saw his reverence coming, and allowed us to enter.

They knew Norah, God bless her! Wasn't she their own cousin? hadn't she sent them money, when the times were hard, to pay the rint? and hadn't she been married to Dennis Magrath?

"And where is Dennis Magrath?" I asked anxiously.

"Is it where is he? It's far out on the salt sea he'll be by this time," said the woman.

"Are you sure they have gone?" his reverence asked.

"Sure I am they talked of going, for I heard it from Ellen Rooney, an' she was over to Kilkenny, and danced at the wedding."

"Then Norah was married at Kilkenny and if she has gone, they started from there?" said I.

The woman looked at the priest, and on receiving a reassuring nod, assented. There was nothing to do but to go to Kilkenny. The hours were speeding, and there was no railway to annihilate time or space. A jaunting-car, with a fleet horse, at an extra price, was the only resource; and I was on the road again. A few hours of hard posting, with frequent change of horses, took me in sight of the old round tower, the venerable cathedral, and the historic castle of Kilkenny, and the humble home of the Magraths.

Norah had gone. Five days before she had left with her husband for Liverpool, to sail from there to America. Should I be foiled at last? Her friends believed that she was far away on the billow. I knew that packet-ships did not always sail on the appointed day, and that, even when the winds were fair, they would lay over a day or two for more freight or passengers.

But I had gained one more clue, which might be of service. Norah's ship was the packet *Emerald*, of New-York. I could find by the papers if she had sailed. I took the first train to Dublin, and the night-steamer to Liverpool. The route *via* Holyhead would have been a shorter one; but the Liverpool boat would arrive before the packet sailed, if she was still in port. I wanted, also, a few hours sleep.

We were twenty miles or so from the mouth of the Mersey, when I saw a large ship coming toward us.

"Captain," said I to the commander of our pig-laden steamer, "can you tell me what ship that is?"

"Yankee packet-ship, sir," said he, curtly, as an independent Briton should do.

"Do you happen to know what ship it is?" I asked eagerly.

"No, sir. Can't say I do. No time to keep the run of all the ships that come out of Liverpool. You can take my glass, sir, and when she gets a little nearer, you can see her name for yourself."

I took the proffered glass, and in fifteen minutes more I saw, full glittering on her prow, from which the port-signs had not yet been removed, the name: "*EMERALD, OF NEW-YORK.*"

I rushed to the skipper, and said, "Captain, I must see a person on that ship. Will you run alongside of her?"

"Couldn't do it, sir."

"I will pay you."

"Wouldn't do it for twenty pounds, sir."

"I will pay you more than twenty, and whatever is right for the detention. It is a matter of life and death. I have a friend whose life is in peril, and there is a person on that ship who may save him from the gallows."

"My God! you don't say so! I'll be alongside of her directly."

In ten minutes more I sprang into the shrouds of the noble ship. There was a crowd of emigrant passengers forward, taking their last look at Old England, and hoping, the most of them, to get a glimpse of Ireland once more before they left her for ever.

I knew that the captains of ships did not like any interference with their crews or passengers after they have taken charge of them, so I resolved to tell the gentlemanly as well as sailor-like master on the quarter-deck my business. I explained it as briefly as possible, and he sent for Norah Magrath, who came aft wonderingly, closely followed by her husband.

"Norah," said I, "you know Father Donovan in London?"

"To be sure I do, sir; and it's plased intirely I'd be to see him this blessed minute."

"You lived with Mrs. Mellon?"

"Indade an' I did, your honour; and I hope it's well she is, and the nice gentleman her husband."

"Norah, Mrs. Mellon is dead!"

"Dead! God rest her soul! Sure you don't mane it?"

"She is dead; and Mr. Mellon, my friend, is in Newgate, and may be hanged for poisoning her."

"Poisoning! Hanged! Och, sir, you can not mane that! Sure an' he loved the very ground she trod upon. Murther her? Niver a bit!"

"Would she kill herself, Norah?"

"The poor lady—no! she was light and giddy, and made him jealous sometimes; but she would niver have killed herself; she would not commit such a sin."

"Was she ever ill, Norah? Did she ever take any medicine?"

"Niver sick a day, your honor; and the only medicine I ever knew her to take was the little white powder for her complexion. She told me once that it was them that made her so beautiful."

A thought struck me. Here was a possible clue to something.

"Norah," said I, "will you go back with me to London? I will pay your fare and your husband's to America, and pay you both for your time. I believe your evidence will save poor Mr. Mellon's life."

"Please God, I will go, sir. I will just spake to Dennis."

They talked together a few moments, and then came toward me. I saw how it was settled.

"You see, we are going to settle in America," said Norah. "All our things are on board. If Dennis don't go now, we might lose a good chance. Would you mind, sir, giving Dennis what it would cost if he staid with me, and I wait and go to him when the trial is over?"

The arrangement, so thoroughly thrifty and characteristic, I closed with at once. In a minute more, Norah had a bundle of clothing in her hand; and we climbed over the side, and got upon the paddle-wheel of the steamer.

There was no sad or tender parting. The bridegroom and the bride simply shook hands, with a mutual and perfect trust in each other and in Providence. Norah wiped her eyes as the ship was fading in the distance, but in a few moments more she had cheerfully resigned herself to do her duty.

But the time was passing. We did not reach London an hour too soon. The trial had begun when I hurried into the court with our only important witness. The physician who made the post-mortem examination was giving his evidence.

There were traces of poison in several

organs, and the chemical analysis left no doubt that this poison was arsenic. The circumstances were certainly against the prisoner. The jurymen lowered upon him ominously.

But the medical witness, a gentleman of high intelligence, was to be cross-examined; and now I found a use for some slight knowledge of chemistry. At my suggestion, the prisoner's counsel put the following questions, which I give with the answers.

"Have you ever known, or is it a matter of authentic record, that arsenic is taken in small doses as a cosmetic, to improve the complexion?"

"It is sometimes used for that purpose."

"Is it also administered as a medicine for certain diseases?"

"Yes, undoubtedly."

"Now, sir, is it not a fact well known to medical science, that arsenic, taken for some time in small doses may accumulate in the system, so as to produce violent and even fatal action?"

"It is possible."

"Are there not cases of such cumulative action?"

"Yes."

"One question more. If a person in the habit of taking arsenic, either as a medicine or a cosmetic, were to die suddenly from any cause, would not arsenic be found in the liver and other viscera by a chemical analysis?"

"There is no doubt that it would."

"That will do, sir."

We called our witness, Norah Magrath. She testified to having lived more than two years with Mrs. Mellon; to the uniform kindness and affection of her husband; and to the nature of their domestic difficulties. She was sure that he loved "the very ground she trod upon," and that if he was sometimes jealous and out of temper, they always made it up; and she was sure that he would not have harmed her for the world.

"Was it within your knowledge, witness, that the deceased lady ever gave her husband any ground for jealousy?"

"No, your honor, not that ever I saw; but she was very handsome, and liked to be admired."

"Witness, you say she was very handsome. Did your mistress ever take any thing for her complexion?"

"Yes, sir; sure an' she did often."

"Do you know what it was?"

"It was a white powder like."

"A white powder that she rubbed on her skin?"

"No your honor; it was a powder that she swallowed."

"What did she call it?"

"I never heard any name for it."

"How do you know that she took it for her complexion, and not as a medicine for some disease?"

"Because she told me in a joking way, that if I would take some, it would make me as white and pretty as she was."

"Where did she keep this white powder?"

"In a little drawer of her writing-desk."

"Is that writing-desk portable, witness?" inquired the judge.

"Is it what, your lordship?"

"Can it be brought into court?"

"Aisily enough, your lordship."

"The court will take a recess while this desk is produced."

Two officers went with Norah, and returned with the writing-desk, in an inner and concealed drawer of which was discovered an ounce glass-stoppered bottle,

about a third full of a white powder. It was identified as the bottle from which Mrs. Mellon took her cosmetic; and a chemist pronounced it to be ARSENIC.

The jury did not require the eloquence of counsel nor the judge's luminous charge to bring in a verdict of "*Not guilty.*" And scarcely an effort was made to suppress the cheers of the crowd when that verdict was announced, and I took Arthur Mellon by the hand, and led him forth to life and liberty.

Our trials have not been in vain. If Alfred wronged me, bitterly did he atone for the wrong by sufferings that seem to have added many years to his life. We seldom speak of Isabel, and we are more friends than ever.

Norah, well rewarded in feelings and purse, with our best wishes, and what she prized much more, the coveted blessing of Father Donovan—went to America in a fast steamer; and when the packet-ship Emerald's passengers were landed at the Battery at New-York, and Dennis walked out of Castle Garden, he found his rosy and happy wife waiting to welcome him to the New World.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A PRINCE IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

VERY interesting to all classes of readers are those works in which an historian of acknowledged repute selects some undecided incident, and throws on it the light of diligent research and careful weighing of evidence. In this act M. Guizot is *facile princeps*, and it is therefore with great satisfaction that we bring before our readers' attention his latest monogram,* a perusal of which will go far to remove the disappointing impression produced by his feeble defense of the Papacy. During his study of the English

Revolution, our author came across two histories which he considered more fascinating than any romance—these were a king seeking a love-match, and love in the household of a great Christian and liberal nobleman. The latter Mr. Guizot has already made known to us in his *L'Amour dans le Mariage*, and he has now fully discussed the former in the volume which we have under notice. The first, the author tells us, was a study of a political tragedy; the second, a study of high comedy. But before entering on the subject-matter, let us pause for a moment and see what M. Guizot has to say about royal marriages generally:

* Un Projet de Mariage Royal. By M. Guizot. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie.

"Royal marriages arouse very diverse feelings among those who are present at them, or who converse about them. Some, and they are the majority, only think of the grandeur of the destinies which are connected by such bonds, of the importance of the motives that determine them, and the negotiations that preface them, and of the brilliancy of the fêtes that accompany them. Others, and they are the more delicate, reflect on the private lot of the persons thus engaged to each other, and are affected by the condition of those young princesses, the devoted victims of politics, who are torn from their country and family, and surrendered to a man who does not know them, and whom they do not know, without care for their wishes and happiness. Of these spectators so differently affected, the first frequently see the brilliant expectations contradicted by facts; and I fear lest the honest compassion of the second is not always satisfied. Politicians are right in believing that alliances between royal families are not without their value for states, and are wrong when they confide in their powerful efficaciousness; such bonds influence events, but do not decide them, and there are deeper causes which unite or divide governments and peoples. Those scrupulous persons who wish that hearts were more consulted in royal marriages deplore an incurable evil; political necessities, either of fear or hope, are too powerful to prevent personal feelings being silenced or overcome. On the day of their marriage, as in many other circumstances of their life, the great ones of the earth have to pay, at times very dearly, for their greatness, and it often costs them happiness, and, most assuredly, liberty. It is said that the Emperor Nicholas, when a marriage was on the carpet, laid great stress on the inclinations of his children, and I have lived with a royal family in which domestic virtues and affections occupied a great place. I wish that such may become every where the morals of kings; but I venture to the belief that, speaking generally, our age and the succeeding ones will not differ in this respect from those that preceded it."

In 1623, three men badly suited to each other and to their time—King James Stuart I., his son Charles, Prince of Wales, and their common favorite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—held in their hands the government of England. James was deficient neither in art nor knowledge, but he varingloriously displayed them in his conversations and writings much more than he employed them profitably in the government of his states. While still almost a boy in Scotland, he had to receive a foreign ambassador. The interview took place in Latin. The foreign envoy committed some grammatical mistakes, and the youthful King eagerly corrected

them. "How is it you have made a pedant of your illustrious pupil?" the ambassador the next day asked the royal preceptor, Buchanan. "I was very fortunate," Buchanan said, "in making even that of him." In England, as in Scotland, James remained his whole life through a subtle and prolix pedant, astute with braggardism, and obstinate without vigor. He was a coward at the same time as a disputant, mingled pusillanimous instincts with haughty pretension, and feared danger as much as he delighted in controversy. He possessed strangely susceptible and weak nerves—a sudden noise, an unexpected appearance, made him start with terror, and his large eyes incessantly rolled in all directions when a stranger was before him. His doublet and all his garments were strongly lined and quilted to protect him from a dagger-thrust, which gave him the appearance of an excessive and false corpulence. He had but little beard, and his tongue was too large for his mouth, so that he ate and drank uncleanly and awkwardly. His thin legs could hardly carry him. At the age of seven, he was unable to stand upright, and he was obliged always to lean on the shoulder of some one for support. With shamefully dissolute morals he united a ridiculously expansive and familiar tenderness, and was always ruled by favorites, whom he treated as children. In his frequent attacks of anxiety and ill temper, he would curse at one moment like a teamster, at another cry like a woman. No sovereign more pompously held up the royal prerogatives in principle, and none, in reality, represented royalty in a more subaltern, more vulgar, and frequently more offensive manner. Prince Charles and Buckingham were in many respects superior to the weak monarch; but all three had two great faults, the infallible source of serious perils. They were all imbued with the maxims and habits of absolute power, at a period when, though triumphant on the continent, it was becoming inopportune and contested in England. They arrived at a great time, and were not great themselves; they found great questions pending which had formerly been discussed by great princes, and they were incapable of treating them with the same energy as their predecessors:

"Absolute power has its social and personal conditions. It is at times natural and neces-

sary, but no mistake must be made about its hour, and even in its hour a certain measure of brilliancy and public respect is indispensable for it. When a nation has a sovereign-master, at least it must not despise him. As sovereign-master of England James I. came too late, and was too decried. Under the two great Tudors, his predecessors, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, absolute power had brilliantly performed its career, and accomplished its task; but James had no longer services to render it, and glory to reap; he merely professed its maxims unseasonably, and scandalously practiced its abuses. His son Charles entered on the same track with more dignity and more blindness, while Buckingham took advantage, with arrogant and frivolous selfishness, of the weaknesses of his two masters."

When Henry IV. heard of the death of Elizabeth, he at once sent off Sully to renew the old alliance between the two countries, and, at the same time, to fortify the alliance by the double marriage of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII., with Princess Elizabeth of England, and of Henry Prince of Wales with Elizabeth of France, eldest daughter of Henry IV. Sully performed his mission with admirable tact, and James invited him and his suite to dinner at Greenwich. Sully reports progress to his master as follows:

"The beginning of our conversation was about the chase and the heat, which was at this time extraordinary in England. After common-place topics, the King began talking of the late Queen of England with some degree of contempt, and to boast of the dexterity he had displayed in managing her through her advisers, all of whom he boasted that he had gained over during her lifetime; so that they only did what he wished, and he had thus governed England for several years before the death of the late Queen, whose memory is not agreeable to him. Then calling for wine, in which he never mixes water, he began by saying to me that he wished to drink your health, which was done reciprocally by him and me, without forgetting the Queen's and children. Speaking of whom, he whispered in my ear that he was going to drink the double relationship which was about to ensue. I was surprised at this, because the time seemed to me inopportune for opening so worthy a matter, and he ought to have spoken to me beforehand. Still I greeted the remark with some signs of joy, and told him that your majesty, being sought by Spain for Monseigneur the Dauphin, would know how to choose and make a distinction between the alliance with a good brother and assured friend, with whom he would never have cause of quarrel, and a monarch from whom, up to this hour, he had only received insults. Then he told me that he acted in the same way,

having been offered the same marriage for his son by the Spaniards, and that they were offering this Infanta to all the world merely to abuse the princes."

Sully went off with an offensive and defensive alliance in his pocket, and, soon after, Spanish envoys arrived in their turn in England to form a treaty and open prospects for a royal marriage. M. Guizot has found a very curious document in the archives of Simancas, drawn up on this subject for Philip III. by a Jesuit. The marriage was regarded as a means for bringing England back to the true faith, and, says the Jesuit, "Once that your majesty has settled with the King of England that the Infanta and her entire household shall have free exercise of the Catholic religion, and that her highness shall be waited on by persons of both nations of an exemplary life, as well as of a tried prudence and zeal in matters of our holy faith, the marriage, in the opinion of the said Catholics, will be not only licit according to the divine laws, but also justified, or, at the least, admissible to dispensation according to human laws, and even meritorious before God, glorious for Spain, and of great edification for the entire Church." With the death of Henri IV. matters changed greatly in France, and James veered round to the Spanish alliance, by sending Sir Charles Cornwallis, in 1611, to ask the hand of the Infanta Anne for Henry Prince of Wales. After a good deal of delay, Cornwallis was told that the Infanta Anne was already disposed of, but his master might have his choice of the two other Infantas, Marie and Marguerite, but the elder of these was only five years of age. Finally, the Spanish Court made it a *sine quâ non* that the prince should embrace the Catholic faith, and the matter was broken off. Anne of Austria was married to the young King of France, and James had the unpleasant feeling of being made a cat's-paw of both by France and Spain.

James next asked the hand of Christina, second daughter of Henri IV., for his son, and on the death of the latter put forward Charles. The negotiations, however, led to no result, and the King once more turned his eyes to Madrid. The Spanish envoy in London, Gondemar, was admirably adapted to carry on such a delicate negotiation, and James appointed as his envoy to Madrid, Sir John Digby, afterward Earl of Bristol, who labored dili-

gently and perseveringly to bring about the marriage, without compromising the general policy or public feeling of his own country. The Spanish Court pretended to be anxious for the marriage, but it was all deceit on their part. Philip III. on his dying bed said to his son: "Prince, do not abandon your sister Marie till you have made an empress of her." Tired of the delays, Prince Charles resolved on the bold stroke of proceeding to Madrid, gaining the heart of the Infanta, and thus rendering it impossible for the Court of Madrid to withdraw. After a long time spent in overcoming the King's resistance, Charles and Buckingham left London on February 27th, 1623, under the name of John and Thomas Smith, and sailed from Dover; on March 3d they reached Paris incognito. They were presented as travelers to the Duc de Montbazon, manager of the royal fêtes, and witnessed a court ballet, where the Prince was so struck by the beauty of Anne of Austria, that he was all eagerness to see her sister. He, therefore, started the next day for Madrid; and hence there is no truth in the commonly accepted tradition that he fell in love at first sight with Henrietta Maria. On the contrary, when Lords Carlisle and Holland went to Paris in 1624 to ask the hand of that princess for Charles, Anne of Austria said to them, "That at the ballet, where the Prince of Wales saw them the previous year, she had greatly regretted that her sister-in-law had appeared before him so little to her advantage, as he had only seen her from a distance, and in a dark room, while her face and entire person were infinitely more agreeable when seen close."

On the evening of March 17th the travelers arrived at the door of the English ambassador at Madrid, "more gay than they had ever been in their lives." They were most kindly welcomed by the Court, and Olivarez went so far as to say that if the Pope refused a dispensation for the Infanta to be the wife of the Prince of Wales, she would be given to him as mistress. The public also greeted Charles with delight, for there had been a drought for seven months before his arrival, and a beneficent rain came with him. Hence, when Charles solemnly traversed the city to go and take up his residence with the King, all classes of the population greeted him with the same favor; the richest hangings, the finest pictures adorned the

fronts of the houses; scaffoldings were erected on all sides, covered with spectators, and verses in honor of the Prince were recited as he passed. On reaching the palace, the Prince was splendidly lodged; the King handed him a gold key which opened his private apartments; the Queen sent him presents chosen with feminine delicacy and royal magnificence; the town was illuminated for three days; promenades, public homages, bull-fights, festivals of every description, succeeded each other without relaxation, and at Court and in the country all were anxious to testify to the Prince their confidence and hope. But the confidence of Charles and Buckingham in their speedy success was soon shaken. The principal conditions of the marriage, already agreed on between the two sovereigns, were, that the Infanta and her household should enjoy in England the free and full exercise of the Catholic religion; that the education of the children should remain in their mother's hands up to the age of seven, and that if they were Catholics, they should not lose their right of succession; that no Catholic priest should be put to death for performing his spiritual functions, and that the penal laws existing in England against the Catholics should be allowed to fall into desuetude. On these bases the Papal dispensation had been asked, but Gregory XIV. added several fresh demands, some of which James conceded, and declined others; but, on the departure of Charles for Spain, it was generally supposed that matters were duly arranged. For all that, the dispensation did not arrive, and there were so many obstacles, that Charles was obliged to ask his father for full powers in order to settle matters. Moreover, the enthusiasm with which Charles was received at Madrid rapidly cooled down; it was generally believed that he was about to turn Catholic, but he soon undeceived them by saying: "I have come to seek in Spain a wife, and not a religion."

Nor does it appear, in spite of Buckingham's asseverations, that the Prince of Wales was greatly smitten by his promised wife. The Infanta was at that time seventeen years of age; short and rather stout; she had light hair, a Flemish rather than a Spanish complexion, and rather thick lips, after the type of the House of Austria. Nothing leads to the belief that her mind was well developed, and, as

we may suppose, she was, with the prince at once curious and embarrassed. He only had rare and short interviews with her; and even when lodged in the palace, he saw her more nearly and frequently, the court etiquette and Spanish manners did not allow those frequent and frank communications between them in which young hearts reveal themselves and are attracted to each other. Charles paid assiduous court to the Infanta; he waited to see her when she went in and came out of church; at the theater he kept his eyes fixed on her, and he liked to ride at the ring in her presence. Informed one day that she was going to the Casa di Campo to pluck flowers, he rose at a very early hour, and, followed by but one confidant, Endymion Porter, he entered the house and the garden. Not finding the lady of his thoughts, he at length reached a private inclosure, closed by a wall and a heavy gate. Charles climbed over the wall and leaped into the inclosure; the Infanta uttered a shriek and fled; and the old servant, who accompanied her, fell on his knees, conjuring the Prince not to compromise the honor and safety of his gray hairs. Charles was respectful and reserved. During the whole of his stay at Madrid he continued to be gallant and eager with the Infanta, but neither his actions, nor his letters, nor contemporary documents, show that his heart was seriously affected, and in this negotiation love did not come to the aid of policy.

Another difficulty the Prince of Wales had to contend with was the arrogance of Buckingham, who rendered himself odious to all the Spanish grandees. The King treated him with great coldness, the Council of State disputed his right to take part in the negotiations, and went so far as to say that "they would sooner throw the Infanta down a well than place her in his hands." The affair of the dispensation however, still dragged on, and the Pope wrote flattering letters to Prince Charles and Buckingham, urging them to come over to the true faith. In vain did Charles press Olivarez to come to a settlement, otherwise he should be compelled to return to England. The Prime Minister had a ready-made excuse in the death of Gregory XIV., and the necessity of having the dispensation ratified by his successor, Urban VIII. Still, when the court of Madrid learned that James I. had sworn to all the articles proposed, and that mea-

sures favorable to the Catholics were being introduced, the Spanish obstinacy and reserve were slightly relaxed, and the marriage articles were drawn up, under promise that the betrothal should take place on the twenty-ninth of August following. This was followed up by a threat on the part of Charles to depart without the Infanta, unless word were kept with him; and if the Court of Madrid had really desired the marriage, this menace might have had some effect, but they had begun to detest the English, great numbers of whom had by this time flocked round the Prince. Among these was Archie, the King's jester, who never missed a chance of saying disagreeable things to the Spaniards. Thus, on one occasion, some one said in his presence that it was very surprising the Duke of Bavaria, with only fifteen thousand men, had dared to attack the Elector Palatine, son-in-law of James I., who had twenty-five thousand, and thoroughly routed him. "I will tell you," said Archie, "something far more surprising; how was it possible, in 1538, that a fleet of one hundred and forty vessels left Spain to invade England, and that not even ten of them returned to tell what had become of the rest?" Personally Charles was liked by the Spaniards; but he was neither firm enough nor clever enough to repair the faults of his comrade. The Infanta's confessor was also greatly opposed to the match, and ardently turned his young penitent from it. "Do you know," he would say to her, "what misfortune and malediction you will incur? You will have every night at your side a man condemned to the fires of hell." The Infanta was horrified, turned melancholy, and sedulously avoided the Prince, who persisted in seeking her without loving or being loved. To escape from this ridiculous situation, Prince Charles saw no other mode than to hurriedly return to England, leaving in suspense at Madrid all the questions which he had flattered himself with settling by his chivalrous journey. On the seventh of September, the King of Spain and the Prince of Wales confirmed, by a new act, the articles to which King James had sworn, and Philip promised that, if he would return to Madrid at the following Christmas, the marriage would be immediately celebrated, although the departure of the Infanta still remained fixed for the spring.

The Infanta had received the marriage presents some time before; she bore the title of Princess of England, took English lessons assiduously, and when the two envoys of King James appeared before her, they did not remain covered according the Spanish custom, for they no longer regarded her as the Infanta, but as their Princess. When the news of the Prince of Wales's approaching departure spread through Madrid, people were surprised, and asked whether he were afraid of being kept there against his will. To this suspicion Buckingham proudly replied: "It was love that impelled the Prince to come to Spain; it will not be fear that makes him leave it; he will go away when he thinks proper in broad daylight." The Infanta said, on hearing it: "If he loved me he would not go away." Before the departure presents were exchanged, the King of Spain giving the Prince eighteen Spanish horses, six barbs, six brood mares, and twenty colts, all superbly harnessed. Charles offered the Infanta a necklace of two hundred and fifty magnificent pearls, two pairs of pearls earrings, and a diamond of great value. The King of Spain accompanied the Prince part of the way to the coast; on the road they killed a stag in a little wood, where they found a table richly laid out. A small marble column had already been erected on the spot, and before this Philip and Charles renewed their protestations of alliance and friendship. No sooner had they separated, than Charles sent a messenger to the English envoy with instructions not to let out of his hands the procuration which the Prince had given him, and by which he authorized Philip IV., or the Infant Don Carlos, to proceed in his name to the celebration of the marriage. A rumor had been spread that, once the marriage ceremony was performed, the Infanta, sooner than live with a heretic, would retire to a convent, thus leaving the Prince of Wales married and without a wife. Such was the distrust and suspicion connected with the solemn protestations and promises of friendship! When Charles got on board the English fleet at Santander, his remark was: "It is a great folly and weakness of the Spaniards to let me depart so freely, after having treated me so badly."

Charles's return to London was a magnificent ovation; all the bells rang out a merry peal, and the churches were filled

with persons offering up thanks for his safe return. He hastened off at once to join his father at Royston, and James appeared to be tolerably satisfied with the result. The pledges of the Spaniards to restore his son-in-law, the Palatine, to his states, were rather vague, and he said: "I am not at all inclined to marry my son with my daughter's tears for a dower." James's next step was to send instructions to his envoy at Madrid to put off the ceremony of betrothal till Christmas, which placed Lord Bristol in an awkward dilemma, for, since Prince Charles's departure, he had been doing all in his power to dissipate doubts, and persuade the Prince and the Infanta that they were really attached to each other. The King of Spain, however, felt so persuaded that James's heart was set on the marriage, that he made all preparations, and as the Papal dispensation had at length arrived, the betrothal was fixed for November 29th, and the marriage for December 9th. To get out of this, James began a squabble about the Infanta's dower of two millions of crowns, which he insisted on receiving in hard cash, instead of part payment in jewels and annuities, as proposed by the Spanish Court. He also insisted on a clear understanding about what was to be done in the matter of the Palatine. The Court of Madrid was astounded by this firmness on the part of the usually vacillating monarch, and the cool way in which he treated the Spanish envoys, and the friendliness he displayed toward the French ambassador heightened their anxiety.

James was horribly perplexed what to do, and, without absolutely breaking with the Spanish Court, recalled his envoy, the Earl of Bristol, the only Englishman in whom the Spaniards placed confidence. On his departure, Olivarez offered him a considerable sum of money, and pressed him to accept, as no one would know about it. "Pardon me," Bristol replied; "there is some one who will know it, and inform the King of England of the fact, and that is the Earl of Bristol." So soon as they learned that Bristol was recalled, Philip IV. and his council regarded the marriage of the Infanta as abandoned, and, though they did not declare it formally, they manifested their conviction by their actions. The Infanta gave up her English lessons, and though the presents were not at once returned, it was openly stated that they would be so, as soon as

their suspicions were confirmed. At the same time, Philip went to Andalusia and inspected the fleet. Nothing was so disagreeable to James as the prospect of a war with Spain; for, as he wisely remarked, that would not restore the Palatinate to his son-in-law. He therefore summoned Parliament, and laid the whole affair of the Spanish marriage before it. The great mass of the people were opposed to it, and Buckingham placed himself at the head of the opposition. The Spanish ambassadors intrigued against the favorite and almost dethroned him. He lost the King's favor for some time, but by a fortunate chance Buckingham was enabled to lay bare the trickery of the Spaniards, and the King and Buckingham became friends again. The end of the whole affair was that the two Houses declared that the King could no longer, with honor, continue the negotiations for the Spanish marriage. At the same time they voted a sum of money for the prosecution of the war, should it break out.

Under the circumstances, the French Court thought it advisable to try and take the place of the Spaniards, and, after some beating about the bush, James sent Lord Kensington to Paris early in 1624, with instructions to sound the disposition of the King of France and the Queen-mother. Shortly after, the Earl of Carlisle was sent to back up Lord Kensington, and found that he had to negotiate with a man of very different mental caliber from himself, the Cardinal de Richelieu. When their lordships had declared the purport of their common mission, Louis XIII. appointed four commissioners to treat with them, the Cardinal being at their head. Matters went on very satisfactorily as far as the French were concerned, but the Pope did not at all like the idea of the match. He went so far as to say that if Louis XIII. would give up the English marriage, the

King of Spain would gladly ask the hand of Henrietta for his brother, the Infant Don Carlos, to whom he would secure the sovereignty of the Catholic Low Countries after the death of the Infanta Isabella. Marie de Médicis did not let herself be caught by these offers, however, and Louis XIII. contented himself with answering: "My zeal for the Catholic religion is no less than that of the King of Spain. It is the only thing which delays my sister's marriage."

The great hitch in the affair was the engagement James should enter into as to the treatment of the English Catholics. He offered a verbal promise not to execute the laws passed against them, and to tolerate the free exercise of their religion in their houses. The French negotiators demanded a written and official oath. James consented to the terms, but then came another difficulty; the Frenchmen wanted the engagement inserted in the marriage contract, and to this James did not dare assent, as it would be laid before Parliament, and there would be no chance of carrying it through. To these reasons Louis XIII. yielded, and the only thing now remaining was to obtain the dispensation from Rome. As his emissary to the Pope, Richelieu selected a remarkably astute man, Père de Berulle, who defeated all the schemes by which the Papal See tried to evade giving its assent to the marriage. The ceremony was arranged, and the Duc de Chevreuse was to act as proxy for the Prince of Wales, but just at the time James I. was taken ill and died. Death, however, does not derange the course of regal relations; three days after, Charles I. ratified the treaty, and the contract was signed on May 8th, 1625, at the Louvre, and the marriage ceremony was performed by the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld on the eleventh.*

From the London Times.

THE COMING ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THE PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE ELECT.

[As these royal personages are about to attract the attention of England and the civilized world by their approaching nuptials, we have placed in the hands of the artist a double portrait-plate of the Prince and Princess, (just received from London) to be engraved for our next number, as most likely to gratify our readers.

—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.]

As the period at which the marriage of Wales and the Princess Alexandra draws near, public interest in that event naturally becomes intensified, and we have no doubt that our readers will be glad to hear as much as can be told of the arrangements for the ceremony which have been and will be made at Windsor.

The day of the marriage has not yet been fixed; this matter indeed depends on the Danish Court. About the end of this month, however, the Princess will arrive at Gravesend, and will there be received by the Prince of Wales. The landing has already formed the subject of correspondence between the Mayor of Gravesend and the Lord Chamberlain, who promises to communicate with the Corporation again as to the day of the Princess's arrival becomes known. After the disembarkation, the Prince and Princess will travel to London by rail. From the railway station to Buckingham Palace their Royal Highnesses, with their attendant suite, will be conveyed in state carriages—there will, in fact, be a public procession to the Palace—and, after this, it is scarcely necessary to say a word about the way in which London will welcome the bride of the Prince and its future Queen. The few days that elapsed after the arrival of the Prince of Prussia in this country and before the day of marriage, were spent in reviews, or visits and ceremonials more or less public. It is not likely, for many reasons—the strongest being that the illustrious visitor on this occasion is a young Princess of eighteen

—that much of the time that intervenes will be passed in public, but as to this we believe that nothing whatever is known at present.

Arrangements in the interior of the Chapel Royal at Windsor are to be made forthwith to give sitting accommodation for seven hundred and sixty-nine distinguished visitors to be invited at the marriage ceremony. About fifty more will stand in procession during the marriage, and these, with one hundred choristers, fifty musical performers, and fifty officials and attendants—one thousand in all—the very most who can stand in the chapel, for there is literally, even with the crowding resorted to on the last occasion in the Chapel Royal at St. James's, no room for any more. Along the nave from its west door, between the tall, slender columns rising "high overarched, with echoing walks between," blocks of seats nine deep are to be erected for those who will be privileged to witness the bridal procession into the chapel, but who can not be accommodated within the smaller space beyond the screen where the ceremony itself is to take place. There will be six hundred and eight visitors seated here, the majority, as is usual on these occasions, being ladies. On the right of the organ-loft the band of choristers will be placed. In the little chapel of Sir Riginald Bray, the builder, if not indeed the designer of the whole structure, and whose quaint arms, a flax-scutching machine of five hundred years ago, cover even the lintels and panels of the doors, the musical performers will be stationed. With the chapel of the Knights of the Garter there can be very little tampering in the way of temporary erections. With the square squat outlines of the old hospital, which Henry VIII. altered into a banqueting-room and the House of Hanover into a Chapel Royal at St. James's, any thing might be attempted. Architects could

not improve, it nor carpenters make it worse. But the case is very different with the grand old interior of St. George's Chapel, with its deep traceried windows and exquisite oaken canopies of the knights' stalls. Each of these, with its quaint blazonments of knights who were Governors of Calais or Paris, down to the Peers and Statesmen of the present day, is a niche in history. Curiously enough, if few of our Princes of Wales have been married, still fewer, apparently, have been installed as Knights of the Garter. In the old oak pew allotted to the Heirs Apparent who are members of this order there are only three escutcheons—those of the present Prince, the Prince Regent, and Prince Frederick Louis, the son of George II. It is also worthy of remark that, close by the new, bright emblazon which bears the shield of "the rose and expectancy of this fair State" is one all darkened and defaced by time, but which still tells, in old Norman French, how a great ancestor of his present bride was installed in that very seat just two hundred and fifty years ago.

With these old storied carvings there is, of course, no meddling. Each seat, properly subdivided, would accommodate—we had almost said three ladies, but certainly two, even dressed in the widest amplitude of the present fashion. Beside, the Knights of the Garter have a right to their stalls on all occasions, and preëminently so when the Chief of the Order—the Sovereign—is present at any ceremonial in the Chapel. The stalls of the knights, therefore, are to be left untouched in all their ancient, angular, hard-backed integrity, and all can take their seats on this occasion, from the last and newest knight—Earl Fitzwilliam, whose bright banner has just been hung—up the senior of the order—the Marquis of Exeter, whose once rich flag is now gray with dust and age. On the space now occupied by the communion rails a raised dais is to be erected and covered with the richest carpeting. On this the ceremony will be performed. On the left side of the altar, between the termination of the knight stalls and the private entrance to the chapel from the castle, a small block of seats will be erected for thirty-five visitors, and on the raised dais the immediate members of the English and Danish royal families will be seated; her Majesty, with the royal family and illustrious for-

eign guests to the number of fourteen, on the right, with the remainder of the chosen guests and members of the royal bride's family to the number of twelve, on the left. Behind the station for our royal family will be raised a block of seats rising tier over tier, to accommodate the diplomatic body, who, with their ladies and first attachés, will be present to the number of one hundred. Outside the west door of the chapel, on the green between it and the horse-shoe cloisters, a very large temporary building has been begun. This structure, though of wood, and purely temporary, will be decorated in the inside in the most exquisite style. This will contain a fine central hall sixty feet long by forty broad, and twenty-five feet high, in which the procession to pass up the nave of the chapel, will be marshalled and arranged by the Deputy-Chamberlain as the members comprising it arrive from the castle. Built out from this hall, and entirely inclosing it on every side, will be a series of smaller rooms, twenty feet long by twenty broad. On the north side will be one for the bridesmaids, one for the bride, and one for the Royal Princesses. Nothing has yet been arranged as to the adornment of these saloons, but it is almost needless to say that they are intended to be as rich and beautiful as taste and money can make them. On the opposite side of the hall are to be similar apartments for the bridegroom's attendants, the bridegroom, and one for the Duke of Cambridge and royal visitors. The outer hall which gives ingress to this temporary palace, will be twelve feet wide by seventy feet long, and there will be a handsome covered way for the carriages in which the procession will arrive to set down their occupants at this entrance. Visitors to witness the procession up the nave of the chapel will also, we believe, arrive here, and be conducted to their seats in the nave. The more select few who will be honored with invitations for the Chapel itself will probably have a separate entrance allotted to them. The ambassadors and their suites will assemble in the Wolsey Chapel, and thence be conducted by the chief Master of the Ceremonies to their places on the right of the altar. The bridal procession will pass in State carriages from the private apartments of the castle to the carriage-entrance we have spoken of as giving admission to the temporary building outside the west

door. Here, while the procession is formed and arranged, the bride and bridesmaids and the bridegroom and his attendants will remain in the reception-rooms set apart for them. Her Majesty will enter the Chapel by the private way, and on her arrival the procession will move for-

ward up the temporary hall through the nave to the altar. As customary, the bridegroom's procession will move first, so that on the arrival of the bride's *cortege* at the altar the marriage may be at once proceeded with.

From Chambers's Journal.

IN THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH.

PROBABLY very few persons indeed ever think of the risk incurred by thousands of their fellow-countrymen, every day of their lives, in laboring for those things without which they themselves would find it difficult to live, or if they do remember it, it is only when some more than usually fearful accident, where the destruction of life is on a large scale, occurs. In the case of accidents in mines, it is seldom that the sufferers survive to tell the tale. I do not speak of such commonplace occurrences as being crushed by a fall of coal, but where an explosion has taken place near the pit-shaft, possibly followed by a fire, thus cutting off egress from the pit, and leaving the unfortunate men in the more distant workings to perish by hunger, or by the combined action of starvation and suffocation. Such an occurrence, when only three or four lives are lost, seldom does more than form the subject of a paragraph for a newspaper, and the matter is then forgotten; and more frequently it is not known beyond the pit.

My own occupation has been of a kind to bring me in frequent contact with miners, not only those employed in coal-mines, but those who are engaged in the less dangerous, but as I think, more unpleasant labor of mining for ores. Some of these men—poor cripples, who have little to live on except the few shillings a week they get from the owner of the pit in which they were maimed, the parish, and it may be a benefit society—have tales to tell which thrill one with horror, and excite

feelings of wonder that men can be found who are willing to enter an occupation carried on under such miserable conditions, when they might find work, if not in this, at all events in another country, under the open sky. One of these men, an old man now, who had at the time I heard his narrative been a cripple for fifteen years, had escaped death by what might almost be called a miracle. His name was Henry Stanley, and he with his brother Richard, another miner named Smale, and a son of the last named, a little fellow barely eight years old, were in the habit of working together. The manner in which the boy was employed was a secret among the men themselves, the reason given by the father to the overlooker for having him in the pit with him being, that having no mother to look after him, he wished to keep him out of the way of harm. The part of the pit in which they worked was so distant from the shaft, that they never saw any of the overmen more than once a day, and more often not at all; and whenever he did make his appearance in that part of the pit where they were, the boy, who had been on the look-out, gave them notice of his approach, and they would hastily leave the working in which they were actually engaged for another a hundred yards distant, and running in a different direction.

The reason why they were so anxious to conceal the scene of their operations was as follows: The pit was one of those on the coast, and the richest, and therefore most profitably worked part of it, was

beneath the sea. One of the veins was so high and broad, and the coal so easily worked, that it was extended to a distance under water, which, in the opinion of an inspector, endangered the safety of the mine. In consequence of this opinion, the men were ordered to discontinue working it; and most people would have thought that nothing more was necessary than to give this order, when the miners knew that it could only be disobeyed at the peril of their lives. But considerations of danger in the exercise of their vocation never have and never will deter miners from disregarding orders, when the doing so is attended with profit or convenience. The men above named were in the habit of working this vein, though ostensibly, and at times actually, they were employed in a siding, where the overlooker found them when he went in that direction. Their earnings, under these circumstances were large, but not so large as to excite much remark; and, to celebrate their success, they agreed to eat their Christmas dinner together. Two days before the time when this was to take place, they were sitting at the extreme end of the working referred to, eating their mid-day meal, when they were startled by a sudden, heavy fall, followed by the hollow crackling sound which good coals produce when they crumble together into a mass. There was a rush to escape, but the fall completely blocked up the vein, and this at a distance of not more than thirty or forty paces from where they had been sitting, thus imprisoning them in a cell, as it might be called, about fifty yards long, four wide, and three in height. Fortunately, there was no escape of gas, but they were familiar enough with such matters to know that the air must in a limited time be rendered incapable of sustaining life. The first thing they did, after they had recovered a little from the shock, was to examine their bags, to see what provisions they had left; and the second, to ascertain how many candles they had among them. As regarded provisions, they were more than commonly well off, one of them having brought a large loaf of home-made bread down with him that morning, in order that his mates might taste it. In the matter of lights, they were badly off; they found that if they put out all except one, in less than twenty-four hours they would be in total darkness.

Of the extent of the fall, they could form no idea; but as their only chance of escape was by clearing a way through it, they went to work at it without delay. They toiled for hours, but the progress made was slow, owing to the slipping down of fresh pieces in the place of those removed, which, moreover, helped to fill up the not very large space in which they were confined. They worked two at a time, the third relieving one of the others at regular intervals. In this way, hour after hour passed, and to all appearance they were as far from liberty as ever. Presently there was a little flicker of light, followed immediately by total darkness. There is something inexpressively horrible in being thus cut off from sunshine, and buried alive in the body of the earth, which the imagination is scarcely capable of realizing. The poor fellows thus doomed, as they had every reason to believe, to a slow but certain death within a few hours, groped their way together, and sat down on the ground. Silent and motionless they sat, the thoughts of each occupied with those they had left in the morning; suddenly the silence was broken by the voice of the little boy repeating a part of his evening prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

The little voice could not get beyond the second line, but broke down with a deep sob, followed by a passionate fit of crying, in the midst of which his father could be heard trying to console him in a half-choked voice. The others, unable to contain themselves any longer, gave vent to their grief, and for some minutes nothing could be heard in the darkness but deep sobs. When these had died away, they could hear dull, heavy sounds above them, which followed each other in monotonous and slightly irregular succession: it was the beating of the sea on the shore above. It was astonishing, said the poor fellow who told me this, how much the sense of their position was aggravated by these sounds. The thought of the free rolling waves, of the life they bore in them, of the sunlight which shone upon them, increased their agony to desperation, and, with the exception of the child, each reflected within himself whether it would not be better to end it by a speedy act of his own. They agreed that they had little reason to

hope that any attempt would be made to rescue them even when they were missed, since none of the other men engaged in the pit knew of their working this vein, and would therefore not think of searching for them there. Rather than sit in idle, useless despair, they resumed work in the dark; but if the progress they made was trifling when they had light, it was still more so now that they had none. They were soon exhausted by their exertions, as much, perhaps, from their hopelessness as from fatigue. Throwing themselves on the ground, they tried to prepare themselves for the fate which they now regarded as certain. Timidly as is the wont of men when they address their Creator aloud in the presence of others for the first time, Stanley uttered a few short sentences of prayer; Smale was the next to follow his example, and after him Richard Stanley. Comforted by their appeals, they continued them at short intervals; and presently the child, at the desire of his father, sung a hymn he had been taught at the Sunday-school, the men joining their rough voices to his little childish treble. At the conclusion of each verse, the sound of the dashing waves on the shore above filled the hole in which they were buried with its low, thundering, monotonous beat. Soon this was the only sound audible. The two brothers put their arms round each other, and they all lay patiently waiting for the coming of that light which all, even those who daily ask for it, shrink from with inexplicable inconsistency.

By a merciful condition of existence, those unfortunate men who are buried as these were gradually cease to feel the dread of death, in proportion as hope of rescue fades from their minds, the inhaled carbonic acid gas reducing the vitality by degrees, till the brain becomes paralyzed, and this long before the vital spark is utterly extinguished. Richard Stanley had already reached the stage of insensibility, when his brother heard a slight movement among the coal, indicative of a further settling down of the mass, under increased pressure from above, or of its being removed by men on the other side. Under the stimulus of this thought, Henry Stanley crawled to the heap, and listened with all the eagerness of which he was still capable. His practiced ear soon enabled him to satisfy himself that men were at work on the other side, and he was in the

act of turning to crawl back to try and rouse his companions in peril to a knowledge of the good news, when a heavy block of coal fell from the roof upon his loins, crushing him to the ground beneath its weight, and rendering him completely incapable of moving. It was in this position that the pitmen found him when they had worked their way through the fallen mass. Richard was insensible, and so also was Smale, who lay as if asleep, with his arms round his little boy, who was lying on his bosom. The child was past recovery; but, after several hours in the open air, all three of the men regained their senses, Henry Stanley alone being permanently injured by the accident.

Another accident of a different kind, which likewise occurred in a coal-mine, was related to me by one of the survivors, though how he came to survive is a mystery known only to himself. One cold winter night, a middle-aged man named William Jamieson was waked by his wife, who was trembling and bathed in perspiration, and adjured by her not to go to work the next day. Wondering what had happened to cause her to make the request, he asked the reason, when she told him that she had dreamed twice that night that she had seen him go down into the pit, take a lamp, and walk to a distant part of the mine, where he joined their sons, and began work; that, while they were at work, she heard a dreadful crash, and then saw a bright sheet of flame, which lit up the galleries and workings from one end of the mine to the other, and finally rushed up the shaft in a body, which went roaring up to the clouds, and seemed to set them in a blaze. Without attempting to imitate Jamieson's dialect, which would only weary the reader without adding to the interest of his narrative, I will give the facts he related as nearly as I can remember them:

When my wife told me what she had dreamed, I told her it was all nonsense. Our wives are always having dreams of this kind, but in time they get used to them, and take no notice. However, she was so earnest about it, and seemed so frightened that I promised her at last I would stay at home. I was thinking directly afterward what I should do all day, when I thought it would be a good opportunity to kill our pig, instead of putting it off a week or two longer. I got up between six and seven o'clock, and,

when I went down stairs, I found my sons having their breakfast, and their mother trying to persuade them not to go to work. They did not pay much heed to what she said; and, when they had finished breakfast, they took their bags, and were going out as usual, when my wife got before the door, and begged me not to let them go. I was ashamed to say that I had promised not to go to work because of their mother's dreams, so I said that I decided on having the pig killed that day, and they might as well stay at home, and we would make a holiday of it. As they refused to do this, and were too old to be made to what they did not like, there was no help for it but to let them go. After breakfast, I went to the slaughterman, to ask him to come down with me, and, on my way, I went to the public-house, and got a stone bottle filled with gin, which I slung over my shoulder. On getting to his house, I found that he had gone to Slivecome, and was not likely to be back before the evening. I was uncertain what to do. The promise I had made my wife only made me feel ashamed that I had made it. There was nobody I could have a holiday with; so, at last, I made up my mind that I would go to work as usual. It was rather late when I got to the pit, and I had to wait a while before I could be lowered; and, while I was waiting, an over-looker came up, and I heard him say they had found a good deal of gas in Davis's Hole—a name that had been given to a spot where a man of that name had been killed.

When I got to the bottom of the shaft, I took my lamp, and walked to the part of the mine where I had been working with my sons for several days before. It was about as far from the shaft as it could be; but there was plenty of air, the ventilation in the mine being too strong if anything, and apt to give the rheumatism. I stood there two or three minutes talking to my son Alfred, and then turned round to put my things off. I was just taking the bottle off my shoulder, when we heard a smothered roar. We knew well enough what had happened, and directly set off for the shaft, to get drawn up, if the explosion had been serious, and the choke-damp likely to spread through the pit. Before we got to the shaft, we were stopped by a miner named Naylor, who said that the shaft was on fire, and all the workings on the north side. We went on, and

found several other men standing not far from the shaft, talking of what it would be best to do. The pit was all in a blaze against the shaft, and the fire was rushing up with a roar like a whirlwind, and, every now and then, pieces of burning timber came crashing down, and bounded out of the fire toward where we were standing. As there was no possibility of getting out of the pit before the fire had burned itself out, I and my two boys went back to the place where we had left our things, leaving the other men still standing near the shaft. Knowing that several hours must pass before the timber in the shaft would be burned out, we stayed where we were, calculating how long it would be before we could be drawn up. When we went back, we found that the fire had spread several feet in our direction, which made our situation more desperate; but, for all that, we thought that when they began to throw water into the shaft, it would not be long before it would be extinguished. We never thought they would close the shaft, with the deliberate intention of filling the pit with water. The upward draught was strong, the progress of the fire towards us was so slow as to be scarcely sensible, only the air became so heated that we were forced to draw further and further back into the mine, the hot air causing the gas to ooze out of the coal. Finding there was no chance of our being able to escape for many hours at least, we went back to the place where we had left the little food we had remaining, and where the air was still fresh and cool, in comparison with what it was near the shaft. To economize our food, as much as to escape from thought, we lay down and went to sleep. When I woke, I fancied I could detect an unusual dampness beneath my hand, as I rolled over to get on my feet. My sons remarked the same thing when I called them; and we rushed off together as soon as we had lighted our lamp—for, fortunately, we had matches, as most of us usually have, though it is against pit regulations—hoping to find the fire extinguished. We had not gone far before we felt the water splashing beneath our feet. It was evident the water had been pouring in for some time, and in large quantities, and the suspicion crossed my mind that the pumps had ceased to work, and that they were allowing the water to accumulate in the workings. The air near

the shaft was insufferably hot, but the fire had not extended, or but very little. Unfortunately, the floor of the pit below the shaft was higher than the surrounding parts, so that the water ran off, and was fast helping to flood the mine, while the place whereon it was wanted remained uncovered. To remedy this it was proposed that we should go to work to make a dam of coal-dust; but as it was immediately objected that the only effect of this would be to cause the water to flow through the mine in one direction instead of two, the idea was not carried out.

Meanwhile, the fire continued to rage as fiercely as ever in and about the shaft; and as it could do no good to remain near it, breathing the hot and bad air, I proposed to my sons that we should again return to our refuge, where we could contrive to keep out of the water, at all events, for a time. Alfred agreed to come, but William decided on remaining with the other miners, saying that he would join us presently. The mine was a very wet one, and the difference in the depth of the water, since we left the place where we had been working, was quite perceptible. We directly went to work, and made such a barrier as was sufficient to keep the water from reaching us, as we thought, and then sat down, sad and sorrowful enough. My thoughts ran a good deal on my wife's dream, as they had continually done since the accident, and I wondered at the singular coincidence, and whether there was any chance of our ultimate escape. As there was no use in sitting idle, we began to prepare for the rise in the water by picking away the coal from the roof; and, without working very hard, we had raised ourselves in a few hours nearly level with the roof of the passages throughout the greater part of the mine. In the meantime, the water had been steadily rising; from being as high as the first joint of my forefinger, it had risen while we were at work to the height of the third. We made several journeys backward and forward to and from the shaft, and found it always burning, but the fire in the mine itself was growing less and less. Very few of the men had any hope of getting out now, and a good many began to complain that they were dying of hunger, though I could not help noticing that those who complained most on this score had the strongest voices. My son Alfred had noticed

the same thing, and followed one of these men, and presently came to me bringing with him a huge piece of one of the ponies. This was a precious resource to us, for careful as we had been of the little food we had at the time of the accident, we had only a few ounces left.

As William preferred to remain with the other men, where they could see the light, Alfred and I were alone in our misery. We sat side by side in the darkness, our hands fast locked together, and only loosing our hold of each other when I crawled to the edge of the heap of coal we were sitting on to plunge my arm into the water to see how deep it was. In time this was useless, for when it had risen to the length of my arm, and I found the next time I tried it that my fingers would not touch the bottom, I left off doing it. Of the other men, we saw nothing after we had got too weak to wade through the water to the shaft; but some of them had come near us, driven back by the rising water, the part of the pit where we were being higher than the rest. At times, we could hear one man calling to another through the darkness, and ask him how he was. By degrees, these inquiries became less frequent, and, when made, often remained unanswered. Another kept on repeating, "Lord, have mercy on us!" till his voice grew weaker and weaker at every repetition, and at last died away altogether. I shouted for my son William, and he answered, but he could not join us, not being able to find his way to the place where we were in the dark. At intervals, we called to each other, but after a while I got no answer, though whether he had perished of hunger, or had gone away toward the shaft, I could not tell, but I hoped the latter. By degrees, all these sounds died away, and, as far as I could tell, my son and I were the only living beings in the pit. Slowly but surely the water continued to rise, for, though I could not test its depth, it was easy to ascertain that it was creeping toward us. We had no knowledge of the passage of time, but it seemed as if years had passed, when I was roused by my son, who was making feeble efforts to put his arm round my neck. I was myself too weak to lift him, but I crept close to him, and kissed him. A little later, and he was cold and motionless. For hours, or it might have been days, I continued to hold his lifeless

body in my arms. Of food, I had none, and my only support was a sip of spirits taken at long intervals.

Still the water continued to rise, till I felt it touching my feet. I spent the time in sleep mostly, and when I lay awake, I had just life enough to wonder how long it would be before the water rose above my head. I did not now feel any particular dread of this happening; I had got so familiarized with the idea that I only speculated in a dreamy kind of way on what the sensation would be like when it took place. From what I heard since, I believe I must have slept many hours at a time. I know that when I woke once, I felt that my feet were no longer in the water. I stretched them out, still without touching it, and I had to push myself forward some distance before I could reach it, and then I knew they must have got the engine at work, and were pumping out the water; consequently, the fire was extinguished. I suppose it is nothing unusual in such cases, but no sooner had I found there was a chance of being saved, than the resignation or indifference, whichever it was, left me, and instead of being able to sleep as I had done before, I became keenly alive to my situation, and sat with the soles of my feet just touching the water. It sunk so slowly, that hours, as I judged, passed before I could say with certainty that it had sunk any more. This was about the most dreadful period of my imprisonment. When I lost my poor boy, I was expecting every hour to

join him, and painful as it was, it seemed as if we were only separated for a little while. Now, my thoughts were busy with home. What would my wife say when she saw me like one risen from the grave? What would she be doing when I got home? These, and a thousand other wondering surmises, passed through my mind as I sat there in the darkness; till, at last I got weary, and began to despair of getting out after all, the water sunk so slowly. I tried to forget time in sleep, but I found this was not half so easy now. Not to spin out my tale any longer than I can help, I will say nothing more of what I felt and thought, nor what resolutions I made for the future, if I only reached the surface of the earth once more alive.

At last the time came when the water barely reached my knees at a distance of several feet in advance of the heap on which I had been lying, and I decided on trying to reach the shaft, which I succeeded in doing, though it took me a long time, owing to my weak and exhausted condition. Close to the shaft, I found two of the overlookers and several of the miners at work in repairing it. They were as much startled at seeing me as though I had been a ghost, and, indeed, as far as appearance went, I might with good reason have been taken for a skeleton. When I came down into the pit, I had left the ground hard and frozen; the next time I saw it, the grass was green, there were leaves on the trees, and a bright and warm sun was shining.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A DAY AT THE DEAD SEA.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE world's beauty is for ever young but the world's awe and terror are rapidly passing away. The halo of mystery which once hung over a hundred hills and groves and caverns is dissipating before our eyes like a resolvable nebula in Lord

Rosse's telescope. The Sphinx is no enigma now. That solemn face, blasted by the suns and storms of sixty centuries, has been admirably photographed, and we shall no doubt all place it shortly, along with other interesting characters, as a

carte de visite in our albums. Dagon, the "thrice battered god of Palestine," who seemed to us once so awful a personage, has been dragged out of his grave in Senacherib's burned and buried palace, and set up like a naughty boy in a corner in the British Museum. Scylla and Charybdis, where are their terrors now? Is not Charybdis traversed, and does not Scylla echo every Monday and Thursday the puffs of the steamboats of the *Messageries Impériales*? The cave of Trophonius and the fountain of Ammon, Styx, and Acheron, Delphic groves and Theban tombs, have we not rifled and sketched and vulgarized them all? Picnics are held, as Mr. Trollope assures us, in the valley of Jehosaphat and the very sepulchre of St. James. Even that far-off shrine immortalized by Calderon—the terror haunted "Purgatory" beneath the waters of—

"That dim lake
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this sad world."

But there is still some faint lingering shadow of the terrible and the sublime in our ideas of the Dead Sea—the accursed Asphaltites. True, we have unhappily discovered all about it—its typography, hydrography, and chemical analysis. Still, when all is said, "Mare Mortuum" is an awe-inspiring name. If there be any thing which ought not to die, it is a sea—the "image of eternity," the emblem of life and motion, which Byron could adjure:

"Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure
brow,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld thou rollest
now."

But here is a sea not dowered with the immortal youth of the ever-leaping ocean, but dead—dead for three thousand years; aye, dead and damned to boot—the accursed Lake of Sodom! We confess it with shame, we had never constructed out of our moral consciousness, or out of any book of travels, any definite idea of a Dead Sea before we actually saw it with our eyes. It had remained one of those blessed dark corners of the imagination, wherein the terrible yet peeps out at us, as in childhood awful eyes used to do, from the deep bays of the room after dark, when we sat by our mother's knees in the red firelight before the candles

were brought, and heard her stories of wolves and lost children in a wood. In the faint hope that in this era of tourists' books there may yet survive some few as ignorant as ourselves to whom we could convey a share of our impressions of interest and pleasure, we shall indite a brief record of that little experience. "Better twenty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," we are often tempted to say. But it must be owned there are some days in the East which it would be hard to parallel with any month in Europe, however replete with excitement and interest. At least, in our own lives, "a day in Cairo, a day at the Pyramids, a day in Jerusalem, a day at Baalbec, and this day at the Dead Sea," have had no equals, even in Athens or Rome.

As we are to speak of the land where time is counted from sunset to sunset, our day must begin, like that of Eden, in the evening.

Mar Saba is not a nice place to sleep at—that is to say, for people with prejudices on the subject of centipedes. The ground where the tents of pilgrims are pitched affords every possible opportunity for the study of those entertaining *articulata*, and of course it is quite impossible in a tent to exercise any thing else but hospitality toward any visitors who may choose to "drop in." True that for travelers of the nobler sex, the grand old monastery of Mar Saba opens its doors and offers the purest spiritual consolation in the shape of surpassingly excellent raki (the most unmitigated alcohol known.) But for an unholy "Hajjin," (or female pilgrim,) like the writer, no such luck was in store. The convent of St. Saba must never be polluted by feminine Balmorals, and the society of the centipedes was quite good enough for us. It was accordingly with no small perturbation of mind that, before retiring to rest, we investigated the manners and customs of those remarkable creatures. On a small bush of broom—the original Plantagenista of the most royal of kingly races—we discovered about three or four dozen of our friends, long and black, and vicious-looking in the extreme. Placing my gauntlet alongside of one of them as a measure, it appeared that the centipede was somewhat longer than the glove, or about six inches from tip to tail. All down the sides the little black legs moved in

the most curious way from four or five centers of motion, (ganglia, I suppose,) so that he looked like a very fine black comb down which somebody slowly drew four or five fingers. Did he bite, or did he sting, and could he crawl fast, and was he not likely to establish himself for the night where we were keeping open house, or rather tent? Nay, (frightful reflection,) was there any thing to prevent him and his congeners ensconcing themselves in our beds? We confess that it was with terrible misgivings we slept that night the sleep of people who have been eleven hours in the saddle, and burning was our indignation against asceticism in general and the prejudices of St. Saba in particular on the subject of the admission of petticoats to his monastery. The good Franciscans at Ramleh (the Arimathea of Scripture) had known better, and allotted to us a dormitory, where, however, we had some small but assiduous attendants, through whose ministration we were (as good people say) "grievously exercised," and obliged to pass the night in researches more nearly connected with entomology than with biblical antiquities.

No; Mar Saba is not a nice place to sleep at, but we did sleep in spite of the centipedes. For my part, at least, I slept so soundly, and with such vivid dreams of far-off green woods of the west, and dear ones parted by thousands of miles, that when wakened at midnight by the howling of the wild beasts of the wilderness, it was all but impossible to recover the sense of reality, or rather to know whereon to fix it—on the natural home-like dream of the little child with her arms around my neck, sitting under the old trees, or on the weird picture before my eyes at the tent door—the wild hollow in the desolate hills, and the group of our well-armed guard of Arabs around the watch-fire; while beyond them Orion, burning in all the glory of a Syrian night, was slowly sinking behind the desert mountains of Judea.

It is strange how every thing in the simple life of tents suggests the analogies of the moral life. A journey in the desert is like reading a series of parables. We are then truly "pilgrims and sojourners on earth"—the place which has known us for one brief day will know us no more for ever. We really thirst for cooling fountains, and pant under the burning sun for "the shadow of a great Rock in a

weary land." The simple realities of existence, which so rarely approach us at all in the orderly and over-finished life of England, where we slide, without jolt or jar from the cradle to the grave, along the smooth rails laid down by civilization, are present once more in the wildernesses of the East. That very morning, at Mar Saba, as we watched our tents taken down, and all traces of our brief encampment passing away, to be renewed as transitorily elsewhere at night, it forced itself on my mind more clearly than ever before, how the noblest aim of life could only be

"Nightly to pitch our moving tents
A day's march nearer home;"

—a real full day's pilgrimage in the right direction. And alas! *per contra*, how few of the easily-numbered days allotted to us seem actually to forward us one step thitherward!

Whether it be from these associations with great realities, or from its wondrously healthy effect (making "well" a positive condition, and not, as usual, a mere negation of being "ill,") or from what other occult suitability to humanity, I know not; but decidedly the tent-life is beyond all others attractive and fascinating. At first, being sufficiently fond of the comfortable, I dreaded it greatly; but after two or three nights, the spell it never fails to exercise fell on me, and I wished it could go on for months. It seems as if, at bottom of the Saxon nature, there is some unsuspected corner which always echoes joyously to the appeal,

"Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart
for any fate."

Whether it be

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new,"

or to

"Antres vast and deserts idle,"

like those of Mar Saba, it is all the same. Only "let us go on—on to a new life; and let the traces of the old be swept away as rapidly as may be." "Let the dead Past bury its dead."

Is all this natural and wise, or utterly wrong and foolish? I am not quite persuaded; but at any rate it is of little consequence to decide the question, for our

English climate settles the matter for us, practically, very decisively. How did Robin Hood and Maid Marian ever escape rheumatism and catarrh?

Our English progress is, I hope, of a more real sort than that of the Arab, whose tent is the only thing connected with him which *does* move. After four thousand years the Scheik of Hebron has probably not varied an iota from the costume, the habits, or the acquirements of Abraham. The immobility of every thing in the East is like that of the boulder-stones laid at intervals for landmarks across the plains, as regularly to-day as when Moses cursed the man who should remove them three thousand years ago. The tents move, but all else is stationary. Our houses, on the contrary, remain from age to age, while all things else are in continual change. Where are now the costumes, the habits, the ideas of our ancestors, not three thousand but three hundred years ago? Yet we live in their homes and worship in their churches, while the Syrian's tent has moved and changed uncounted times in the same interval. May those "stately homes of England" stand firm for many an age; and may we never advance to that doctrine of the Yankee in Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, "that it is an insolence for any man to build a house which should outlast his own life, and oblige his son to dwell in the chambers he had designed, and not in those of his own original choice!" It is hardly to be measured, I think, how much of the best and tenderest family feelings amongst us are due to the old house, wherein all associations are centered, wherein each member of the race feels pride, where the pictures of our forefathers hang side by side on the walls, and their dust rests together in the vault hard by. Shame is it that such deep human feelings as these should be soiled by vulgar pride of rank or wealth, or monopolized by the rich alone, as if they were not equally the birthright of the humblest family who could possess their English cottage or Highland shely, and who *might* attach to them equally all the affections which would sanctify the castle or the palace. It is not the grandeur of the house, nor the artistic merit of the family pictures, nor the splendor of the funeral monuments, which give them their power. It is the great Divine institution of the family which gives to the hearth

its sanctity, and to the picture, and chair, and tree, and grave, their influence over our hearts. To raise and ennoble the poor we must surely in every way possible strengthen and elevate the reverence for family ties. We must secure for them the power of earning by their industry homes which shall be really homes—not lodging-houses or temporary tenancies; but homes wherein may grow up those sentiments of honest pride, of mutual *solidarité*, (making each member of the family interested in the honor and welfare of all the rest,) of grateful youth and tenderly nurtured age, which may at last drive away the plague of pauperism from our land. Wherever this state of things is approached, as in Cumberland, Switzerland, and parts of France, (the department of Seine-et-Marne, for instance,) the moral results seem of unmixed good, whatever may be the commercial consequences as regards the farming of the land. There are dreamers, whose fanaticism, springing from violent recalcitration at the world's wrongs and cruelties, we can not but in a measure honor, who would proceed on an opposite plan. I suppose every heart open to a generous feeling, has in youth experienced the attraction of some communistic scheme wherein labor should become unselfish, and poverty, with all its train of sins and woes, be wiped from the destinies of man. These philanthropists would say: "Leave your old houses to perish, or turn Leigh-hall into a phalanstery." But if there were no other flaws in the project, this one would suffice. The family is an institution of the Creator, the community is an institution of man. However well planned, with whatever apparent provision for the family to spread its roots and flourish within the walls of the community, the tree will in the lapse of time burst its way and break down the walls. There is a deep, hidden antagonism between the two, which, as each grows, is more and more developed. When it comes to a contest between God's plan and man's plan, we can have little doubt which will be beaten in the long run. Assuredly it is *through* the Divine institution of the family, not against it; by increasing and elevating its influence, and restoring it when it has been crushed out by sin and misery, that we shall help mankind.

It was a glorious morning at Mar Saba. By four o'clock we were all dressed and breakfasting while our tents were taken

down, and some twenty or thirty recalcitrant mules first caught and then laden. A merry and pretty scene is the departure from a camp; and then, on those bright dawning days, the sense of life and health becomes an almost exuberant happiness. We learn there at last—what so many of us forget after childhood—that simply to exist in health is a blessing and a joy—to breathe the morning air, awakened from the sound slumbers of real fatigue—to eat rough food with keen appetite—to mount the willing, spirited Syrian horse, and start for the long day's travel with the sun mounting into the cloudless sky of Palestine, and the wide wilderness of hills stretching around and away as far as eye can reach; all this is joy of itself. We feel inclined to say, as the scheik did to Layard: "Oh! sorrowful dwellers in cities! May Allah have mercy upon them! Is there any *kef* like this, to ride through the flowers of the desert?" Truly it is better thus, (once in a way, at all events,) than to be forever, "with blinded eyesight, poring over miserable books."

As we rode out of the little valley of our encampment, and down by the convent of Mar Saba, we obtained a complete view of the whole *hermit burrow*, for such it may properly be considered. Mar Saba is the very ideal of a desert. It lies amid the wilderness of hills, not grand enough to be sublime, but only monotonous and hopelessly barren. So white are these hills, that at first they appear to be of chalk, but further inspection shows them to be of whitish rock, with hardly a trace of vegetation growing any where over it. On the hills there is sometimes an inch of soil over the rock; in the valleys there are torrents of stones over the inch of soil. Between our mid-day halt at Der-binerbeit (the highest land in Judea) and the evening rest at Mar Saba, our whole march had been in utter solitude—not a village, a tent, a caravan, a human being in sight. Not a tree or bush. Of living creatures hardly a bird to break the dead silence of the world, only a large and venomous snake crawling beside our track. Thus far from human haunts, in the heart of the wilderness of Judea, lies Mar Saba. Fit approach to such a shrine! Through the arid, burning rocks a profound and sharply-cut chasm suddenly opens and winds, forming a hideous valley, such as may exist in the unpeopled moon, but which probably has not its equal in our world for

rugged and blasted desolation. There is no brook or stream in the depths of the ravine. If a torrent may ever rush down it after the thunderstorms with which the country is often visited, no traces of water remain even in early spring. Barren, burning, glaring rocks alone were to be seen on every side. Far up on the cliff, like a fortress, stand the gloomy, windowless walls of the convent; but along the ravine, in almost inaccessible gorges of the hills, are caves and holes half-way down the precipice, the dwellings of the hermits. Here, in a den fit for a fox or a hyena, one poor soul had died just before our visit, after *five-and-forty years* of self-incarceration. Death had released him, but many more remained, and we could see some of them from the distant road as we passed, sitting in the mouths of their caverns, or walking on the little ledges of rock they had smoothed for terraces. Of course their food (such as it is) is conveyed to them, or let down from the cliffs from the convent at needful intervals. Otherwise, they live absolutely alone—alone in this hideous desolation of nature, with the lurid, blasted desert for their sole share in God's beautiful universe. We are all, I suppose, accustomed to think of a hermit as our poets have painted him, dwelling serene in

"A lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless continuity of shade,"

undisturbed by all the ugly and jarring sights and sounds of our grinding civilization, sleeping calmly on his bed of fern, feeding on his pulse and cresses, and drinking the water from the brook.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve,
He hath a cushion plump,
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump."

But the hermits of Mar Saba, how different are they from him who assailed the *Ancient Mariner*? No holy cloisters of the woods, and sound of chanting brooks, and hymns of morning birds—only this silent burning waste—this "desolation deified." It seemed as if some frightful aberration of the religious sentiment could alone lead men to choose for home, temple, prison, tomb, the one spot of earth where no flower springs to tell of God's tenderness, no soft dew, nor sweet sound ever falls to preach faith and love.

There are many such hermits still in the Greek Church. I have seen their eyries perched where only vultures should have their nests, on the cliffs of Caramania, and among the caverns of the Cyclades. Anthony and Stylites have left behind them a track of evil glory, along which many a poor wretch still "crawls to heaven along the devil's trail." Is it indeed easier to do "some great thing"—to make some wondrous life-long sacrifice, or suffer some terrific martyrdom for God's sake, than simply to obey the law of love to him and our neighbor? How can it be that when these monstrous sacrifices are asked by any creed, however base and low, (like the Paganism of India,) the victims are never wanting, and where the sole demand is, "give me thine heart," there is no response, or but a poor, faint, miserable one? Shame on us that so it should be!

On we rode past the defile of the poor hermits, and out upon the hills beyond Mar Saba. Steep hills they were; and for four hours little time had we to attend to any thing but our horses' feet, and how we could keep ourselves from slipping off as they scrambled up, like cats, the formidable acclivities. At last we came out upon a sort of undulated plain, where it was possible to canter forward, and of course the party soon started on a gallop, which was near costing me rather dearly. One of the ladies having ridden in advance, the old sheikh, in great excitement and delight, raced alongside of her, shouting: "Tahib! Tahib!" (good! good!) and evidently marveling at the equestrianism of an Englishwoman on her awkward saddle. Fired with laudable ambition, I went after them; the lady gradually fell back, and Ali and I rode on galloping at considerable pace, while he screamed louder and louder, "Tahib! Tahib—kattiyeh!" and threw his spear in the air. Finding at last, however, that the Arab's fine horse was inevitably beating the hack supplied me by our dragoman, I arrived at the sage resolution of stopping before we had left the caravan too far behind. Accordingly, I tried to pull up; but these Syrian horses, accustomed to be ruled by the voice, consider any touch of the rein only an instigation to further speed, and if it be tightened severely they immediately run restive. In a moment my hitherto amiable steed had taken the bit between his teeth, and struck off at fullest pace into the desert at right angles to our

track. "Ali! Ali! *Mōōsh* Tahib! (*Not good*) I shouted; but Ali never dreamed of looking behind, but disappeared from my sight, still brandishing his djereed, and complacently screaming "Tahib" at the top of his voice. It was not a pleasant position. I was being carried as fast as my horse could bear me into the trackless wilderness. I had utterly lost all command of him, nobody having informed me of the talismanic "*Là! là!*" (No! no!) "*Schwoi, schwoi*, (gently, gently,) which would soon have brought him to reason. After a considerable run, I fortunately spied to the right a track where the sand evidently lay thick, and with some hard sawing, I guided the horse into it, and brought him to a standstill. From thence we tracked our way back eventually into the road, where the caravan was still in sight. These undulating and yet monotonous plains are most perplexing places, and it is the easiest thing in the world to lose oneself in them.

As we descended toward the Dead Sea the vegetation became a little more rich. There were wild flowers in abundance, and large bushes of broom, and a certain plant of the snap-dragon kind, which formed a gorgeous yellow rod, and which I wish much I could call by its right name, and describe in proper botanical terms. It had eight large flowerets in each circle round the stem, and eight or ten tiers of circles in bloom at once, altogether a huge mass of flower as long and thick as a man's arm.

It was while riding through the low hills covered with this vegetation, and just before coming out on the blighted flats of the Dead Sea, and that one of those pictures passed before me which are ever after hung up in the mind's gallery among the choicest of the spoils of Eastern travel. By some chance I was alone, riding a few hundred yards in front of the caravan, when, turning the corner of a hill, I met a man coming toward me, the only one we had seen for several hours since we had passed a few black tents some eight or ten miles away. He was a noble-looking young shepherd, dressed in his camel's-hair robe, and with the lithe, powerful limbs and elastic step of the children of the desert. But the interest which attached to him was the errand on which he had manifestly been engaged on those Dead Sea plains from which he was returning. Round his

neck, and with its little limbs held gently by his hand, lay a lamb he had rescued, and was doubtless carrying home. The little creature lay as if perfectly content and happy, and the man looked pleased as he strode along lightly with his burden, and as I saluted him with the usual gesture of pointing to heart and head, and the "salaam alik!" (peace be with you,) he responded with a smile and a kindly glance at the lamb, to which he saw my eyes were directed. It was actually the beautiful parable of the gospel acted out before my sight. Every particular was true to the story; the shepherd had doubtless left his "ninety and nine in the wilderness," round the black tents we had seen so far away, and had sought for the lost lamb till he had found it where it must quickly have perished without his help, among those blighted plains. Literally, too, "when he had found it, he laid it on his shoulders, rejoicing." It would, I think, have been a very hard heart which had not blessed God for the sight, and taken home to itself with fresh faith, the lesson that God suffers no wandering sheep to be finally lost from his great fold of heaven. Even though man may wander to the utmost bounds of his iniquity, yet the Good Shepherd rejoicing, shall bring the wanderer home, "for He will seek till He find him," *even on the Dead Sea shore.*

I longed for a painter's power to perpetuate that beautiful sight, a better and a truer lesson than the scapegoat. Men wonder sometimes what is to be the future of art, when opinions change and creeds become purified, and we need Madonnas no more than Minervas for idols, and are finally wearied of efforts, ever fruitless, to galvanize with the spark of art the corpses of dead religions. It seems to me as if modern painters and sculptors have before them a field hitherto almost unworked, in giving the *real* coloring to the great scenes and parables of ancient story, Hebrew and Greek, and Egyptian and Scandinavian, and not repeating for ever the conventional types, and costumes, and localities, which the old masters adopted of necessity, knowing no better, but which, to us, ought to be no less absurd than to act Hamlet in the court-dress of George II., or Lady Macbeth in a hoop and powder. Look at the ordinary pictures of Christ. No Oriental ever wore those pink and blue

robes, or sat in those attitudes. The real dress of a peasant of Palestine is at once far more picturesque and more manly, the real attitudes of repose infinitely more imposing and dignified. Look at the painted scenes in Palestine, the deep, dark, shadowy woods and Greek temples, and Roman houses. Are these like the bare olive grove of Gethsemane, or the real edifices of Syria? The true Areopagus at Athens, on the rocky slopes of the hill, with the temple of Theseus far below, and in the distance the blue gulf over which Xerxes sat on his silver-footed throne to watch the fight of Salamis; that real site is an infinitely nobler one than Raphael's scene of Paul preaching at Athens on the steps of a Roman palace, and with the circular Tuscan temple filling up the whole distance. Probably every where the real costume, the real scenery, architecture, and coloring of land and sky, and, above all, the real types of national features, would be far better than even the noblest artist could invent, not always in the way of composing a picture but invariably in that of conveying the ideas of the poet or historian. A Hebrew prophet grew up with the sky of Canaan overhead, its trees, and wild flowers, and barren deserts before his eyes. Every thing he wrote must have borne some deep harmony with these things, rather than with the landscapes and the nature of the West. And so in all other things, departure from truth of *couleur locale* must surely always lose more in power than it gains in beauty. A Mary Magdalene of Zurbaran, in her received Spanish rank of Princess of Magdala, with a yellow satin dress and stomacher of pearls, does not seem more ridiculous to us now, than will be to the next generation our pictures of St. Peter, in a pink and sky-blue toga, or statues of St. Paul in his conventional presentation of an emaciated mediæval anchorite, with a narrow forehead, and head on one side, and long cumbrous robes dangling over those brave feet which traversed the world. Even in the smallest matters, the actual facts of a country, its climate, fauna, flora, geology, and all the rest, have a right to be considered in illustrating its history or its poetry. The sheep of Palestine, for instance, are pretty and sufficiently intelligent-looking creatures, and the lambs quite beautiful—very different, at all events, they are from our stupid woolly cylinders on four legs, of which we read

the other day in the *Times* of one hundred and forty killing themselves by leaping after each other into a dry ditch, for no cause or reason whatever—a species of animal whose docility some “pastors” may admire, but which a man feels it rather humiliating to be called on to imitate. As to the goats, they are awfully vicious-looking, with long black hair and an extremely diabolic cast of countenance. Poor animals! At last we descended upon the burning whitish plains of the Dead Sea, the land bearing unmistakable traces of having been once covered by the bituminous waters. Every where there grew quantities of small, scrubby, half-dead bushes of various kinds, or else of thick, high rushes beside the water-courses, which now became frequent, the water, however, being undrinkable. On some of the bushes, resembling black-thorns, we found fruit, like sloes, of which one or two on each bush seemed in natural condition, and the rest all worm-eaten and ready to crush to dry dust upon pressure. We gathered many of them, supposing them to be “apples of Sodom,” but were afterward better informed—the apples of Sodom grow on the opposite side of the lake. Whatever fruit, however, is found round the whole district, partakes the same character, and is always blighted; growing on such a soil it could hardly be otherwise. It is all a mass of saline deposits.

Now we stood on the shore. It was little like what either pictures or imagination had prepared us to see. The April sun was shining down broad and bright on the clear rippling waters of the splendid lake, which shone with metallic luster, closed in between the high cliffs of the Judean hills to the west, and the grand chain of Moab, like a heaven-high wall, upon the east. Over the distance, and concealing from us the further half of the sea, hung a soft sunny haze. There was nothing in all this of the Accursed Lake, nothing of gloom and desolation. Even the shore was richly studded with bright golden chrysanthemums growing to the edge of the rippling waters. There was but one feature of the scene to convey a different impression; it was the skeletons of the trees once washed down from the woody banks of Jordan by the floods into the lake, and then at last cast up again by the south wind on the shore and gradually half buried in the sands. They

stood up almost like a blasted grove, with their bare withered boughs in all fantastic shapes, whitened and charred as if they had passed through the fire.

It had been my intention, of course, to bathe in the sea, so I was provided for the attempt, with the exception, unfortunately, of sandals, and the stones being of the sharpest, I was unable to follow the long shallow water barefooted far enough out to test its well known buoyancy for swimming. As few ladies, our dragoman told us (indeed, he absurdly supposed none,) had bathed in the Dead Sea, I may as well warn any so disposed that the water nearly burnt the skin from my face, and occasioned quite excruciating pain for a few moments in the nostrils and eyes, and even on the arms and throat. The taste of it is like salts and quinine mixed together—an odious compound of the saline and the acridly bitter. No great wonder, since its analysis shows a variety of pleasing chlorides and bromides and muriates and sulphates, of all manner of nice things; magnesia and ammonia among those more familiar to the gustatory nerves. The Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean, and the evaporation from it (without any outlet) fully makes up for the supply poured in by Jordan, so that the sea sinks a little as time goes on.

The lesson of life seems to be, that nothing is so good or so bad as imagination depicts it beforehand. The Dead Sea was not so dead after all. We mounted our horses and took a last long look at it, and wished our visit had been on a darker day, when the waters should not have glittered in the sun under the ineffably soft spring sky of Palestine; but rather when the clouds had gathered over the mountains of Moab, and the autumn tempest lashed the black waves of the accursed lake till it cast up the scarred and blasted trees upon the shore, and swept the blighting spray over the whole plains of Jericho. We turned away and rode on through the dwarfed underwood, and then over the wide waste of yellow sand—away as fast as we could gallop, for we had yet a long journey to accomplish before we could reach a halt for the night where (even with our Arab guard) we should be safe from the attacks of the robber gangs who prowl over these wastes. Away we tore in the burning sun “over the burning marl,” like Leonor

and her dead companion. "Hurra, hurra, hop, hop, hop!"

"The Dead (sea visitors) ride first."

We made our way, as it is only possible to ride in a Syrian desert or Roman Campagna. Four hours, I believe, we pushed on with as little breathing space as might be, and we were in full career, goaded (I confess, on my part) by the intolerable stinging of the Dead Sea brine on my shoulders, which were too slightly protected from the sun, and now seemed pretty nearly on fire. Suddenly the sand stops as with a sharp line on a slight elevation. On one side utter barrenness and desolation; on the other luxuriant grass, a wood of aspens and willows, and there it is—JORDAN! The rich yellow eddying stream was at our feet.

A hundred yards further brought us to the spot where all the traditions of this storied stream are congregated. It is a small curve in the river, half encircling a space of an acre or two of grass, and clear on the hither side from the trees which elsewhere, above and below, line the banks in a compact mass like an Indian jungle. This grassy *laund* is the pilgrim's resting-place, and may be used as such safely by the great caravans, although it was too exposed for our small party. Above the next reach in the river a fine mountain range closes the view, which, independently of its associations, is one of the most picturesque in Southern Palestine, though very different indeed from the grand scene of rocks and cliffs conjured up by Salvatore Rosa for his picture of St. John preaching in the desert. Jordan is a narrow, deep, and turbid stream, eddying fast in its rapid descent into Asphaltites. The banks are muddy as those of Avon or Tiber, and the stream itself as thick and yellow as the Nile. To bathe in it is difficult, from the softness of the bottom, in which the feet sink at once above the ankle, while the current is so strong as to make it hard to hold one's balance. Every year some unfortunate pilgrims are lost in the excited rush which hundreds of them make at once into the stream, and only two days before our arrival a poor Arab in attendance on an English party whom we met at Jerusalem, was drowned in attempting to bring them a bundle of canes from the opposite side of the river. I

found the water, however, deliciously soft, and quite a compensation for all difficulties of bathing was the relief of washing off the Dead Sea brine in the sweet waves of Jordan. Of course I took my seven plunges in all regularity.

And here I must be pardoned for a small digression. The water-torture of modern times is decidedly applied to Europeans by the pouring of Mississippi down our throats (metaphorically) by the pitiless inhabitants of the Southern States of America. There were two ladies from those pleasant regions in our party, who invariably, whatever we saw, or heard, or talked of, in heaven or earth, incontinently likened it to the Mississippi; or (if that were quite impossible) compared it with the splendors of a Mississippi steamboat. They were kindly disposed and doubtless accomplished ladies, but there was something in this state of things which gradually threatened madness. The Nile, we were told, they had found like Mississippi—Jerusalem was not near so fine as New-Orleans. If Mar Saba *had* had a stream running at the bottom, then that stream would have reminded them of Mississippi. (Alas! we only wished to find any thing which would make them *forget* it.) Finally, our tent dinners on kebob and mish-mash were not in the least like those on a first-class boat on the Mississippi. When we approached Jordan, it was natural to dread that the favorite parallel would be brought forward, and I ventured to confide to an English friend my prevision that if the sacred old stream were thus insulted, patience would be difficult. Still, however, after having bathed and dressed myself, when seated under one of the great trees, and trying to conjure up the scenes which had passed upon that storied spot, I confess I was startled at being addressed—

"Interesting, isn't it, Miss C——? It reminds me so much, you can't think, of the Mississippi."

"No, indeed, it doesn't, I am sure!" I exclaimed. "Why, Mississippi is one of the largest rivers in the world, and Jordan the smallest."

"Yes; but, for all that, it does remind me of the Mississippi. If you only went in one of our first-class boats," etc., etc.

And so, from Elijah and the Baptist, I was conveyed as quickly as thought might travel down a torrent of eloquence to New-Orleans.

My dream of Jordan thus rudely broken, I rose, and after a little time we were again in our saddles, and pursuing our journey toward Jericho. I know not whether the experience of a single traveler may be of much avail; but in these days, when so much blind prejudice is suffered to grow in England against the Northern Americans and in favor of the South, I would fain record the testimony of a woman who, having traveled alone over a large part of Europe and the East, has perhaps more opportunities than most men or women of judging of the standard of *courtesy* of different nations. The result of my experience has been this. If at any time I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in any little difficulty of travel, or show me kindness, with that consideration for a woman, *as a woman*, which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North-American gentleman. And if I wished to find a lady who should join company for any voyage or excursion, and who should be sure to show unvarying good temper, cheerfulness, and liberality, then I should wish for a North-American lady. I do not speak of defects which English travelers often lay at the door of the whole nation, because they meet in Europe Americans of a social rank below any which attempts to travel and sit at *tables-d'hôte* of our own population; and they absurdly measure a New-York shoemaker by the standard of a London barrister. I speak of what a genuine Yankee is as a fellow-traveler to a lady without companion or escort, wealth or rank. They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people. Let *Englishmen* be pleased to run their prejudices where they like, it behoves at least an Englishwoman whom they have never failed to treat with kindness, to speak of the ford as she has found it.

As to the Southern Americans, it must be confessed that their chivalry partakes a good deal too much of a quality which doubtless colored all the supposed romantic manners of the Middle Ages, and which always must reappear when society is divided between despots and serfs. I do not think many English ladies and gentlemen could comfortably endure the suppression of all such little phrases as "Thank you," "If you please," and their equivalents, in addresses to *white* attendants. One feels inclined to return to the

exhortation of the nursery at all moments, "It wants a word!"

I happened once to be dining alone at the convent at Ramleh, the Franciscan lay-brother and my Piedmontese dragoon conversing together meanwhile. The talk ran on the travelers to Palestine, and both agreed that the Americans were most numerous of any, but singularly diverse in character. "Some of them," said the monk, "are *buonissimi gente*; but some others—oh! they ordered me about, and never said a word of thanks, as if I were their servant." "Worse than that," said the Piedmontese Abengo; "I twice served them as dragoman, and they treated me like a dog. I left them, though they paid me well, for I could not endure it. *They came from the Southern States, where they have slaves.*" "Ah! sì!" said the Franciscan, "qu'est' orribile schiavitù!"

Leaving the willowy banks of Jordan, we turned westward, and rode on for some hours across the plains of Jericho. The heat was fearful; not in the least like the heat of England, but a *roasting* of the brains through all the folds of hat, and turban, and wet handkerchief within them, which gave cause to fear for the share of reason which would survive the process. I never understood before the force of Mohammed's threat to the wicked in Jehanum, "Their skull shall boil like a pot." As evening closed in and we reached the site where Jericho once stood, the sultry atmosphere seemed even more stifling. The wonder is, not that Jericho should be deserted, but that a city in such a place ever came to be built. Closed in by the mountains on every side on which a fresh breeze could blow upon it, and open only to the unwholesome flats of the Dead Sea, the position is absolutely pestilential even in early spring, when we visited it. What it must be in summer and autumn, it is hard to guess. The site of Jericho is marked by a tower, and by some mounds and broken walls. There was on the spot, on the night of our sojourn, a huge camp of pilgrims, numbering probably nearly three thousand, returning from their dips in Jordan. The larger number of these poor creatures are very aged men and women, and come from Greece or other distant countries. How they bear the enormous fatigue of the journey is surprising, but they all go down to Jordan to

bathe; the pilgrimage else remains incomplete. On the whole, it is calculated that, between French, Greeks, and all others, there are some fifty thousand of these poor creatures who perform the pilgrimage every year. The camp was naturally a picturesque sight, and it was prettily placed near the stream which watered Jericho, and among dwarf groves of thorny acacias and egg-fruit. I conversed for a little while with some Greek women in their classic head-dresses—if conversing it could be called, to interchange a few friendly signs and an odd word or two, and exhibit some very bad sketches, which they were surprisingly clever to recognize as those of the Holy Sepulchre. Their manners were very sweet and engaging. I afterward found those of the poor Greek women at Athens to be the same, always performing smilingly any service in their power, like giving me water to drink from the fountain of Callirrhoe in their beautiful earthen vases, which for gracefulness might have served in the household of Pericles. This night at Jericho the pilgrims, male and female, were in full enjoyment; and near them a band of Arab soldiers danced long and merrily in the starlight. It was a pleasant idea of pilgrimage, truly; and as we went to rest at the end of our "Day at the Red Sea," and heard the hyenas roaring and the jackals barking round us in the wilderness, we confess to have somewhat envied our neighbors' faith, which made going on pilgrimage a sacred performance. True that, for these poor souls, it involved much fatigue and weariness; but for us, who might *boil our peas* and go on horseback, it was another matter.

What a pleasant thing it would be, after all, if in our day we could only believe in a pilgrimage! It is a common reproach against us modern English that we are all home-sick, (namely, *sick of our homes*!) and if we could but imagine that it were possible to combine a holy "work" and a pleasure trip, the question is, not who would go, but who would stay behind! No doubt, in the days of the Crusades, the same spirit animated all parties. Think of the knights, who must have rejoiced to leave the monotonous society of their ever-spinning Penelopes; the serfs, who must have gloried in escaping from their tyrants; and the schoolboys, who must have played leap-frog half way to Constantinople for joy of leaving their

hornbooks and going on such a "lark!" We mean no disrespect to all the religious associations and chivalry and heroism, and all that kind of thing, of the Crusades, only, we repeat, we wish it were possible to combine in our day, in a similar manner, being so remarkably good and doing something so particularly agreeable. "Duty," said a Scotch friend to us once, "duty is any thing that you find it disagreeable to do." "Conscience," said an Irish one, in return, "is that which supplies us with good motives for doing whatever we like, and fills us with satisfaction when we have done it!" Of the two diverse views, it is clear that the last might authorize us to go on a crusade.

But next to a crusade give me a pilgrimage. There is something in the idea so wonderfully suited to human nature, that probably every creed save Protestant Christianity has sanctioned it, and had a Mecca and a Benares or a Compostella or a Canterbury to which such holy journeys might be made for the good of the soul and the extreme satisfaction of the body. As England's religion admits of nothing of the kind, England's share of the universal human sentiment relieves itself by making its favorite pious book next to the Bible—a *Pilgrim's Progress*. Glorious old Bunyan! half quaintest Puritan, half sublimest poet, what do we not all owe to him of childhood's dreams and of youth's holiest ambitions? It is he who has given us such a true parable of life that it is evermore impossible to separate the real and the allegorical, and not to think of despond as a "slough," and "difficulty" as a hill, and sickness as a valley of shadows, and the world as a vanity fair, and despair as a giant, and death as a river, and heaven as a celestial city, whither the "shining ones" bear the souls of the glorified amid eternal hallelujahs. So true, so real are these things, they cease to be allegories; nor is there (as we have often tested) among the lowest and dullest a mind which does not respond to their truth. And then the great pervading thought of the book—that life is a passage onward and upward, a life wherein there are failings and falls and turnings back even to the last—but a life with its definite path of duty, its definite aim, its thrice-blessed definite end. This thought Bunyan gives us as we could perhaps never have had without him. How it fastened on us all in childhood, when we had the

inappreciable fortune to read his book at the right time, when we were either young enough or old enough to enjoy it as the most wondrous of fairy tales or the deepest of parables!

I have heard of a little child who was so seized upon by the book that she actually succeeded in escaping from her nurse, and setting out on pilgrimage through a certain "wicket-gate" (of course, to a child's imagination, the only "wicket-gate" in the world). After a time, she came to a hill which naturally represented "Difficulty," and on the summit was a house with stone lions on the gates—the house called Beautiful, beyond any mistake. A footman in livery imperfectly rendered the character of the proper porter "Discretion;" but fortunately three ladies in the drawing-room, to whom the poor little pilgrim was admitted, fully realized those of Christian's hostesses, and, after a "refection" of tea and cake, she was safely driven home to her anxious mamma in their carriage. Which of us could not have performed the same exploit at the mature age of six? And, at sixty, who would be wearied of the book, or cease to pick out the wondrous metaphors which lie in this Golconda, strewn about in reckless profusion! The chamber in the house called Beautiful, "looking toward the sun rising, the name of which chamber was Peace." The dreadful combat with the incarnate Sin, when Apollyon "straddles all across" the way of life, and the poor pilgrim can advance no step till the foe is beaten off and conquered, after that same fearful fight upon the knees of which all our hearts bear the scars.

Giant Despair's powerlessness when he would fain "maul the prisoners" in Doubting Castle as was his wont; but the sun was bright in the blue heaven, and the lark singing up in the sky, and he could not hurt them, "for sometimes, in sunshiny weather, Giant Despair has fits." The Delectable Mountains, whence it was possible to see the gates of the Celestial City and the glory of its King for one brief hour ere the clouds rolled over the vision, and the pilgrims descended to thread the lowly paths beneath, strengthened for evermore by the memory of what they had once beheld. The Beulah Land, where the struggles and the warfare are over, and the pilgrim dwells in peace ineffable, only waiting for God's messenger of death to summon him to the Celestial City, where their admittance is assured. And then the Dark River, and the sinking heart and failing strength and trembling faith as the deep waters go over, even over, our souls. Is not this DEATH—death such as we have seen it standing on the hither bank, watching with straining eyes after the beloved ones who have passed over, and whom a cloud receives for evermore out of our sight?

Poor pilgrims of Jordan resting by ruined Jericho—that starry Eastern night where my tent was pitched near yours—let us trust that the faith which urged you on that weary way will give you comfort when that other Jordan must be passed—so cold, so deep, so fathomless! That faith and mine will be all one at last, when we climb up the further shore and see overhead the golden towers.

A CHEAP RIDE.—Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney-coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson, who was the very soul of disputatiousness, always differed from him; and, at last, affecting to be mortified at Richardson's arguments, said, "You really are too bad; I can not bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and accordingly got down and left him Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah! you're beat! you're beat!" nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled, that he found out he was left in the lurch, to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

FONTENELLE lived to be nearly a hundred years old. A lady, of nearly the same age, said to him one day in a large company: "Monsieur, you and I stay here so long, that I have a notion death has forgotten us." "Speak as low as you can," said Fontenelle, "lest you should remind him of us!"

PROFANE swearing never did any man any good. No man is the richer, or wiser, or happier for it. It helps no one's education or manners. It commends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless, and injurious to society.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

H A U N T I N G E Y E S .

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART II.

I.

THE FELON OF AUBURN PRISON.

SOME ten years had passed since the evening of Camilla Egerton's adventures at St. Alban's Cove, and on the hill above it; but these years had neither brought in their transit sorrow or bad health to destroy the good looks and good spirits of the very pretty girl who was then just entering upon womanhood. At twenty-seven she was still a blooming and beautiful young woman, though no longer *Miss Egerton*, for she had married the young naval officer who had introduced himself to her, and had come to the assistance of the weary wanderer, when she was quite worn out by anxiety and fatigue. Mr. Howard had been received as a cherished guest at Rose Villa; he was not dependent on his profession, but had a handsome private income, and was heir presumptive to a large fortune, therefore Colonel and Mrs. Egerton were well pleased at the admiration he seemed to feel for their daughter Camilla, while the more she saw of Howard the more she liked him.

In their happy case the truth of that saying,

"The course of true love never does run smooth,"

was not verified, for there were no tremendous obstacles to be smoothed down, no opposition from relations to be overcome, no prudent calculations to mar, with their hard, cold dicta, and the consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence, the wishes and the hopes that had stolen into their hearts. No, all was sunshine with them, except that Mr. Howard's being ordered on service in a distant part of the world delayed their marriage for

three or four years after their engagement had been formed.

It took place, however, at last, and some time afterward circumstances induced Captain, as he then was, and Mrs. Howard to visit the United States of America.

Camilla, though devotedly attached to her husband, who had, of course, occupied the greater number of her thoughts during the progress of her early acquaintance and subsequent intimacy with him as her accepted suitor, had never entirely forgotten the smuggler of St. Alban's Cove. Often and often in the still twilight hours, and even in the darkness of midnight, she saw his haunting eyes, gazing as it were at her, and memory used to recall the scenes of her meeting and her parting with him. But impressed with the solemnity of the oath she had taken, she never breathed his name to mortal ear, though she could not refrain from inquiring now and then of the gardener at Rose Villa, the village doctor, and others, if the daring smugglers had ever returned to St. Alban's Cove, or had ever been heard of again. The answer was always that they had never returned, and that no more had been heard of them. Sometimes she would make her escape for a solitary walk, and then she was sure to bend her steps to that lonely portion of the hill where Ralph Woodley and herself had separated, and which she knew was near the unknown opening to the cave. Every inch of ground in the vicinity of that well-remembered spot was examined by her, and any one who had seen her stooping and searching intently among the rocks, or down on her knees, feeling among the loose stones and stunted herbage, might have fancied that she was seeking for some hidden treasure, which some hallucination of the mind had led her to imagine might be found on that

dreary hill. Or else she would descend by the now well-known safe path to the sands below, and shading her eyes with her hands from the dazzling rays of the sun, would gaze on the blue sea, and especially where its waves washed the headlands to the left, almost expecting to discover some suspicious-looking boat lurking under the shadow of their frowning rocks. And sometimes she even ventured to peep into the cave itself, and listen if there were any sound of voices in the mysterious inner chamber.

But the smugglers seemed to have deserted that part of the coast, and within eighteen months of the period of her meeting with Ralph Woodley, Camilla herself left Rose Villa with her parents, no more to return to its picturesque neighborhood.

After Camilla's marriage she began by degrees not to forget, but to recollect less vividly, the strange being who had interested her so much when a girl of seventeen, and whose history, so slightly sketched to her, had been worked up into the size of at least a three-volume novel in her own imagination. But she had never known how to finish her unwritten tale. She could not marry her hero to the fair-haired Alice, for she was no longer in this world. She could not guess whether he had been drowned on some wild stormy night, or had left his reckless companions and emigrated to a distant land, where, safe and free, he might resume the position in life he was born to occupy. Speculations were vain, and, after a lapse of ten years, the smuggler with the wonderful eyes was remembered but as a dream of the past.

Captain and Mrs. Howard were making a tour through part of the Northern States of America, and among other places which they visited was Auburn, a romantically situated and very pretty town, about one hundred and seventy miles west of Albany, which was originally a Dutch settlement on the banks of the noble Hudson river, and is now the political capital of the State of New-York.

The little town of Auburn, not far from the northern extremity of Lake Owasco, is not, however, so much distinguished for its beauty as for its model prison, which is the most extensive penitentiary in the United States, and one of which the Americans are extremely proud. They pique themselves much on the management of

this prison, which they consider worthy of the admiration of the whole world for the excellence of its discipline, the means of moral improvement afforded to its inmates, and the comforts provided for them. The prison, which is composed of two large buildings inclosed in a hollow square two thousand feet in circumference, is surrounded by a massive wall thirty-five feet in height. The workshops, in which the convicts are employed, range over an area of nine hundred and forty feet, and are well ventilated, and kept tolerably clean.

Captain and Mrs. Howard and their party first visited the weaving department, which is in a large hall, and where they found the weavers very busy, and though enjoined to strict silence, they did not *all* look gloomy—indeed, some of their countenances expressed placidity, if not exactly cheerfulness. In fact, none can be utterly miserable who are fully and usefully employed, and constant occupation, if without labor too fatiguing to the frame, must partially dissipate even the tedium of imprisonment.

But this portion of the prison at Auburn, where those busy groups carry on their appointed tasks, is its *bright* side; there is a darker side to the picture. The Howards persuaded the official who conducted them through the establishment to take them to a somewhat remote part of the building—to those melancholy cells where felons, condemned to solitary imprisonment for a term of years, or still worse, *for life*, were shut up, and the sight of those living dead was enough to freeze the warm blood in their veins! Who that has ever visited this site, where the Americans deemed that mercy held her sway, but must have felt a thrill of horror on looking on those poor objects of, shall we say, mistaken philanthropy? whose pallid features were only expressive of misery and despair. The experiment which was made at Auburn of awarding solitary imprisonment for many years or for life, instead of death, in cases where capital punishment was the sentence pronounced on the criminal, has probably been relinquished, but at the period referred to it was in full operation, and much lauded as a humane act of legislation.

By the prisoners themselves this commutation of punishment was not accepted as a boon; they would rather have faced death than be condemned to this living

tomb. Nor did it appear that they, at least most of them, profited by the time afforded them for repentance; they became sullen, savage, and often deranged in intellect. Could it be otherwise?—shut up in lonely cells, darker and more dismal than those in which wild beasts are kept for show—separated from all intercourse with their fellow-beings—condemned for days, and months, and years to withering idleness—no employment for, no exercise of, mind or body—nothing before them but hopeless, helpless, endless solitude within a prison's gloomy walls!

God help them! At *His* tribunal, had they been sent there by the offended laws of society, there might have been grace for them, for who shall dare to assign limits to the mercy of the Omnipotent Ruler of the creation? But the clemency of man was a mockery to those poor wretches, and so thought Camilla and her husband as they approached those fearful cells. The only aperture for light or air to each cell was a small grated window which looked into a little interior space, or court, with some sort of window in its roof. The visitors did not enter this space, but stood on the outside of a railing which ran along one side of it. Probably there were doors to the cells at the back, through which one of the jailers may have taken food to the prisoners, but the cells were too much in obscurity to discern any thing within them.

The first person whom the Howards perceived in

"This dark, opprobrious den of shame,"

was a young man, who was standing in his cell leaning his head against the grated window. He looked pale, sickly, and stupid, and scarcely seemed to notice the strangers who now ranged themselves close to the railing. The unwonted sounds of footsteps, and the rustling of Mrs. Howard's silk dress, seemed to have roused, probably from a lethargic trance, another unfortunate denizen of the place, for a man, in the cell nearest to the railing, came forward from the recesses of his gloomy chamber, and put his face close to the iron bars of his little aperture for air.

Heavens! whom did she see? Camilla started and uttered a faint cry, as she grasped convulsively her husband's arm. The blazing eyes which had so haunted her memory were there—there, in that

felon's prison—and gazing on her with an intensity of expression which evinced that he too remembered her.

"Oh! Philip, it is he—it is he who once saved my life!" she rapidly exclaimed to Captain Howard. "What can he be here for?"

"Who?" asked Captain Howard, in astonishment. "I never heard of your life being in danger, or saved by any one. To what do you allude?"

"I never told you, because I took an oath never to speak of what happened that evening; but," she continued, rapidly, "I would have been drowned at St. Alban's Cove but for him I am so shocked and distressed to see here."

"Who is that prisoner?" asked Captain Howard of the jailer, in a low voice.

The man replied, with a kind of triumphant sneer:

"He is a countryman of yours, sir; as I believe you are English. He was an officer in your navy formerly, but no great credit to it, I guess. He came out to Mericay; and as ours is a free country, he thought he might do what he liked; so he murdered a man, and that's why he's here."

"'Tis false!" cried a hollow voice from the gloomy cells. "I murdered no one. I was unjustly accused, and unjustly condemned."

The jailor held up his finger in a threatening manner, while he growled in a savage tone:

"Silence, fellow! If you dare to speak you shall be punished. You know the rules."

"Oh, excuse him! excuse him!" entreated Camilla, as she turned toward the rude official, with the tears rolling down her cheeks. "Whatever he may be now, he was once my friend."

She opened her purse, and taking two gold pieces from it, she slid them into the man's hand. The almighty dollar was a more efficacious pleader than any appeal to his humanity could have been. The jailer stuffed the money hurriedly into his pocket, and then, saying that he must go to look after some of the other prisoners, but would be back presently, he took himself off, leaving the visitors and the felon to speak unreprieved.

"How long have you been here?" asked Camilla, in a voice broken by her emotion.

"Two dreadful years, Miss Egerton. I

would have rid myself of the burden of life long before this if I had had the means, but I have nothing to kill myself with, and though I have dashed by head furiously against these hated walls, death will not come. Oh! to be once more on the glorious sea! Oh! to be once more a man! or to be a senseless clod, rotting among worms in the dark ground! Will you do me a great favor? Bribe the jailer to give me a dose of poison. Do! do!" he urged, while he held up his clasped hands, and his wild eyes, brilliant beyond description at that moment, looked imploringly at her.

"Oh! no, no. Oh! do not commit suicide, I pray of you! Think of your immortal soul; remember there is a world beyond the grave."

"I doubt it," said the prisoner, while a dark scowl passed over his countenance.

"You do *not* doubt it, for you know that Alice is there." Ralph Woodley groaned and turned away.

"Do you know his name?" inquired Captain Howard of his wife.

"Yes. Ralph Woodley, the leader of the smugglers of St. Alban's Cove. You have heard of him, I know."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Captain Howard, sympathizingly. "We must try to get him released from this dreadful place. Speak, Woodley," he continued, addressing the felon. "Who are you said to have murdered, where did the fracas take place, who were the witnesses, and what judge tried you? I will stir heaven and earth to set you free, if I can only get some data to go upon."

The poor prisoner returned to the grated window, his face still bearing the traces of his recent agitation. He told his tale as briefly as possible. He had given up the smuggling business, and had gone to America, with the intention of settling, or, as the Yankees call it, *squatting*, in the backwoods. He had fallen in with a man who seemed to have taken a great fancy to him; they became friends, as he thought, and the man, whose name he mentioned, persuaded him to intrust part of his money to him to be invested safely for future use. But the fellow turned out to be a swindler and a rogue. He first robbed Ralph, and then threatened to take his life if he troubled him about the money. After a great deal of quarreling, the man offered to meet him in a lonely place to settle their accounts. But

his object appeared to have been to murder him, for after a very short conversation he attacked him with a bowie-knife. Ralph only received a slight wound, but with the activity of a sailor avoided the mortal blow intended for him, then with a heavy cudgel which he carried he knocked his opponent down; he felt certain that the man was only stunned, but at that moment two accomplices of the swindler, who had been in hiding near, rushed upon him. They were two powerful fellows, and they dragged him to the nearest police station, and there charged him with murder. There was another witness to the fray, a pedlar, who was passing along a hight near, and must have seen all that took place, but he had not come forward at the trial, and Ralph had not the means to pay for his being sought out. The swindler had either run away himself or been removed by some of his gang. His death was taken for granted, and Ralph Woodley condemned to imprisonment for life as a murderer.

The prisoner also told Captain Howard the names of the witnesses against him, of the Yankee judge, and of the place where the trial had taken place.

"But it will be of no use, sir," he added. "I am much obliged to you and Miss Egerton, but you can do nothing for me—nothing!"

"We will try, at least. I am Captain Howard, of the English navy, and this lady is my wife."

"Howard!—Howard!" exclaimed the felon. "I remember that name. Were you, some years ago, engaged with the coast-guard in looking out at St. Alban's Cove for the crew of a smart little craft called the Water Witch—smugglers they were?"

"Yes, I was, and I met this lady for the first time that evening on the hill above the cove; but whatever knowledge she had of you, you see she never betrayed it."

The prisoner smiled faintly, and looked gratefully toward Camilla; but nothing more could be said, for at that moment the jailer returned, and hurried away the visitors, who had been already too long in part of the prison.

Captain Howard lost no time in making every possible effort for the release of Ralph Woodley; he called on the chaplain and the governor of Auburn prison, to represent the case to them; he instituted

inquiries and offered rewards until at last he succeeded in finding one of the accomplices of the swindler, for whose supposed murder poor Woodley was suffering imprisonment for life, and also the pedlar who had seen the meeting between the hostile parties and all that had passed on the occasion; and, moreover, he ascertained that the man supposed to have been murdered had been seen alive and well in New-York some months after Woodley's trial and condemnation.

Captain Howard was extremely anxious that another trial should be granted the prisoner to prove his innocence, but that was strenuously refused. However, in consequence of a petition forwarded through the English consul at New-York to the proper quarter, Woodley's term of imprisonment was reduced to two years more, and these not to be spent in solitary confinement: the plea for this decision being, that if he had not actually killed the man in question, he had assailed him with the intention of murdering him.

Captain and Mrs. Howard were not permitted to see the prisoner again, or to hold any written communication with him; but they placed a sum of money in the hands of the chaplain of the prison for his use immediately after his liberation, and lodged a larger amount in a bank at New-York, which was to be given to him on his applying for it. They also left a letter for Ralph Woodley with the chaplain, and their address in England, in case the unfortunate wanderer should ever return to his native country, or should wish assistance from them.

Shortly after having thus done all they could for the poor smuggler, the Howards left the United States on their return to Europe. At the expiration of the two years for which Woodley was still to be incarcerated, Captain Howard wrote to New-York to inquire about him, and received for answer that he had been liberated from Auburn prison, had been paid the money left for him, and had sailed in a ship from New-York to Antwerp, but as that ship had foundered at sea, it was supposed that he and all on board were lost in it.

II.

THE LUNATIC OF THE BELGIAN ASYLUM.

SOME two or three years had elapsed since Captain and Mrs. Howard had

heard of the sad fate of poor Ralph Woodley, whose death they believed had occurred on his favorite element, that ocean on which he had so longed to be again, and which was even dearer to him than his native land. Camilla was much shocked at first when she heard how he had perished, but she afterward agreed with Captain Howard that the unhappy outcast slept well beneath the waves of the vast Atlantic, and was probably saved a life of misery, if not of crime. She ceased, therefore, to regret him, and his image, with its haunting eyes, was slowly passing from her remembrance.

She was making a little tour on the Continent with her husband and her brother, who had chosen after leaving college to study medicine, and when he became a physician had, to the annoyance of his family, devoted himself to the most painful and mysterious branch of the profession—namely, to cases of insanity. He took strong interest in this strange disease of the brain, or of the mind, and was called among his friends, on account of his enthusiasm, "the Mad Doctor." Traveling through Belgium and Germany, he made it a point to stop and visit all lunatic asylums which bore the character of being well conducted. Of course he paid most of these visits alone, for neither Captain nor Mrs. Howard were amateurs in regard to the arrangements of asylums or hospitals of any kind. However, he urged them so warmly to accompany him just to one in a Belgian city, the high reputation of which had reached even England, that they consented to do so.

Camilla would fain have shrunk back as the ponderous door which led through a long gloomy corridor to the interior of the building was slowly opened by the custodian, "a grisly terror," who

"Grinned horrible a ghastly smile,"

but her brother had drawn her arm within his, and he would not let her go, so there was nothing for it but to enter, and she traversed the corridor, which reminded her of the prison at Auburn, with unwilling steps, and a countenance as melancholy as the place itself. The party, accompanied by one of the medical visitors of the establishment, were shown several portions of the institution, and Camilla was obliged to admit to herself that she had not encountered

any very frightful objects. The iron-barred windows, indeed, and the scanty furniture every where gave a prison-like appearance to the place, but she had imagined that she would see human nature deprived of intellect—degraded to the state of the brute creation—and that the fearful howls of the maniacs would be breaking constantly on her ear. Instead of this there was “a dread repose,” every thing was still around, until she was shown into the gardens, or grounds attached to the asylum. Here she heard voices talking in every key. Some seemed to be preaching to the empty air; some were spouting snatches of plays, tragedy or comedy; some talking busily to themselves; some whistling “for want of thought;” while others were sitting on the benches placed here and there, quiet, with lackluster eyes, and countenances perfectly vacant and stupid.

At length, “the Mad Doctor,” being satisfied with his inspection of the asylum, and the answers to the innumerable questions with which he had plied the patient officials in not the very best of French, and the medical attendant who had been showing him round, as well as another having taken his leave, he agreed to release his sister and brother-in-law from any further survey of this abode of poor shattered human nature in an aspect so humiliating; and they were proceeding across a wide lobby or hall, on their way out, when Dr. Egerton stopped before the open door of a cell, or dormitory, near which they were at that moment passing, attracted by the peculiar countenance of a man who was sitting in it.

“What eyes!” he exclaimed. “Why they are quite unearthly!”

Captain Howard and his wife turned quickly round, and then both stood as if rooted to the spot.

“He was drowned—he is dead!” cried Camilla, trembling violently. “Yet that is himself. Look, look, Philip! How can this be?”

“A strong—very strong resemblance indeed,” replied her husband; “but it can not be himself. The dead can not return to life.”

“We do not know positively that he perished with the ship,” she replied.

“May we speak to him?” she asked hurriedly of their guide.

But before he had time to answer, the

occupant of the cell had risen and strode forward a pace or two.

“Take care, madam—take care, he becomes suddenly violent, and very dangerous sometimes. See how his eyes are blazing.”

“Ralph Woodley!” cried Camilla, springing fearlessly forward, though the official and her brother both caught her dress at the same moment—“Ralph, speak if it be you. Do you not remember Camilla Egerton?”

“Well—oh, well!” murmured the same hollow voice that had answered her from the gloomy cell at Auburn prison. “You come like an angel from an angel, do you not? Alice has sent you again to me?”

“Poor fellow!” sighed Camilla, as she burst into tears.

“Nay, do not weep, dear Miss Egerton; angels should not weep. Alice is happy there, is she not? He pointed upward, with a finger of the wasted hand.

“Oh, happy—happy indeed!” sobbed Camilla; “and you will be happy too when you go there to her.”

He shook his head despondingly.

“Ah! that will never be—never, never. The sea would not have me, and the grave will not have me. Do you not know I am ‘The Wandering Jew,’ Captain Howard?” he said, with a short wild laugh, turning to Camilla’s husband.

“That is one of his fancies, sir,” whispered the guide.

“No; I think you are Ralph Woodley, once in her Majesty’s service, and as fine a fellow as ever trod the deck of a man-of-war.”

The poor being struck his forehead with his hand, and after covering his extraordinary eyes for a moment, he said:

“True—true. I was once Ralph Woodley, but you know he left the service—you know he was a smuggler, the terror of the coast; and then he was thrust into a dreadful prison in America. You kindly liberated him from it, and he thanked you from his inmost soul. He embarked for . . . Where? I don’t remember; but the ship went down and every body in it, except two or three demons, and Ralph, and a little child. They wanted to kill and eat the child, but he saved it. And then there came a voice louder than the roar of the stormy wind, or the dark wild waves, and it thundered

in his ear that he was to be accursed for evermore, and to be turned into the Wandering Jew, to whom death would never come while this world lasted, because he had saved the child, and let the men die of want. The innocent child would have gone straight to heaven. Why did he oppose its doom, and keep it for misery on earth? Oh! it is a dreadful sentence; but I must bear it—bear it, ay, for centuries to come!”

He sank exhausted on a chair, and the official who accompanied the party advised them to leave him, for when he recovered the temporary exhaustion he might become very troublesome. Dr. Egerton, well versed in the phases of insanity, gave the same advice, and the Howards were reluctantly about to go, when Woodley started up again, his eyes more intense than ever in their indescribable luster, and, rushing up to Camilla, he seized her hand, holding it gently but tightly, while he said rapidly:

“See Alice; tell her I am in this earthly hell; implore her to pray for my release, and He who can do what He wills with the whole wide universe may, perhaps, consent to set me free—free to cleave the air as a bird—free to ascend up—up yonder, yonder.”

His voice became husky, the veins of his forehead swelled out, his chest labored and foam began to appear at the corners of his mouth.

“He is going into a fit, I fear,” said Dr. Egerton.

“He is, indeed,” replied the official. “I must send a keeper and the doctor to him. Your party really must go.”

“Farewell,” said Captain Howard to the unfortunate maniac. “We will attend to all your messages, and will have you set free as soon as possible, my poor friend.”

Camilla and her husband left the asylum with heavy hearts, and Dr. Egerton also felt much interested in the English inmate of the Belgian mad-house. On making inquiries of the director of the asylum, they ascertained that Woodley had been placed there by a gentleman at Antwerp, who paid his board and expenses, and having obtained his address, the English party proceeded to Antwerp to see him.

They found that he was a merchant connected with the United States, and

heard from him the story of his acquaintance with Woodley.

The merchant said that he was sometimes called to New-York on business, and on one occasion he had taken his wife and their only child, then an infant, with them. After residing there about two years, circumstances obliged him to return in a hurry to Antwerp, and his wife being at that time in a delicate state of health, he left her there to follow when she was better. She did embark in the course of a very few months for Antwerp, in a fine vessel which belonged to their own firm. But the ship caught fire at sea; the passengers and crew were lowered into the boats to escape the burning vessel, and the captain himself took charge of the boat in which were the ladies and children, as well as others. The boat capsized, and every being in it perished except one little boy. He had been clasped in his mother's arms, but the sudden jerk in the upsetting of the boat had no doubt loosened her hold of him, for though *she* sank to rise no more, the little fellow floated on the waves above, which were red from the reflection of the flames in the burning ship. A man who was in the smallest of the boats, who had been one of the last to leave the ship, and who had greatly assisted in getting the females out of the doomed vessel, had observed the poor child. He plunged immediately into the sea, swam to the little boy, caught him firmly, and holding him aloft in one hand, swam back to the boat, and placed him safely in it.

That little boat soon drifted away from the burning wreck and the other overladen boats, and, by common consent, the man who had saved the child, and who seemed quite at home on the treacherous element, at the mercy of which they had been left, was appointed to take the command of the frail bark, which was their only hope of safety from the engulfing waves. And well he performed the task assigned to him. He cheered the drooping, he encouraged the hopeful, while his own stern power of endurance never gave way.

But, after half sailing, half drifting about for three miserable days under the burning rays of the sun while it careered in the blue skies above, and the cold gleams of the stars by night, which, though studding in one mass of brilliancy

the far-distant heavens, shed no cheering light on the vast chaos of waters beneath, the men in the boat began to murmur at the want which had overtaken them. A bag of biscuits, a cheese, and a hamper of wine, had been lowered into the boat by the provident care of the only person who had thought of their probable wants. Ralph Woodley had had no time, unaided as he was, to procure more from the burning ship. The small stock of provisions was soon exhausted by the men in the boat, though Ralph did what he could to make them economize their slender resources. He scarcely ate any thing himself, but gave almost all his own portion to the child he had saved.

But there came a time of horror; the last biscuit was eaten, the last drop of wine was drank; hunger and thirst—the great wants of created life—came, like fiends, to awaken the selfish desires of weak human nature. And on the fifth or sixth day after they had left the ship, Ralph's companions proposed to kill and eat the child; but he swore to defend him to his last gasp, and told them that, as *he* was in command of their frail craft, if any one dare to lay a hand on the little boy, he would immediately upset the boat, and plunge them all into the sea, to be themselves food for the sharks, which they had so long escaped.

There was something in the fierceness of his eyes that overawed the men, weakened as they were by starvation. One of them threw himself into the sea in a fit of delirium, another died in the boat, and the survivors—with the exception of Ralph Woodley, of a cabin boy, and the rescued child—made a cannibal meal on his remains. But these horrors were mercifully permitted to end; a vessel hove in sight, and passing near them observed the boat, with its human freight, tossing about on the undulating waves. The captain humanely came to the assistance of the poor sufferers, and they were soon placed in safety on board his ship, which was bound to Rotterdam. But of the persons thus saved, only Ralph, the cabin-boy, and the child, survived to reach the shore. Every attention was paid to them at Rotterdam, and they were sent on to Antwerp, where of course Ralph Woodley was received with the utmost gratitude by the father of the child whom he had saved. The merchant was most anxious to do any thing and every thing for him,

and would gladly have placed Ralph in some situation in which he might have made a comfortable living, and become a useful and respectable member of society. But his good intentions were all frustrated, for symptoms of insanity soon evinced themselves in the ill-fated smuggler—in sanity, no doubt, first brought on by his terrible imprisonment at Auburn, and increased by the sufferings and horrors to which he had been exposed after leaving the ship that was on fire.

He became so decidedly deranged, and at times so very violent, that it was found absolutely necessary to have him placed under restraint, and he was taken to the asylum where the Howards had found him, and where all his expenses were defrayed by the Antwerp merchant.

Captain and Mrs. Howard were anxious to have shared this expense, and assisted in maintaining their poor countryman; but the father of the rescued child would not hear of this arrangement, alleging that no money could repay his obligations to the man who had twice saved his only child from death. But he promised to send them tidings from time to time of the poor lunatic, and the Howards returned to England without seeing him again. The accounts they received were always the same; there was no improvement in Ralph's condition, and it was feared that his insanity would end only with his life.

III.

THE CORPSE IN THE DEAD-HOUSE AT CALAIS.

In the course of the next spring Captain Howard was appointed to a ship stationed in the Mediterranean, and Camilla was to follow him thither to spend the winter at Malta; but for three months during the summer and early autumn she went with her children to Calais for sea-bathing and change of air, preferring that quiet place to its gayer rival, Boulogne. She had not been long settled at Calais, when she received a letter from Antwerp, informing her that Ralph Woodley had escaped from the asylum, and as no traces of him could be found, further than that a person answering his description had been seen on the road to Ostend, it was feared he had met with some fatal accident, or had died of starvation. Camilla was much grieved at the evil fate which had so persecuted her friend of St. Alban's Cove, and often and often did his interesting countenance

and wonderful eyes recur to her memory. She longed to know if he were really dead, and if so, how he had died; but no intelligence could be obtained of him, and all was left to conjecture. But conjecture was at length exchanged into certainty.

One morning she was going to take an early walk, as usual, with her children on the pier, when she observed a crowd gathered before a small building near its head. The curiosity of the children was roused, and the little boy who was holding her hand dragged her toward the place. As she approached it, the crowd, which was composed principally of boatmen, fishermen and their wives, and porters, who were always hanging about the pier, made way for her and her children, and, urged by some strange feeling, she moved on toward a window that was open, for the door of the little building was shut. On coming near it, her son pulled her close up to the window, and looking through it, she beheld the body of a man lying on a wide bench, or kind of wooden frame. Heavens! Upon whom was her gaze so suddenly riveted? Before her eyes were the features of Ralph Woodley, swollen in some degree, it is true, and still stern, but composed as if in a calm and dreamless sleep! Ralph? Yes, it was Ralph Woodley himself.

Mrs. Howard felt like to faint, but, recovering herself, she turned to a respectable man who was standing by, whom she knew, as his wife kept a shop at which she dealt, and asked him how the body had been brought there, and where it had been found. She was informed that the body had been discovered early that morning at low tide, jammed in among some of the thick wooden posts which supported the pier. There was no evidence to prove how long it had been there, except that it was not under the pier at low water the evening before. The boatmen around reminded Camilla that the previous night had been a very wild one; in short, that it had blown quite a heavy gale about midnight; and as one or two small craft had been seen at some distance, laboring in the storm, it was probable that there had been some wreck, or that the man had been washed overboard. Camilla asked if any thing giving a clue to what he was, had been found upon him. She was answered, "Not yet; the proper officials would be down presently, when his pockets, etc., would be examined."

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She waited until these persons arrived, and then telling them that she had known the poor drowned man for many years, and that he was a countryman of hers, she offered to pay all the expenses of the funeral, if they would intrust the remains to her, and would hand over to her any document that might be found about him. Her proposal was conveyed to the mayor, and as it was backed by the English clergyman at Calais, her petition was granted.

Nothing was found on the body but an old pocket-book, which had been sewn to his clothes. It was, of course, saturated with sea-water, but in it were found a lock of very fair hair, and a piece of paper, much stained, on which was written the address of Captain and Mrs. Howard in England. The ring which Camilla had given him on the hill above St. Alban's Cove was not there; *that* had probably been stolen from him, either in the American prison or the Belgian asylum, or lost in some of his strange wanderings on land and sea.

The corpse of the unfortunate man was removed to a room hired by the English chaplain for its reception; and the funeral took place at the English burying-ground at the Basse Ville, attended by Mrs. Howard and her children, by the greater part of the English residents at Calais, and by the French fishermen and boatmen who had taken the body from the wet sands to the dead-house at the top of the pier. The beautiful service of the Church of England for the burial of the dead was read most impressively by the worthy chaplain, and as dust was committed to dust, the only friend of the tenant of that coffin which had just been lowered into the grave burst into a passion of tears—an unaffected tribute of regard to the memory of him who had once saved her life, and who, with his haunting eyes, had claimed so many of her thoughts for years of the past.

Long and bitterly did Camilla weep; and long did she linger by the humble grave after the service was over. At length she threw herself on her knees by the new-raised mound, and murmured, as if the cold ear of death could hear:

"Farewell, child of misfortune! farewell! But oh! may your spirit, so troubled here, have been received through Him who is 'the resurrection and the life' into pardon and peace in brighter worlds beyond the dreary tomb!"

THE RIGHT HON. LORD MACAULAY.

THE character of this great historian, his talents, his genius, his fame, his form, and the lineaments of his face and features, possess an abiding interest and attraction. To gratify this natural feeling we have here had engraved a new, fine and life-like portrait of this eminent man. The photograph was taken late in life, so that this engraved portrait presents a very accurate impression of what he was before the eye of the observer just before his death. The artist, Mr. Perine, has done the subject ample justice in the beautiful execution of the engraving. It is pure line and stipple, which can not fail to please our readers. Thus his features will remain stereotyped before the eye, and never grow old by increasing age. A brief biographic sketch, which is all we have here room for, will add interest to the portrait.

The distinguished statesman, orator, poet, essayist, and historian, Thomas Babington Lord Macaulay, was born at Rothley Temple, in the county of Leicestershire, on the twenty-fifth of October, 1800. He was grandson of the Rev. John Macaulay, A.M., Presbyterian minister of Inverary, and son of the celebrated philanthropist, Zachary Macaulay, whose great exertions to ameliorate the condition of the African race, and unceasing labors to effect the suppression of the slave-trade, won for him an enduring fame and a monument in Westminster Abbey. One of the sisters of the eminent man just named, married Mr. Thomas Babington, a rich English merchant, and the name "Thomas Babington" was bestowed on the nephew—the subject of our present memoir. Early in life he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his career was one of high distinction. Before he had reached his nineteenth year, he won the Chancellor's medal for a poem entitled *Pompeii*; two years afterwards he gained the same Chancellor's medal for another poetic work, entitled *Evening*. These poems were both published, and they served to bring the author prominently into notice. Soon after the issue of *Evening*, he was elected to the Craven Scholarship, and, in

1822, he graduated Bachelor of Arts, and was elected Fellow of Trinity College. In 1825 he obtained his Master of Arts degree, and, adopting the law as his future profession, he underwent the usual course of study, and was called to the bar, at Lincoln's Inn, in February, 1826.

In the meantime, the young student began to develop a taste for literary pursuits. He commenced by contributing essays and ballads to a periodical of limited circulation, called *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*; his papers, always looked for with much interest, speedily became the attraction of the *Magazine*. Principally from the tone and weight of Macaulay's contributions, this Review was looked upon as a work of considerable literary importance. Professor Wilson used to say that its four or five volumes (beyond which the work did not extend) equalled in talent any other four or five in the compass of periodical literature. But Macaulay's genius soon found a wider field. In August, 1825, some six months before his call to the bar of Lincoln's Inn, and while still under twenty-five years of age, he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* his famous essay on "Milton." This was the first of that long series of brilliant essays, with which, during twenty years subsequently, he enriched the pages of the *Review*.

The Whig party, then in power, were not slow to recognize the merits of the son of Zachary Macaulay. They gave him a lucrative appointment, (a Commissionership in Bankruptcy,) and in 1830 introduced him into the house of Commons, by placing the "pocket-borough" of Calne at his disposal. As a member of the legislative body, Mr. Macaulay distinguished himself by a zealous devotion to the business and debates of the time. He became Secretary to the Board of Control, and figured prominently in the protracted Parliamentary discussions on the Reform Bill. Mr. Macaulay's speech on this question created a degree of interest sufficient to warrant its republication in the form of a pamphlet. In December, 1832, he was returned to the first Reformed Parliament as member for the borough of Leeds.

He continued to represent the constituency of this important borough until February, 1834, when he resigned his seat and his appointment at the Board of Control, to go out to India as a member of, and legal adviser to, the Supreme Council of Calcutta. He remained in the East about three years; during his stay he acquired a handsome independency by the lucrative nature of his office, and at the same time he continued to perform his duties as one of the *Edinburgh Review* staff. Some of his most elaborate articles, we are told, were then written and sent over from Calcutta. On his return to England, Mr. Macaulay turned his acquaintance with the affairs of India to account in his essays on "Lord Clive" and "Warren Hastings."

In the year 1839, Mr. Macaulay again accepted office under Government. He became Secretary at War, and was soon after elected Member of Parliament for the city of Edinburgh. The right honorable gentleman retained this position in the Government until September, 1841, when the Whig ministry in which he served gave way to the second cabinet of Sir Robert Peel, and he (Mr. Macaulay) was consequently deprived of office. The general election, which followed immediately afterward, did not disturb Mr. Macaulay in the possession of his seat for Edinburgh. He was reelected, and continued to sit for that city. During the whole of Sir Robert Peel's rule, he was conspicuous as an active member of the Whig Opposition, and as a consistent advocate of free-trade and other liberal measures. In 1846, Sir Robert, having carried his great measure of Commercial Reform, succumbed to the unceasing attacks of the "country party," and made way for the return of the Whigs under Lord John Russell. Mr. Macaulay resumed office in this administration as Paymaster-General of the Forces, with a seat in the Cabinet; and he fulfilled the duties of the position until 1847, when he unexpectedly lost his seat in Parliament. The majority of the constituents of the Scottish capital disagreed with the right honorable gentleman on the subject of the Maynooth Grant, and took the opportunity of the general election to oust him in favor of Mr. Cowan, a citizen, whose theological bias and ecclesiastical views were much more in favor. The rejection of so distinguished a man under such circumstances caused great surprise, and was

warmly discussed all over the country. Regret at so untoward an event was so generally expressed that Mr. Macaulay might easily have found another constituency anxious for his services, but he preferred availing himself of the opportunity thus presented of withdrawing altogether from the duties of Parliament. At the next general election the citizens of Edinburgh recovered their credit by replacing Mr. Macaulay in his former position, although the right honorable gentleman declined to come forward, to canvass, or in any way to solicit the favor of the electors. During the next three or four years, he continued their representative in Parliament, but the state of his health prevented him from attending the House with his accustomed zeal. At length, in 1856, he resigned his seat, and at the same time intimated his intention of not again resuming public or parliamentary life.

It is, however, in the world of literature that Mr. Macaulay has won his fame. As an essayist he had established a brilliant reputation long before his *History* was commenced. Some years after his return from India, he continued as sedulously as ever his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1842, he published his *Lays of Ancient Rome*; in 1843, he issued a collected edition of the more important of his *Essays*, and in the following year he made his last contribution to that particular form of literature in the paper "The Earl of Chatham." It appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and was included in the subsequent editions of his collected essays. The first and second volumes of Mr. Macaulay's great work, *The History of England, from the Accession of James II.*, were published in 1849, and their appearance excited unusual public interest. Edition after edition was printed, and as rapidly consumed. An extraordinary degree of eagerness was manifested for the continuation of the *History*; and when, in 1855, the third and fourth volumes did appear, they caused a *furor* of excitement in the publishing and reading world of Britain "to which," observes a good authority, "the annals of Paternoster-Row hardly furnish any parallel."

An interesting analysis of the historian's style appears in Gilfillan's *Literary Portraits*, from which we are tempted to extract a few lines:

"His writings have all the stimulus of

oracular decision, without one particle of oracular darkness. His papers, too, are thickly studded with facts. This itself, in an age like ours, is enough to recommend them, especially when these facts are so carefully selected—when told now with emphasis so striking, and now with negligence so graceful; and when suspended around a theory, at once dazzling and slight—at once paradoxical and pleasing. The reader, beguiled, believes himself reading something more agreeable than history, and more veracious than fiction. It is a very waltz of facts that he witnesses; and yet how consoling to reflect that they are facts, after all! Again, Macaulay, as we have repeatedly hinted, is given to paradoxes. But then these paradoxes are so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved—his originalities are so orthodox, and his mode of expressing them is at once so strong and so measured—that people feel both the tickling sensation of novelty, and a perfect sense of safety, and are slow to admit that the author, instead of being a bold, is a timorous thinker, one of the literary as well as political *juste-milieu*. Again, his manner and style are thoroughly English. As his sympathies are, to a great degree, with English modes of thought and habits of action, so his language is a stream of English undefiled. All the territories which it has traversed have enriched, without coloring, its waters. Even the most valuable of German refinements—such as that common one of subjective and objective—are sternly shied. Scarcely a phrase or word is introduced which Swift would not have sanctioned. In anxiety to avoid a barbarous and Mosaic diction, he goes to the other extreme,

and practices purism and elaborate simplicity. Perhaps, under a weightier burden, such a style might break down; but, as it is, it floats on, and carries the reader with it, in all safety, rapidity, and ease."

In September, 1857, the historian received the dignity of a Peerage in acknowledgment of his great literary services; in addition to this, he has at different times received other honors, to which we must make a brief allusion. He was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1849; in the same year, he was elected a bencher of Lincoln's Inn; in 1850, he was appointed to the honorary office of Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy; and in 1853 he received the Prussian Order of Merit.

Lord Macaulay continued his labors on his great work of bringing down his *History* to a late period until near the close of 1859. For some years he had suffered from an affection of the heart, and, about three weeks previous to his death, he had a return of threatening symptoms. But he appeared to rally again. On Monday of the week he died, he entertained his family at a Christmas party. On that occasion, he was so unlike himself as to be rather silent. His friends, on parting with him that night, little thought that in less than eighty-four hours, he would be no more for this world. On Wednesday evening, about eight o'clock, he died in a fainting fit, without the least pain. On the Monday following, the funeral obsequies were performed, and his mortal remains deposited in Westminster Abbey, that great mausoleum where sleep so many of the wise and good of past ages.

THE BEAUHARNAIS FAMILY AND THE DUKE OF LEUCHTENBERG.—Eugene de Beauharnais (the brother of Hortense, the Duchess of St. Leu, mother of Louis Napoleon) acted as Napoleon's aid de-camp in Italy and Egypt; commanded, at Marengo, a brigade of the guard; was made an Imperial Prince, Viceroy of Italy, and heir to the crown of Lombardy. After the events of 1814 he retired to the Court of Bavaria—was created Duke of Leuchtenberg, and died in 1824, leaving two sons and four daughters. The eldest daughter married Oscar, the son of Bernadotte, and became Queen of Sweden!

The second became the wife of the Prince of Hohen-zollern-Hecheugen. The third married Don Pedro; and the fourth became the wife of a Count of Wurtemberg. The eldest son, Augustus, married the Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, but is since dead, leaving the present Duke of Leuchtenberg his surviving brother, who, in 1839, married the Grand Duchess Maria, the daughter of the Emperor of Russia. So widely connected are the ramifications of the Beauharnais family, which traces its pedigree no farther back than the aid-de-camp of the Emperor, and Josephine of Martinique!

From the Leisure Hour.

LANDSLIPS IN ENGLAND.

IN certain parts of our coast, it seems as though a continual encroachment is made by the sea upon the land, while in other places the land gains upon the sea. In the former case it is probable that the sea only gains by means of the treachery of the land, or rather because the water in the land assists its kindred ocean, and betrays that which we are accustomed to call, though falsely, *dry* land. Where this betrayal is carried on, the path by which we went along the edge of the cliff last year has disappeared; there it lies, many feet below us, disjointed and broken. Along one part of the coast of Norfolk, the sea is retiring farther and farther from the old cliffs; the low-lying lands are more and more exposed, though it is by very slow degrees that substantial advantages are obtained. In other parts of the same coast the cliffs are crumbling into the sea, and Cromer, upon the north-east corner, is only saved from submersion by the handiwork of man. A curious case occurred in connection with two parishes near Cromer. They are small, and were held by one incumbent. The church of the one parish was in ruins, a mile or so distant from the sea; but the parsonage-house was good. Service was offered in the church of the other parish, where there was no parsonage-house at all. One of the bishops required that their clergy should live in the parishes where the worship was carried on, and the time of his episcopate was marked by the number of new parsonage-houses throughout the diocese. But in this case the difficulty presented itself, that, little by little, slowly but surely, the church was drawing near its doom. Every year more of the churchyard sank over the cliff, and in the course of no very long time, the church must surely follow the tomb-stones and the graves. Which, then, was the best plan; to anticipate decay, and remove the church, and repair the other building, or to build a parsonage-house where soon there would be no church? The difficulties in either case were endless.

To the east of Brighton, the road is carried along the cliff, nearly a hundred yards from the edge; this is a new road; the old road may clearly be traced on the hill above Rottingdean, leading down to the edge of the perpendicular cliff. Dr. Buckland was of opinion that wherever the dip of the land caused the land-springs to flow toward the sea, there the sea would, of necessity, encroach; and, until the highest point is gained, from which the land-springs flow landward, there could be no certainty of freedom from such slips.

The Isle of Wight presents, as one of its most pleasing features, the undercliff and landslip on its southern side; on the back of the Island, as it is generally called. For a distance of six miles, from Bonchurch to Niton, is a rough and rugged tract of land, varying in width from a quarter of a mile to nearly a mile. Inland there is a cliff; seaward, in some places, a second cliff; in others, a decline to the beach itself. Throughout, but especially near Bonchurch, the rocks lie about in the most picturesque confusion; and, having now large trees, and plenty of underwood, this landslip is exceedingly pretty and varied. Beyond Ventnor, the surface is comparatively level, though throughout the gray rocks, and the green turf, and England's wild flowers afford most pleasant scenes.

Still further to the west, we come to another landslip, and this is one of the most interesting, inasmuch as, occurring in our own days, it enables us to see how others, like that in the Isle of Wight, have been brought about. On Christmas Eve, 1839, a coast-guardsmen, near Lyme Regis, was going on his rounds, and suddenly he burst in upon the family of a farmer, with the astounding intelligence that such a field was "gone." "Gone where?" was the answer, but that the man could not tell. Upon coming out to see what had happened, it was true—the field was nowhere; and the next morning disclosed a scene of ruin and demolition. Down be-

low, at a depth of nearly three hundred feet, was the orchard, and the cottages, whose inmates had been keeping feast in their master's house. Stretching westward for three quarters of a mile, was a perpendicular cliff, separated from an opposite cliff by a space from two to three hundred yards wide. In the bottom, one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet below, were the fields; grass, or wheat, or barley, tilted up and mingled with the rocks and stones and rubbish which had come down in their descent. Here a hedge, which had run right across the fields, was seen separated by the chasm from its kindred twigs, while below, the line of hedge was hardly broken for some considerable portion of its length; and there, above the other cliff, was the continuation of it, standing as though nothing had happened. Out to sea were rocks and islands of varying height and size, where yesterday the waves flowed unopposed.

But the most remarkable thing is, that the land did not go straight into the sea, carrying all before it. While the chasm is as we have described it, it communicates with the shore only at its extremities; throughout its course it is separated from the beach by a mass of the solid earth which was not affected by the ruin. Upon it the crops were growing as they had been; there is still the continuance of the hedge, and like an island remains this portion of the land, separated by the landslide from contact with the main land. It seems as though the sunk portion had gone underneath this mass, or had displaced the foundation in such a manner, that it supplied the place with its own rocks.

How many of the features which there disclosed themselves to the wondering gaze have vanished! The soft material of the soil has yielded to the action of wind and weather; the rocks and islands out at sea have been washed away; thousands of rabbits burrow every where about, and climb up precipices where it would seem that only birds could be the tenants; and continued crumbling has taken off the sharpness of the edges, which must have added to the strangeness of the scene. Of course the attention of the savans was speedily directed to what had occurred; there arose a strife of science, as to the nature and the cause of the accident. While some maintained that the

depression was the result of subsidence, others held that it was a slip—that a lower stratum, having become rotten and slimy from long continued wet, had suddenly allowed the upper soil to slide down its slippery surface.

From Lyme-Regis to this landslide, a distance of about three miles, there are in miniature the features which mark the undercliff of the Isle of Wight. Former slips have been overgrown—the exposed rocks have become gray. Inland and behind it, toward Axminster, the country is broken and rugged, just as if a similar change had taken place ages or generations ago. Again to the west, and just under Beer Head, (a most commanding cliff, from which the view extends from Portland Bill to the Start Point, taking in the whole of that bay which bounds the south of Dorset and of Devon,) there is a smaller slip, marked by all the characters of those we have described, but with a greater boldness, as the limestone is of a very compact nature, and allows the pinnacles and towers to remain reared far above the low-lying and softer rubbish.

The last landslide of which we have any account took place in May, on the coast between Lyme-Regis and Charmouth. Several men and boys were at work in gardens on and near the spot, and one boy escaped with his life by jumping over the cracks as they opened under him, as in an earthquake. A woman who was near at the time was so terrified that she threw herself flat upon the ground. Her fright may well be excused, for half-a-dozen acres of land marching off bodily must be a strange sight, and one not altogether devoid of the terrible. A man, who was close at hand, describes the noise as having been "like a thousand thunders." Scarcely ten minutes before the slip took place, a gentleman who owned part of the lost land was standing on the edge of the very highest part of the cliff, expressing his admiration of the magnificent view before him, as, it being clear weather, he could see Portland on the one hand, and Start Point on the other. Within a quarter of an hour, the ground on which he stood was strewn in fragments upon the beach, at least one hundred yards in perpendicular depth below. The appearance of this landslide is very different from that of the great slip near Axmouth, 1839. In this case but a very small part of the detached mass held together. Nearly the

whole of the cliff seems to have fallen over, and to have been dashed to atoms. It is difficult to estimate correctly the area of cultivated ground lost; at present, the distance from the road to the edge of the cliff is about eighty yards. It is said, however, that the slip covers nearly six acres of ground. The beach itself, right down to low-water mark, (as seen soon after,) was a perfect chaos of blue lias and mud. The peculiar nature and direction of the strata seem to render the neighborhood of Lyme-Regis liable to these great slips. The sea is rapidly gaining on the

east end of the town itself. Part of the churchyard has already slipped away, and more than one grave has disappeared.

In geological parlance, these landslips belong to the Lias group in the secondary or Mesozoic series. Near the Lyme-Regis end of the Devonshire landslip, the face of the cliff has been worked for the blue-colored clay which belongs to this group, and its deep-shaded tints add to the variety of hue. In fact, that portion of the natural landslip has received an increase of beauty from the wild ruin wrought by man's labor for industrial uses.

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. XVI. V-Zwirner, with a supplement. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863. Pp. 850.

THIS volume completes the great National work of the Appletons. It has involved a vast amount of labor and capital, and is highly creditable to the enterprise of this great publishing-house in these times of war and rebellion. Long may they reap the fruits of their vast labor. The editors' time and strength and talents and research in completing this great dictionary of knowledge has been long and deeply taxed, but in it and by it they have built a monument to their fame and industry more enduring than marble. This work will find a place in many public and private libraries, and be read and examined by many generations yet unborn. It is a great library in itself.

MEMOIRS OF REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D., the renowned Kirwan. By SAMUEL IRENEUS PRIME, author of *Travels in Europe and the East*, *The Power of Prayer*, etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 438, with a fine portrait of Dr. Murray.

IN this volume of memoirs of his friend, Dr. Prime has well performed a very valuable and useful labor to the cause of religion. Dr. Murray was no common-place man. We knew him well for many years. He was an earnest, devoted, and warm-hearted Christian minister. He was a shrewd observer of men. In all his public ministrations, in the pulpit and out of it, in season and out of it, he went far to commend himself and the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God. He was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. Dr. Prime has shown a master-hand in the whole arrangement of the contents of this book. It is very suggestive to ministers and pas-

tors. No one can read it without pleasure and profit. We should be glad to see it obtain a wide circulation. The price of the book is \$1.25. Any pastor or other person who wishes to obtain this interesting memoir of Dr. Murray, and will send \$1.25 to the office of the *ECLECTIC*, shall receive the work by mail, postage paid.

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1863. 12mo, 700 pages.

THIS new publication is of sterling worth. It furnishes more full, accurate, recent, and interesting information concerning the present condition of country, than has ever been issued in any single volume. It far surpasses any previous statistical work in the United States. It should become such a hand-book of reference as to be a necessity for all persons to possess. The information it contains is so useful and instructive, that it is worth ten times its cost. The price, in boards, is \$1.00; bound in muslin, \$1.25. It will be sent free by mail, on receipt of the price, by the publisher, George W. Childs, 628 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY. Translated from the German. By FREDERIC A. ROWAN. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863. Pp. 414.

THIS volume, in its topics and subjects, presents in beautiful and attractive language, many ripe clusters of golden fruit, which now and then, if not often, come forth from very mature, spiritual, German minds. The serious reader of this book can sit down to the perusal of its well-filled pages, and feel the glow of a warm personal companionship and intercourse between his own mind and heart and the pages before him. It is much like an invisible spirit holding communion with the living heart, and thus imparting instruction on the most important of all subjects. Every serious mind will enjoy its pages.

THE EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN. A Cyclopædia of Woman's Work. By VIRGINIA PENNY. Boston. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Washington street. 1863. Pp. 500.

This is a very useful and instructive book. It is also highly suggestive of many things which every community is interested to know. Employment for women who are more or less dependent on their own efforts for subsistence in life is a great question of growing importance. The present terrible war makes innumerable breaches in the ranks of men slain in battle. Thousands of young men who fall thus and die will never be husbands and heads of families. The young women are left alive to pursue life's journey alone. What shall they do? How employ their time and find support? Many have the means, but many others have not. This book of Miss Penny will instruct many on these important questions.

TWO FRIENDS. By the author of *The Patience of Hope*, and *A Present Heaven*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863. Pp. 167.

This volume, neatly and beautifully executed, and printed on fine tinted paper at the Cambridge University Press, appears in the high style and taste of the publishers. The book, in its contents and subjects, is much like ripe and delicious fruit—rich and mellow to the taste. This book will impart to the mind and heart of the serious and cheerful reader what such choice and pleasant fruit does to the body. It is a book of great practical utility. It is instructive in the most important lessons of life, and should be widely read.

HARPER & BROTHERS, of New-York, are now publishing, in semi-monthly numbers, a complete *History of the Great Rebellion in the United States*. The work has been for many months in course of preparation by a writer every way qualified for the task. The Introduction contains a clear and succinct account of the formation of the Government of the United States, and the origin and progress of nullification and secession.

The history will comprise a full account, drawn from the most authentic sources, of all the events of the war, the intrigues of the Southern leaders at home and abroad. The illustrations will comprise portraits of those who have borne a prominent part in the struggle, views of every scene of interest, and of the most important battles. The illustrations were taken on the spot by competent artists. The work will be issued in semi-monthly numbers of twenty-four pages each, of the size of *Harper's Weekly*, and completed in about one year, in twenty-four numbers, price twenty-five cents for each number. We have received Nos. 1 and 2, well executed.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE. By her son, the REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D. With an Appendix containing extracts from the writings of Mrs. Bethune. New-York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1863. Pp. 250.

The talents and character of Dr. Bethune, the rich memoirs of his excellent and sainted mother, Mrs. Bethune, and her no less celebrated mother Mrs. Isabella Graham, form such an unusual trio of intellectual, moral, and religious worth as is not often found in three persons thus related. This

fact will be sufficient to excite a deep interest in this volume of memoirs of a Christian lady of so much worth. The volume is a fitting tribute to the memory of his mother by her eloquent son, who was so well and widely known on both sides of the Atlantic for his efficient services in the pulpit and elsewhere.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORIES.—Under this general title the Harpers are issuing an admirable series of compends, which give, within a moderate compass, the great facts of universal history drawn up on a nearly uniform scale. Each work is independent in itself, but the whole when complete will form one connected series. Thus in one volume is given a complete epitome of the History of Rome, from the earliest times to the foundation of the Empire. A second volume, parallel with this, gives the history of Greece down to the Roman conquest, when Grecian history merges into that of Rome. A third volume presents an excellent condensation of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Coming down to modern times, *Hume's History of England*, with a continuation, bringing it down to the year 1851, is condensed into a volume, while still another contains the history of France, from the earliest times down to the foundation of the present Empire in 1852. When to these four volumes as many more are added, the whole scheme will be complete. The volumes which we would suggest are the following: First. One volume upon the six great ancient monarchies, Egypt, Chalde, Assyria, Babylon, Media, and Persia; for the five last, Rawlinson's great work, now in course of publication in England, will furnish ample materials. Second. A volume which might be called "The Student's Russell," taking up the thread of European history at the point where it is left by Gibbon, and bringing it down to the opening of the French Revolution. This would embrace a history of the Reformation, and of the great Continental wars which settled the political state of Europe. Third, "The Student's Alison," condensing into a single volume Alison's two voluminous works, which give the history of Modern Europe from the opening of the French Revolution down to the accession of Louis Napoleon to the Imperial throne; this should be brought down to the close of the war in Italy. Fourth, "The Student's History of America," including that of the United States and the Spanish Republics. We trust that the Messrs. Harpers will complete the series in the general manner which we have indicated, as rapidly as is consistent with the thorough preparation of the different works. When this is done, we shall have, in the compass of about eight moderate volumes, and at a reasonable expense, an epitome of Universal History which will leave little to be desired by the general reader or the students in our colleges and higher seminaries. The four volumes already issued are in every respect admirable models for those which should succeed them.

FIRING CANNON BY ELECTRICITY.—A letter from the camp of Chalons states that the Emperor has assisted at the experiment of firing cannon by electricity. This new mode of firing cannon is called electro-telegraphic, and has been practiced at the camp for the last three months, in presence of commissioners selected from the superior officers of artillery.

"FAIR MAID OF DENMARK."

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

(FOR MUSIC.)

Fair maid of Denmark! Britain's Isle
 A thousand welcomes bids to you!
 And with one universal smile,
 Awards to beauty homage due!
 A Prince's chosen! loveliest—best!
 To sail with him life's lake adown;
 To bloom a flower upon his breast—
 To gleam a jewel in his crown!
 Fair maid of Denmark, etc.

Fair maid of Denmark! come you forth,
 Now bird and bud tell summer time!
 Like some pure snow-wreath from the north,
 To glisten in our southern clime!
 Come to us! be of us a part—
 Shine like a sunbeam in our way;
 A joy be to a Prince's heart—
 And to our widowed Queen a stay!
 Fair maid of Denmark, etc.

JAMES BRUTON.

FALL OF AN AEROLITE.—A few days ago, while Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter, of Auchterarder, was out taking a walk over his estate, he saw an aerolite descend upon the farm of Drumtersal, occupied by Mrs. M'Ewan. The sun had just gone down, and the sky was clear at the time, which allowed him full opportunity of observation. He describes its appearance as strikingly beautiful, exhibiting a most brilliant light, not unlike a red-hot twenty-four pound ball. It fell slowly to the ground, and at the same time a larger body passed over to the northeast, in the direction of Trinity Gask. The Colonel, who was within a few hundred yards of the one which fell, marked the place of its descent, and it was got two days thereafter by his gamekeeper. At the place where it was found the grass was burned up for a few inches round. It is now at Auchterarder House. It weighs upward of ten ounces, and appears to have been detached from a larger mass. Another aerolite is said to have fallen near Stirling on the same evening.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

A PRESENT TO THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.—On landing, Mrs. Sams, the wife of the Mayor of Gravesend, will present the Princess with a bouquet in a richly-jewelled case, which has been purchased by general subscription by the ladies of Gravesend. As on the occasion of the Princess Royal's departure, sixty young ladies, dressed alike in red and blue and white—the colors of England and Denmark—will be stationed along the Terrace Pier, thirty on each side. Each of these young ladies will be provided with ample though pretty baskets filled with violets and roses, which they will strew along the path as the Princess advances.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—The great reception to be given to the Prince's bride, on her arrival in this country, promises, as each day develops fresh preparations, to be one of the most spontaneous and magnificent popular welcomes ever given in England. Along the whole length to be traversed by the Princess, from Gravesend to Windsor, there is not a municipality or corporation which has

not its thoughts fixed just now on how best to welcome and do honor to the cavalcade while passing through its boundaries.

The great excess of males in newly-settled territories illustrates the influence of emigration in affecting a disparity in the sexes. The males in California outnumber the females near 67,000, or about one-fifth of the population. In Illinois, the excess of males amounts to about 92,000, or one-twelfth of the entire population. In Massachusetts, the females outnumber the males some 37,600; Connecticut, 7000. Michigan shows near 40,000 excess of males; Texas, 36,000; Wisconsin, 43,000. In Colorado, the males are as twenty to one female. In Utah, the numbers are nearly equal; and while in New-York there is a small preponderance of females, the males are most numerous in Pennsylvania.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT NAPLES.—A Naples letter has the following:—"A very interesting discovery has been made by M. Fiorelli, the inspector of the excavations at Pompeii. While digging at a depth of from eight to ten feet, the pickaxe struck into a little mass of coins and jewels. M. Fiorelli then continued the excavation with the greatest care, removing the earth grain by grain, and, after some hours' labor, was rewarded by the discovery in the hardened ashes of the perfect mould of a man in a lying posture, the skin of which had dried up, but the skeleton remained intact. M. Fiorelli caused plaster of Paris to be poured into the form of the Pompeian, and the casting succeeded perfectly, with the exception of two fragments of an arm and a leg where the mould was incomplete. The cast of the man is of the greatest precision; the moustache, the hair, the folds of the dress, and the sandals are admirably defined. The famous question of the *Thesaurus* of Gronovius and Grevius is now decided; the Romans *did* wear drawers. Also archaeologists will be delighted at discovering the manner in which the ancients fastened their sandals, and at seeing the heel of a shoe completely protected with iron."—*Galignani*.

THE DENMARK, a Copenhagen paper, says: "The Princess Alexandra will leave Copenhagen on the twenty eighth February. At Kiel she will go on board his Majesty's steamer *Slesvig*, commanded by his adjutant, Captain P. Smidth. On Tuesday, her Royal Highness was chosen a member of 'The Royal Copenhagen Shooting Guild.' Mr. Friedlander, the 'Bird King,' had the honor of handing over to her the insignia of the guild. The Princess' dresses are prepared in England, France, and Belgium. The rest of her toilet will be provided by Mr. Levysohn, of this city, and will not be surpassed in elegance by the best articles from the Parisian establishments."

If we all had windows in our hearts, many of us would take good care to keep the blinds closed.

It is intended to strike 30,000 medals at Sheffield, in commemoration of the Prince of Wales's marriage. On the reverse the Prince and Princess will be represented, and on the obverse the Sheffield arms, with the names of John Brown, Mayor; H. Harrison, master cutler; W. Butcher, town regent.

IF !

Ah! dearest, if our tears were shed
Only for our beloved—dead;
Although our Life's left incomplete,
Tears would not be so bitter, sweet,
As now!—ah! no.

Ah! dearest, if the friends who die
Alone were those who make us sigh;
Although Life's current is so fleet,
Sighs would not be so weary, sweet,
As now!—Ah! no.

If oft more pain it did not give
To know that our beloved live,
Than learn their hearts have ceased to beat,
Grief would not be so hopeless, sweet,
As now!—ah! no.

THOMAS HOOD.

RARE MARRIAGES OF PRINCES OF WALES.—The marriage of a Prince of Wales is an event of perfect novelty to the present generation. It is in fact an event of rarer occurrence in the annals of English history than most people are aware of or would readily believe. Of all the fourteen Princes who have borne this title, only five married when they were in possession of it, and out of this small number one was married abroad. These Princes were, first, the renowned knight who won the tripple plume and motto, Edward the Black Prince, who married Joan of Kent; second, Edward, the son of Henry VI., who, at Amboise, married Lady Anne Neville, the daughter of the King-maker; third, Prince Arthur, the son of Henry VII., who at fifteen years of age pledged his boyish vows to the unhappy Catharine of Arragon, afterward the first of the many wives of his next brother Henry; fourth, Frederick, eldest son of George II., who, at the age of twenty-nine married the Princess Augusta of Saxo-Gotha in the Chapel Royal, St. James's; and fifth, and last, the Prince Regent, afterward George IV., to the ill-fated Caroline of Brunswick. Nearly seventy years have passed away since that last scandal was enacted, when the Prince Regent put the corner-stone to the cruel theory that Princes must marry without affection by taking his wife literally according to Act of Parliament, and in return for the payment of his debts. In the long interval that has elapsed since that masquerade of matrimony was gone through, the Chapel Royal has been hallowed by two marriages based on the purest affection—those of her Majesty and the Princess Royal.

ARTIFICIAL INDIA-RUBBER.—In the chemical department of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society were shown specimens of a new and valuable invention, patented by Mr. A. Parkes, of Birmingham, and called after him, "Parkesine." It is a compound of oil, chloride of sulphur, and collodion, and may be used as india rubber and gutta-percha. In its elastic state it is easily pressed into moulds; and, when set, becomes hard and durable. It may be produced of any color, and also made to imitate ivory. If this latter substance can be successfully imitated, Mr. Parkes will have accomplished what many men have long tried to do, and on which some have in vain sacrificed fortune and health. The inventor only shows the articles as the work of an amateur, and to give

some idea of the capabilities of the material, which he says can be produced in quantities at 1s. per lb.

STATISTICS OF THE GLOBE.—The following curious facts are stated by the *Abeille Médicale*:—The earth is inhabited by 1288 millions of inhabitants, namely: 369,000,000 of the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 of the Mongolian race; 190,000,000 of the Ethiopian, 1,000,000 of the American Indian, and 200,000,000 of the Malay races. All these respectively speak 3064 languages, and profess 1000 different religions. The amount of deaths per annum is 833,333,333, or 91,954 per day, 3730 per hour, 60 per minute, or 1 per second, so that at every pulsation of our heart a human being dies. This loss is compensated by an equal number of births. The average duration of life throughout the globe is 33 years. One fourth of its population dies before the seventh year, and one half before the seventeenth. Out of 10,000 persons, only one reaches his 100th year; only one in 500 his eightieth, and only one in 100 his sixty-fifth. Married people live longer than unmarried ones; and a tall man is likely to live longer than a short one. Until the fiftieth year, women have a better chance of life than men, but beyond that period the chances are equal. Sixty-five persons out of 1000 marry; the months of June and December are those in which marriages are most frequent. Children born in spring are generally stronger than those born in other seasons. Births and deaths chiefly occur at night. The number of men able to bear arms is but one eighth of the population. The nature of the profession exercises a great influence on longevity. Thus, out of 100 of each of the following professions, the number of those who attain their seventieth year is: Among clergymen, 42; agriculturists, 40; traders and manufacturers, 38; soldiers, 32; clerks, 32; lawyers, 29; artists, 28; professors, 27; and physicians, 24; so that those who study the art of prolonging the lives of others are most likely to die early, probably on account of the effluvia to which they are constantly exposed. There are in the world 335 millions of Christians, 5 millions of Jews, 600 millions professing some of the Asiatic religions; 160 millions of Mohammedans, and 200 millions of Pagans. Of the Christians 170 millions profess the Catholic, 76 millions the Greek, and 80 millions the Protestant creeds.

FANCY-DRESS BALL AT COUNT WALEWSKI'S.—The fancy-dress ball given on the 14th, by the Minister of State and the Countess Walewski, in their splendid apartments at the Louvre, was of extraordinary magnificence. The Count, according to the mode of the present year, wore a Venetian mantle, whilst the Countess was in a most ingenious costume representing the Muse of the Fine Arts. Their Majesties honored the fête with their presence, but remained generally masked. Among the persons whose dresses were most remarked were Mme. Korchakoff as Salambo, the Countess de Persigny as Fire, the Princesses Troubetskoi and Dolgorouski as Fortune-tellers, Mlle. Valentine Hausman as a Gipsy, Mme. Constant Say as Esther, the Viscountess de Brimont was a Forest, her dress bearing birds, butterflies, lizards, and even squirrels. M. Meyer represented a looking-glass, M. Haritorff a Finlander, M. Lutroth a Devil, and the Marquis de Caux an Imp in crimson.

A MAGNIFICENT NORTH-WESTERN PROJECT.—Senator Rice, of Minnesota, has introduced a bill granting a million acres of land to aid in the construction of a canal between the head-waters of the Minnesota River and the Red River of the North, and to improve the channels of the upper portions of said rivers. It is stated that by constructing a canal about three-fourths of a mile in length from Big Stone Lake to Lake Traver, steamboats from St. Paul could navigate both the Minnesota River and the Red River of the North to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of seven hundred miles. Then from Lake Winnipeg, which is larger than Lake Ontario, boats could pass up the Saskatchewan River, due west, seven hundred miles to Edmonton House, which is but one hundred and fifty miles east of the celebrated gold diggings on Fraser River, in British Columbia.

LARGE CANNON.—It is an error to suppose the manufacture of large cannon a perfectly modern accomplishment. The 22 inch gun of Constantinople, and the 28-inch guns of the Dardanelles, were made many years ago. The great gun of the Kremlin, in Moscow, is reputed to be the largest in the world. It is 36 inches in caliber, 18 feet long, and weighs 97,500 lbs. The inscription shows it to have been made in 1586.

NAVIES OF EUROPE.—The following statistics of the naval force of the different maritime powers of Europe in 1862 are taken from the *Almanack de Gotha* for 1863:

"England had in April last 835 armed government vessels. Of these, 412 were steamers, with an aggregate horse power of 138,995, and carrying 10,687 guns; 144 were sailing vessels, carrying 4061 guns; 170 were gunboats; and 147 were vessels of light draft for coast defense. The number of iron-clad vessels is not stated.

France had 478 vessels, carrying 9718 guns. 94 of these are iron-clad screw steamers; 187 are screw steamers without iron plates, of which there are 7 mounting 120 guns each, 19 of 100 guns and 14 of 90 guns. 53 belong to the mail service, and 44 are transports. The number of iron-clad vessels has been greatly increased during the past year. It will be observed that the French navy has a much larger proportion of ships of the most formidable class than the English. While the number of French ships of war is 85 per cent less than that of English, the number of guns in the French navy is less than 10 per cent below that of the English. And if weight of metal should be made the basis of comparison, the advantage would probably be on the side of France.

Russia has 310 vessels, carrying 3691 guns, besides 3 floating batteries, and about 300 vessels of small draft for the defense of coasts and harbors, making a total of over 600. 148 of these are steamers, carrying 2387 guns, with an aggregate horse-power of 37,067.

Spain has 169 vessels of war, of all sorts, namely: 125 steamers, (92 propellers and 33 side-wheel,) and 44 sailing vessels. The Spanish Government is making vigorous efforts to increase its navy. It has more than 40 steamships in preparation.

A BOHEMIAN MARRIAGE.—The *Ost Deutsche Post* mentions a strange custom which prevails in Northern Bohemia. Every betrothed bride, however

rich she may be, is obliged to go and beg in the neighboring villages for the feathers necessary to make her bed. She goes on these peregrinations, which sometimes last several days, accompanied by a poor woman. Every one gives her a friendly reception, and she always carries back an ample provision of feathers.

THE Princess Alexandra is to to be received in the city of London by a bevy of blooming belles—the brightest, gracefulest, and most fascinating of the beauties of the city; and the mode of the reception and all the pretty details belonging to it, will be immediately arranged under the auspices of a committee of ladies.

AMONG other discoveries made in Pompeii, is an inscription on the wall of what was probably a workshop of some kind, as follows: "*Otiosis hic locus non est. Discede, Morator.*" This may be translated: "This place is not for the lazy. Loafers, depart!" This inscription is interesting as showing that there were loafers in ancient days as there are in modern, and that they were troublesome in a similar manner.

LIFE ERRORS.—How little self-appointed censors of others may know of those whom they condemn! It is pitiful, the amount of pain, sometimes ignorantly, sometimes selfishly, inflicted in this way. Love surely should be able to quicken the mental vision in this respect. A careless foot may be planted just as crushingly as a willfully malicious one. Alas! who can compute the tragic meaning of those little words, "I didn't think," "I didn't know."

DURING the year 1862, the population of Algeria has risen to 3,062,124 inhabitants, being 570,769 more than in 1856. In this increase are comprised 33,444 Europeans, who have emigrated within that period.

"PRAY don't attempt to darn your cobwebs," was Swift's advice to a gentleman of strong imagination and weak memory, who was laboriously explaining himself.

AN ice mirage was lately witnessed in Buc-touche, Kent county, N. S., by which a portion of Prince Edward's Island, fourteen miles distant, seemed to be suspended in the air and very near, so that the clearings and buildings could be distinctly seen; and with a moderately powerful spy-glass, cattle and vehicles could be distinguished moving about.

TWENTY-TWO beautiful pins, with the Prince of Wales's coronet on the top, and the initials A.E.A. in diamonds, crystals, and amethysts, are being manufactured at a celebrated West-end jeweller's, as presents to gentlemen attending the wedding. Twelve beautiful lockets are also being made for the bridesmaids, consisting of crystals, diamonds, and amethysts to match the pins.

RIDDLE OF CHARLES II.—The following riddle on the letter R occurs in Hearne's MS. Collections, 1706:

"What's that in the Fire, and not in the Flame?
What's that in the Master, and not in the Dame?
What's that in the Courtier, and not in the Clown?
What's that in the Country, and not in the Town?"

THE ORANGE TRADE.—Oranges are imported in boxes containing from 250 and more, and in chests holding 500 to 1000. The quantity of this fruit imported has been steadily increasing for some years past. In the three years ending with 1842 the average imports were 384,070 boxes; in the five years ending with 1850 they had increased to 380,000 boxes. Since then the quantity has been computed in *bushels*. The average annual imports in the five years ending with 1860 were 977,440 bushels. The quantity taken for consumption has now reached upwards of 1,000,000 bushels, and, assuming each bushel to contain 650, this would give 650 millions of oranges, or about 22 for each soul of the population in the kingdom. The Azores, or Western Islands, from whence the finest or St. Michael oranges come, furnish us with the largest supply, more than half of the whole imports. The expense of walling and planting an acre of orange-garden is stated to be about £15 for the wall, £8 for sixty-five trees, and £2 for labor. It yields half a crop of beans or Indian corn during seven years, but no oranges; from eight to eleven years half a crop of oranges is obtained. Afterwards a full crop, which is sold for £10 to £16. Each tree, on arriving at maturity, will produce annually, on an average, 12,000 to 16,000 oranges; one grower is said to have picked 26,000 from a single tree. The trees bloom in March and April, and oranges are gathered for the London market as early as November. The Portuguese never eat them before the end of January, at which time they possess their full flavor. In the season of 1851, which produced by no means an unusually large crop, not less than 353 cargoes of oranges, containing about 200,000 large boxes, holding 800 oranges, were shipped from the Western Islands. Fayal formerly exported a great many oranges, but the insect pest, which appeared in 1840, in a few years killed all the trees there. Terceira annually exports about thirty cargoes, and St. Mary a few cargoes; but St. Michael is the great mart. In 1801 the value of the fruit imported from thence was but £10,000; in 1850, £68,000; and in 1859, £84,123. It was estimated that the produce of fruit in this island during 1859 was 252,000,000 of oranges and 40,000 lemons; of these, all the lemons and 49,000,000 oranges were consumed on the island. The export of oranges from St. Michael was 179,379 boxes in 1852; 123,327 boxes in 1855-6; 100,079 in 1856-7; 179,922 in 1857-8; and 130,858 boxes in 1858-9. The trade has been suffering for several years from severe depression, owing to the low price obtained for the fruit in England. In the season 1858-9 the growers obtained an average of 10s. 5d. per box, which is considered a very fair remunerative price by the proprietors of orange gardens. More than half the orange crop is shipped in the months of November and December. The value of the fruit imported now reaches nearly £600,000 annually.—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

RIGHT USE OF TIME.—There is nothing of which we are apt to be so lavish of as time, and about which we ought to be more solicitous, since without it we can do nothing in this world. Time is what we want most but what, alas! we use worst; and for which God will certainly most strictly reckon with us, when time shall be no more. It is of that moment to us in reference to both worlds, that I can hardly wish any man better, than that he would seriously consider what he does with his time; how

and to what end he employs it; and what returns he makes to God, his neighbor, and himself for it. Will he never have a ledger for this; this, the greatest wisdom and work of life?—*William Penn.*

LONDON STREETS.—There are 2800 streets in London, measuring 8000 miles. If placed in a straight line they would extend for more than twice the distance from Calais to Constantinople, and walking ten miles a day, it would take a person more than a year to traverse them, while in the interim a new city, with from 60,000 to 70,000 inhabitants, would have sprung up.

THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.—On the day when I left London to repair to the Château d'Eu, the sixth of August, 1840, Prince Louis Napoleon, towards four o'clock in the morning, disembarked near Boulogne, and with his name alone for an army, attempted for the second time the conquest of France. What would be the astonishment to-day of any rational man, who, having slept since that date the sleep of Epimenides, should see, on waking, that Prince upon the throne of France and invested with supreme power? I can not read again without some embarrassment what was said by all the world in 1840, and what I wrote myself with reference to what we all called "a mad and ridiculous adventure," and to its hero. Even if I could do so with full liberty, I should refrain, on personal convictions, from reproducing at present the language which was then held in all quarters. Providence seems sometimes to delight in confounding the judgments and conjectures of men. Yet there is nothing in the strange contrast between the incident of 1840 and the Empire of to-day, beyond what is natural and clear. No event ever shook the confidence of Prince Louis Napoleon in himself and his destiny; in despite of the success of others and of his own reverses, he remained a stranger to doubt and discouragement. Twice, vainly and wrongfully, he sought the accomplishment of his fortune. He never ceased to reckon on it, and waited the propitious opportunity. It came at last and found him confident and ready to attempt every thing—an eminent example of the power which preserves, in the dark shadows of the future, persevering faith, and a great lesson to all who doubt and bend easily under the blows of fortune.—*Guizot's "Embassy to the Court of St. James's."*

POPULATION OF BRITISH INDIA.—According to the latest returns, the population of British India is as follows: Under the Governor-General in Council, 14,165,161; Bengal, 41,898,608; North-West Provinces, 30,110,497; Punjab, 14,793,611; Madras, 23,127,855; Bombay, 11,937,512; making a grand total of 136,034,244 human beings.

UNVEILING A STATUE IN ST. PAUL'S.—On the 17th ult., the statue recently erected to the memory of the late Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, in the north entrance to the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral, was formally inaugurated. The statue has been erected by public subscription. It is eight feet six inches in height, and is of Carrara marble. The left hand of the General is represented as grasping the sword, a scroll being held in the right. The pedestal is six feet six inches in height, and is of Sicilian marble. The inscription is: "General William Francis Patrick Napier, historian of the Peninsular war, born 1785, died 1860."

